



Field-Marshal
Lord Neville Bowles Chamberlain
GCB GCSI

Life of Field-Marshal
Sir Neville Chamberlain

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Sir Neville Chamberlain

G.C.B., G.C.S.I.

BY,

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P R E F A C E.

To give the tale of Neville Chamberlain's life is to trace the military history of our Indian Empire during a period of forty-four years compact of the most important events. On the 26th of May 1837 he landed at Madras a cadet in the Bengal Army, and he sailed from Madras in February 1881, after having held for five years the command of the Army of the Presidency of Fort George. He was a lad of nineteen when he first made his mark as a daring leader of cavalry in the First Afghan War, which constitutes one of the most memorable episodes in the history of British dominion in India. The letters and diaries of Neville Chamberlain, written during that campaign, are full of stirring adventures and vivid descriptions of the principal operations. To preserve continuity and method, to elucidate the events, and to impart breadth of interest, I have made use of the contemporary literature, which is both varied and abundant. The story of the First Afghan War, as told in the narratives of the men who did the fighting, will, I trust, remove many false impressions. It is often supposed to be a mere tale of disaster. The storming of Ghuznee and the heroic defence of Jellalabad are achievements as truly heroic as any that stand recorded in the annals of war. No army

perished in Afghanistan as is so often stated, but a weak brigade was destroyed. Cabul was easily retaken, and the guilty city received its due punishment. Pollock and Nott taught the Afghans that England is powerful to avenge as well as to protect.

Neville Chamberlain was present at the short Gwalior campaign, and gives an account of the battle of Maharajpore (29th December 1843); but as it is impossible for any single witness to give a complete and correct account of the combination of scenes which a battle presents, the writer has illustrated his personal narrative from other sources.

Neville Chamberlain was on leave in England when the First Sikh War was fought, but he took part in all the engagements of the Second Sikh War. His regiment was at the first action fought (22nd November 1848) on the Chenab. That day fell Will Havelock, of the 12th Dragoons, at the head of his wild charge, and Cureton, the best cavalry soldier in the army. On December 2nd Lord Gough, anxious to ascertain the strength of the enemy's position on the other side of the river, called for a volunteer to swim across the stream and reconnoitre. If the enemy had not evacuated their position death awaited him. Neville Chamberlain instantly volunteered, and, collecting some troopers of the 9th Lancers, he swam across, and on reaching the opposite bank he waved his cap as a signal that the entrenchments by the river-bank had been abandoned. On his return he found Lord Gough awaiting him, and the gallant old chief called him "the bravest of the brave." During the battle of Chillianwalla (January 13, 1849) both Neville and Crawford Chamberlain helped to rally some of the fugitives when Pennycuik's Brigade were driven back and the English cavalry thrown into confusion. The disaster to the cavalry at Chillianwalla was not due, as it was commonly supposed

at the time, to "the misconduct of the 14th Dragoons," but to a traitor in the ranks of the native cavalry calling out "Threes About!" The repulse of Pennycuick's Brigade was due to some of the native regiments firing in the air. The 24th fought like heroes. There is now no impropriety in stating that the confidential records of the day show that a traitorous and mutinous spirit had begun to display itself in the Bengal Army. Lord Gough could not trust the loyalty of the sepoy. This is the key to the strategy. He had to attack to keep his native troops from deserting him. But he was too noble-minded to proclaim the canker of disloyalty which had begun to destroy the Bengal Army—an army which he commanded. At that time there was a widespread Hindu conspiracy against the English. Dhuleep Singh's mother had sent emissaries to inflame the religious passions of the native troops by informing them of the riots which had taken place at Lahore, owing to the killing of a cow by a European soldier. Many of the sepoys regarded the Sikhs as fighting for the faith, for the Sikhs are (what we are too apt to forget) a sect, if an unorthodox sect, of the Hindus. It was the valour of the British soldier at Chillianwalla which prevented what might have been a greater disaster than the Mutiny. Lord Gough himself said that Gujerat was won at Chillianwalla. Neville Chamberlain and his brother Crawford were present at that last crowning victory, and their services were mentioned in despatches. A large number of their letters, describing the actions, were unfortunately lost, and this account of the campaign has therefore been based on the official despatches and contemporary literature. It has had the great advantage of being revised by Mr R. S. Rait, Fellow of New College, Oxford, whose biography of Lord Gough has a high title to be regarded as a classic.

In 1852 Neville Chamberlain proceeded on sick leave to the

Cape. The letters written by him during his long tour in the Transvaal convey the fresh and bright impressions of the moment, and so afford us a faithful picture of the country as it was sixty years ago. The frank and unconscious way he describes his dangerous adventures when shooting lions will recommend these letters to the taste of the sportsman.

The story of the siege of Delhi is now a familiar tale. The letters of Neville Chamberlain, written during that siege, are of the greatest interest and utility. They differ in some important respects from any other narrative. They also reveal for the first time the vital importance of the services which Neville Chamberlain, though wounded, rendered his country. In order to appropriate this important material I had to tell again briefly the story of the great siege, and in doing so I have borrowed from my 'History of the Indian Mutiny,' on the old principle that a man may once say a thing as he would have it said; he cannot say it twice.

The accounts of Sir Neville Chamberlain's many successful campaigns on the Frontier are drawn from his own official reports, his private letters to his sister at home, and contemporary narratives. I have derived special assistance from 'A Record of the Expeditions against the North-Western Frontier Tribes,' compiled by Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Paget and Lieutenant A. H. Mason.

Neville Chamberlain, who made the Frontier Force an efficient instrument of war, was a stern disciplinarian, swift to punish the wrongdoer. But his success as a Warden of the Marches was also due to other qualities. His profound human sympathies taught him to understand the feelings of wild warriors who come in contact with civilisation, and that among them are many men who are open to kindness and respond to courteous respect for their customs and prejudices.

My aim has been not to lay before the public a series of

private correspondence, connected by a thin thread of narrative, but to write a biography in the strict sense of the term. I have selected from a mass of journals and letters those papers which illustrate the course of events over which Neville Chamberlain had a considerable influence: his many gallant exploits; his skill as a military captain; his singular charm and power. I think no relevant paper has been omitted. I have avoided raking up the ashes of old controversies. The fierce judgment of the moment is often succeeded by a juster and more catholic criticism. No detailed history of his later years will be found in these pages. It would have expanded this volume into two, and it would have been the record of a country gentleman who lived and wrought for the good of his neighbours. It is, after all, the long and splendid career in India of this brave, gentle, resolute, and noble soldier which will appeal to his countrymen, and I trust the story of it, however imperfectly told, will do good service in reminding them by what thoughts and actions an empire is made and held together.

The materials for the biography were entrusted to me by Colonel Sir Neville Chamberlain, K.C.B., who has offered many helpful suggestions.

G. W. FORREST.

THE SPELLING OF WORDS AND NAMES.

No alteration has been made in the spelling of words and names in the passages quoted, and in order to maintain uniformity the orthography of the writers of the time has been adopted in the text as far as possible. Complete uniformity is neither desirable nor practicable. As Sir Henry Yule, one of the most eminent of modern Indian scholars, says in the Introduction to his Glossary, "It is difficult . . . in a book for popular use to adhere to one system in this matter without the assumption of an ill-fitting and repulsive pedantry."

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LIFE OF FIELD-MARSHAL SIR NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN

CHAPTER I.

Birth—Parentage—Childhood—Education—Woolwich—Commission in Bengal Army—Voyage to India—Arrival at Madras—Arrival at Calcutta—Appointed to the 55th Regiment—Voyage up the Ganges—Lucknow—Selected for service in Afghanistan.

THE lives of two of the most splendid officers and gallant gentlemen who ever graced the roll of the army that won for us an Empire, have been sketched with homely simplicity by a sister's hand.¹ It is this record—not meant for publication nor prepared for purposes of vanity or contention, but written with love—which shall be our guide in telling the rich and varied story of the elder of these warriors. We begin our journey at Rio de Janeiro, where Neville Bowles Chamberlain was born in 1820. His father was Consul-General for South America, and *chargé d'affaires*, and, for the good service he rendered the State in negotiating a treaty of commerce with Brazil, had been created a Baronet. He is described as a sad and stern man, of great ability and wide interests. Sir Henry Chamberlain was twice married. By

¹ For some years before her death in 1899, at the age of eighty-three, Miss Harriet Chamberlain devoted much labour and time to collating and copying, for the information of her family, a vast number of letters and documents which referred to the career of her two brothers, Neville and Crawford Chamberlain. The sketch was mainly constructed from these papers.

his first wife he had a son, Henry, who succeeded him as second Baronet, and a daughter, Eliza, who married the Hon. Charles Bridgeman, second son of the Earl of Bradford. His second wife was Anne Eugenia, the daughter of Mr William Morgan, whose grandfather had been disowned and disinherited owing to his having joined the Church of Rome, and deserting Wales, had settled in the rich vale of Evesham. William Morgan took to wife a Dane, of his new creed, and, without making too much of race, it is easy to trace the influence of Viking blood in the veins of Neville Chamberlain, who was the second son of the tale of eight—five sons and three daughters—born of his father's second marriage. Neville was only two years of age when his father and mother returned to Rio de Janeiro after a short leave of absence, and he with his two brothers, William and Crawford, and his sister Harriet was left in charge to their grandmother, a lady of the old school. "When we entered her presence we had to bow and kiss her hand." At this time Neville was so delicate that he could hardly stand, but he soon grew up to be a sharp, quick, and resolute lad. A characteristic anecdote is told of these early years: One summer, when he was barely five years old, the children were sent to a farmhouse in the country. "Several burglaries took place in the neighbourhood, and our house was attempted and the watch-dog poisoned. Great was the consternation in the nursery when bed-time came the following evening, and Neville was missing. At last he was found patrolling the garden, all alone in the dark, in search of the thieves fully persuaded he was a match for any number of them."

In 1826 the mother returned to England, being shortly afterwards joined by her husband, and the children went to live with their parents. But the father's days of rest and domestic happiness in an English home—the fond dream of every exile—were not destined to be of long duration. At this time Portugal was the cardinal factor in England's foreign policy. Dom Pedro and his brother Dom Miguel

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were striving for the throne, and the situation with respect to Portugal was moreover complicated by the state of Brazil. It was necessary to send some diplomatist of high rank to Lisbon, and Sir Henry Chamberlain, who was well acquainted with South America, and had shown a remarkable capacity for understanding public business, was selected for the mission. But, as he and his family were about to embark for Lisbon, his health gave cause for grave anxiety, and after a very brief illness, his courageous spirit passed tranquilly away on the 31st of July 1829.

The widow was left with eight children—the eldest only fourteen—to fight the battle of life on straitened means. She was a woman gentle and affectionate, but strong in doing and suffering, and to her children she was a tender and watchful mother. Soon after the death of her husband, Lady Chamberlain went abroad in order that her two elder sons, William and Neville, who had determined to be a sailor and a soldier respectively, should learn French, for she considered a stock of that universal language would be useful to them in their several wandering professions.

In 1831 William joined his first ship, the *Dublin*—Captain, John, Lord Townshend—stationed in the Pacific; and Neville was sent to a private tutor in London, but, bent on being a soldier, he ran away to enlist: "This was an hereditary propensity, our grandfather having done the same as a boy, and had narrowly escaped being shipped off to the West Indies when he was captured as a runaway schoolboy. Neville's escapade came to the same ignominious end. He was then removed to a school at Shooter's Hill, and Crawford with him."

Crawford was the fifth child, and throughout their lives, however sundered they might be, the two brothers continued closely knit together. Their letters bear witness to their fervid and affectionate devotion, and as a revelation of the characters of their writers are of considerable interest. The five words from the "*Faerie Queene*" which the biographer of the Napiers has so happily chosen for the motto of his

work: "Fierce warres and faithful loves," apply to Neville and Crawford Chamberlain. They were fighters—ever combative over their views and theories—and their prejudices were invincible, but they were singularly tender and loving. They loved their friends even better than they hated their foes.

In the year 1833 Neville Chamberlain quitted the school at Shooter's Hill for Woolwich—having been nominated to a cadetship by Lord Beresford, formerly Master-General of Ordnance, an old friend of his father. It was intended that he should join the Engineers, but the boy's bent was rather towards muscular than intellectual exercise. His mother and sister on returning from the Continent went to see him. "We found him in the infirmary with erysipelas in the head—the result of a fight—and we heard that he had spent a great deal of his probationary year fighting! The school he had been at before, at Shooter's Hill, was an unfortunate choice in his case; being so near Woolwich, the cadets and schoolboys used in those days to have constant encounters, so that when Neville went to the Academy he had to pay off old scores." As it was extremely improbable that he would pass the final examination, the future Field-Marshal was removed from Woolwich. "He came home under surveillance, for he was in a most rebellious humour—threatening to join the Spanish Legion, a body of troops about to leave England for Spain under Sir De Lacy Evans."

It is, as Ruskin says, the most fiery and headstrong of our youth, often the most gifted and generous, who are brought into noble life by a service which at once summons and directs the energies. Neville Chamberlain was born to be a soldier. He was but a lad of fifteen years of age when he returned home from Woolwich in disgrace. Wayward, wilful, and impatient of all restraint, it was a mother's tender guidance which first brought out of the fiery material its full value and power. His love for her became rooted in the inmost deeps of his being, and guided

him through his whole career of labour and glory. He became not less resolute, but acquired the sovereign power of self-control, and grew grave and thoughtful beyond his years—yet his desire to be a soldier never slackened, and his determination to win honour and glory never wavered. His father's oldest friend, Sir Henry Fane, being appointed Commander-in-Chief in India, suggested the idea of a military career in the East. Sir Henry Chamberlain had also numbered among his friends Mr Buckle, a Director of the East India Company, whose eldest son had been his private secretary; it was he who gave to Neville the desired appointment in the Company's Bengal army.

In February 1837, a short time after he had completed his seventeenth year, Neville Chamberlain embarked for India on board the ship *George*. On the 7th of March the vessel was off the coast of Africa, and the letter he wrote to his mother recalls to memory the life on board ship in bygone days. "We have a cow, a calf, fifty sheep, thirty-nine pigs, seventy dozen poultry, thirty turkeys, and forty geese. I can fancy myself in a farmyard sometimes, and often think of Crawford and Tom when the cocks crow and the guinea-fowl cry 'come back!' The food is excellent, and champagne twice a-week. Tell Harriet that I never exceed three glasses of wine at dinner." He sees "plenty of flying-fish and dolphins and sharks, but they are very cunning. They are on the look-out for albatross. The ladies quote 'The Ancient Mariner,' and the subalterns say 'they think that old fellow Coleridge an awful bore.'" So the days rolled on, and after a voyage of little more than three months, on the 26th of May, the *George* anchored in Madras Roads. At that place young Neville was received by the fine veteran soldier General Doveton. It is difficult to realise that the military career of Doveton, and the military career of Neville Chamberlain, who died but a few years ago, covered the whole period of the rise of British dominion in India.

Doveton served all through the three campaigns of Lord

Cornwallis. He was with General Harris when the stormy career of Tippoo came to a close in the gateway at Seringapatam. When a captain, commanding the 1st Light Madras Army, he had specially distinguished himself in the stern chase through dense jungles and over swollen rivers after the famous Mahratta bandit, Dhundia Waugh, and was specially thanked in General Orders by Colonel Arthur Wellesley. When the Marquis of Hastings determined to complete the Imperial policy of Wellesley, and make the British authority supreme throughout the continent, General Doveton, who commanded the Hyderabad Contingent, did yeoman service in crushing the marauding bands of Pindarrees who devastated Central India. He made a rapid and daring march to relieve the Residency at Nagpore which had been attacked by a host of fanatical Arabs, and his storming of the city and palace was a brilliant feat of arms. For his many services he was rewarded with the insignia of the Grand Cross of the Bath.

General Doveton had retired from active service when Neville Chamberlain, the young subaltern who thirty years later was to be Commander-in-Chief of the Madras Army, was his guest. In a letter to his sister Neville conveys his boyish impressions of Madras. It is the first of the letters which throughout his life in India he wrote to his family at home. The early ones sparkle with the joyousness of youth, all are full of affection, and his love for those at home grows brighter and brighter as year follows year and the time of separation grows longer. He informs his sisters that he had been to a ball at the Governor's, given on the King's birthday: "I cannot say much for the beauty of the ladies here," a judgment which he had sound reason for altering when he became Commander-in-Chief of the Presidency. Till the day of his death Neville Chamberlain was a constant and chivalrous admirer of the fair sex. He enjoyed the hospitality of the Madras Club, which all who have had the same privilege know "is a very good one." Few men have anchored in the Madras Roads

without attempting to describe one of the brightest and most striking prospects that can be conceived, the dark green rough sea studded with boats of every size, manned with crews more quaint than the crafts themselves. Neville Chamberlain, like every voyager before and after him, sent home an account of the catamaran. "The catamarans are also wonderful. They are nothing more than thick pieces of wood pointed at both ends, two men manage them kneeling with little flat oars, and they come out a great way to sea with fruits and letters for the ships." The description is however not so graphic as the entry in the log-book of one of the early voyagers to India. "This morning, 6 A.M., saw distinctly two black devils playing at single-stick. We watched the infernal imps above an hour, when they were lost in the distance. Surely this doth portend a great tempest."

On the 5th of June 1837 Neville Chamberlain sailed from Madras, and, the run being fast, the ship six days later entered the Hooghly. "I was much pleased," he writes to his mother, "with the beauty of the river, but it was late at night when I reached Calcutta." The next morning he went to stay with his Uncle George, and his aunt, and romped with the baby, which "looks, like all the children here, as if she had been whitewashed." During the day he made a trip to Barrackpore, "a large military station about sixteen miles from Calcutta, on the river Hooghly. There are always seven regiments here, and all unposted ensigns come here to do duty with some one of the regiments." Neville Chamberlain was temporarily posted to the 9th Regiment, but got leave to return to Calcutta, and for the next two months his uncle's house was his home. The lad's letters record how at five in the morning he was out with Uncle George's greyhounds to course the jackals—how the day was passed in studying the vernacular with a moonshee, and when the sun set, and the sea-breeze began to blow, they went out, "a large party, riding." He had brought out letters of introduction "to

the highest people," and he enjoyed that welcome and that generous hospitality which has always been characteristic of India. Lord Auckland, "a man without shining qualities or showy accomplishments, austere and almost forbidding in his manner, silent and reserved in society, unpretending in public and private life," was Governor-General, and his sisters, the Misses Eden, did the honours of Government House. Society at Calcutta was not then so cosmopolitan as it now is, and India was much farther from Europe, and the toilers found fewer interests outside their work. The Hon. Emily Eden remarks, "The gentlemen always talk about Vizier Ali, or Lord Cornwallis, and the ladies don't talk at all," and she does not know which trait she prefers. Neville Chamberlain dined at Government House, and Lord Auckland "told me that if I studied the languages, in two years he would give me a staff appointment." He was also present at a state ball in the steamy month of August, and his description brings home the change that has been wrought in Calcutta society during the past seventy years:—

"I was at one ball at Government House given in honour of the king's birthday. It was better than that at Madras, but it is no fun dancing here. I danced once, and was obliged to take refuge in the verandah for the rest of the evening. The ladies here are fit for nothing. They are carried up and down stairs in a chair, and are generally smothered in powder and look like millers' wives. Most women after they have been in the country any length of time look like old hags; when they have been here two years their colour goes and then they begin to fall off—but some just come out are very pretty. They dress very well. The prettiest woman in the place is the wife of a lieutenant, but I do not envy him. I pity him or any of his standing with a wife. I hope to be posted very soon. I am going to do duty with the 55th, Peter Luard's regiment, which will be a great advantage to me, as he takes great care of his money and is a capital manager and will show me the way to make my pay keep me. He has written several times to beg me to come to his regiment, and as Uncle Tom and all are of the same opinion I had better go. It will be pleasant to have a relation in the same regiment in case of need or sickness. I hope I shall agree with him, and I will try on my part to do so. Colonel Beresford recommends the 55th for me, as he has a nephew in it, and it is a gentlemanly regiment, which is not the case with all, &c., &c.

NEVILLE."

In November Neville Chamberlain joined the 12th Regiment at Barrackpore. His military duties naturally occupied the chief part of his time, but he continued to study the native languages. Three months later he writes to his mother that he had been posted to the 55th Regiment at Lucknow. "I am setting off in a fortnight, in boats. It will be a very tedious journey, as I am going by myself, and the whole way against the stream, which is very strong." He bought some books, as "I intend to read and study hard," and also a gun, for 400 rupees. "I hope you do not think me extravagant, but to be without a gun in India is as bad as to be without your head."

On the 15th of February Neville Chamberlain reached Rajmahal, where the hills—beautiful, blue, and woody—rise from the flat surface of Bengal as out of the sea. It was among these hills that Cleveland first tried the effect of conciliation and justice on wild and warlike tribes—a noble policy continued by John Jacob, Herbert Edwardes, Reynell Taylor, and John Nicholson in the northern marches, and the young subaltern who was proceeding up the Ganges to join his first regiment lived to win a high place among the illustrious band. At Rajmahal he found the 55th Regiment. The day he joined he heard that his brother Crawford had declined a nomination to Haileybury—the magnificent Imperial College which the East India Company had founded for the training of their civil servants—in order to enter their military service. "You cannot tell how happy I was," Neville writes, "hearing that Crawford's appointment was changed, though it has made the difference of his being a poor man instead of a rich one. I am so selfish as to be glad, as I hope we may belong to the same regiment. Oh, how happy I shall be if we can but be together; we should be able to talk of sweet home, and it would in a measure take off being so far away."

From Dinapore, then a great military station, he writes "a correct account of all my movements since I left Calcutta."

"I started on the 30th January. I had three boats—one budg in which I lived (it is like a floating house, containing two rooms high enough to stand up in comfortably, with venetians all round a cooking boat, and a day boat: these are very ugly, with thatched roofs. You are dragged up by men, a rope being fastened to the mast. You start at five and stop at six in the evening. The men pull all day, without stopping for eating, against a most tremendous stream. It is very tedious, as you do not go more than eight or ten miles a-day. I do not think the river is pretty. Some people say it is like the Rhine! but I cannot judge, not having the pleasure of seeing it. (*Quel dommage!*) I had good shooting of all description. I was not able to kill any alligators, though I saw some tremendous ones, as much as 24 ft. long. I daresay you will think it very foolish, but I used to have a swim every morning. I went out in the hills of Rajmahal shooting in grass 12 ft. high where it abounds with tigers and leopards, but did not see any. Though we came on a place where a cow had been killed lately, the bones were broken but it was not quite eaten, and there was a tremendous smell like that of a menagerie at a country fair. I saw some wild hogs, but the grass was so thick I could not get shot at them."

The first letter from Lucknow is dated June 3, 1857. He informs his sister that Crawford had arrived at Calcutta on the 25th of March, but their parcel containing a letter did not reach him till the 11th of May. "When Crawford joins this corps I shall be happy, and we shall be able to save a good deal of our pay. You asked me how much I weighed and measured. I am 5 ft. 10¾ in. in height, 11 st. 4 lbs. in weight, and I do not think my phiz has much altered."

He gives an account of daily incidents and impressions in his letters to his mother. Every tenth night he was on picket duty, and had to visit all the guards round the cantonments—upwards of five miles. "It is a disagreeable duty, as this country is nothing but ravines and sand-banks, and there are quantities of wells, and as you are not allowed to take a light, you do not know where they are till you tumble down them. Lieut. Ramsay of the 10th fell down one the other day and cut his throat tremendously." Lucknow was at this time the most polished and splendid Co-

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The first letter from Lucknow is dated June 3, 1838. He informs his sister that Crawford had arrived at Calcutta on the 25th of March, but their parcel containing a ring did not reach him till the 11th of May. "When Crawford joins this corps I shall be happy, and we shall be able to save a good deal of our pay. You asked me how much I weighed and measured. I am 5 ft. 10¾ in. in height, and 11 st. 4 lbs. in weight, and I do not think my phiz has much altered."

He gives an account of daily incidents and impressions in his letters to his mother. Every tenth night he was on picquet duty, and had to visit all the guards round cantonments—upwards of five miles. "It is a disagreeable duty, as this country is nothing but ravines and sand-banks, and there are quantities of wells, and as you are not allowed to take a light, you do not know where they are till you tumble down them. Lieut. Ramsay of the 10th fell down one the other day and cut his throat tremendously." Lucknow was at this time the most polished and splendid Court

in India, and the young subaltern gives his eldest sister an account of a dinner at the palace.

“LUCKNOW, *July 8th*, 1838.

“MY DEAR ANNE,—I again sit down to tell you how I am getting on, and all the news of the place. Since writing to my mother I have dined at the royal palace, and as I am sure you would like to know how everything is conducted at the palace of an Eastern king, I will tell you to the best of my remembrance. The dinner was given in honour of the king's accession to the throne (Thursday, 28th June). But I must tell you he is a very old man and never shows himself. The heir apparent takes his place and is treated just as if he were on the throne. All the officers on the station were asked, but some did not like to go owing to the great heat of the weather, and being obliged to be buttoned up in full dress, which I can assure you is no joke with the thermometer at 96° in the open air and much more where so many lights were burning. Elephants were provided for those who required them; of course those who had carriages or buggys preferred them to riding on an elephant at the rate of three miles an hour, but as I had none I went on an elephant with Horne the Adjutant. We got to the palace at 8 o'clock, and after going through several arches and courts we dismounted, no person being allowed to enter the precincts but on foot; the rest of the way was lined with the King's Bodyguard. We went through several more archways until we came to the palace. In the centre is a tank with three beautiful *jets d'eau* lighted round with thousands of variegated coloured lamps, the effect of which is, as you may imagine, very pretty. The place put me in mind of the *Palais Royal*, only it was of a different style of architecture. On the right, and on each side, are steps leading to the state rooms, the hall of audience, the reception room, and several other smaller ones. The reception room is ornamented with carved wood, with festoons projecting from the walls from which native chandeliers hang of coloured lamps, which gives to the room a very pretty colour. On the ceiling are painted nautches, &c., and one side of this room is a raised platform under beautifully carved and painted arches, where, while we dined, the nautch girls played and sang. Opposite, another platform, exactly the same, was occupied by the King's Band, and in the middle a third for jugglers, tumblers, and jesters to amuse the company.

“At 8 o'clock the Prime Minister goes to fetch the Resident in a gilt tonjon, attended by 200 or 300 men carrying torches, besides cavalry and infantry. The Resident comes to meet him at the door, when the P.M. tells him the king begs his company at the palace. The Resident gets into another tonjon and they return together in

state. The Resident rides through the gate, where we and every one else dismounted. He is then taken by the P.M. and introduced to the king, who puts his arms round his neck and kisses him (*à la crapaud*), when the rest of the company come in and make their salaam without however saying anything without being spoken to. The Resident then sits on the right of the king, and the Brigadier commanding British troops in Oude on his left, the rest of the company round the room on ottomans. The dresses of the royal family are *magnificent*. They wear cloth of gold with golden crowns on their heads. The handles of their scimitars set in diamonds and rubies, as likewise their scabbards and clasps of their sword belts; nothing but precious stones! The heir apparent had a little green plume fastened into his turban by a diamond an inch square. I believe no money could buy it. When dinner was announced the heir was pushed off his chair by half-a-dozen of the royal family (although able to walk as well as myself), three noblemen carried his sword, he took hold of the Resident's arm and walked to the entertaining-room where dinner was laid. I should say more correctly he was carried there, for his legs hardly touched the ground the whole time. About 100 people sat down to dinner. The heir apparent being in the centre, with the Resident on the right, the Brigadier on the left, the royal family to the right and left, and all the other visitors on the other side of the table. The dinner was good and the service beautiful. The centre ornament of solid gold is said to have cost twenty lacs of rupees (£200,000). While we were at dinner the nautch girls' band, jugglers, &c., took it by turns to play. After dinner the Resident and European officers drank the king's and royal families' health, when the heir got up and was again carried in the same state, having hold of the Resident's arm. We now adjourned to another part of the palace where the throne is (a most splendid one); passing through several state apartments we came on a large verandah overlooking the river where seats were placed for us to view the fireworks and the nautch girls dancing in boats covered with cloth. After some time the heir was again taken back to the Audience Hall where we departed, each coming up and making a bow, when he put a tinsel silver chain on our necks and sprinkled us with otto of roses. Thus ended the party, with which I was very much pleased, &c., &c., &c.

NEVILLE."

The time had now come when the routine of garrison duty in the neighbourhood of an Oriental Court was to be exchanged for the dangers and privations of war, in a country of rugged mountains, against a savage and fanatic foe. Neville Chamberlain's first experience of cam-

paigning was to be in a field where disaster overtook our arms, but many gleams of valour were not wanting. On the 16th of September 1838, the young subaltern of eighteen wrote to his mother :—

“You will be surprised to hear that I have been removed from the 55th and posted to the 16th Regiment at Delhi, which is going on the campaign supposed to be against Cabul. You may suppose how astonished I was at this change, of which I was not in the least aware till I saw myself removed and ordered to join as soon as possible. I am very glad of it, as I now hope to begin my profession with seeing active service. I suppose the Commander-in-Chief did it for the purpose of giving me an opportunity of distinguishing myself, and I assure you that no opportunity shall pass without my doing my utmost to profit by it. I am as much delighted at Crawford’s good luck as my own. He has been posted to the 28th Regiment, which is one of the corps going on the campaign. We may be in different brigades, but at all events we shall meet at Kurnaul, the place of *rendezvous*.”

CHAPTER II.

Dost Mahomed's letter of congratulation to Lord Auckland—Lord Auckland's reply—Alexander Burnes' mission to Cabul—Proposed alliance with Dost Mahomed—Persian expedition against Herat—Failure of Burnes' Mission—Excitement in British India—Lord Auckland resolves to restore Shah Shooja—The Tripartite Treaty—The Governor-General publishes a manifesto—Assembly of the Bengal troops at Ferozepore—Arrival of Neville and Crawford Chamberlain—Festivities—Reviews—Resignation of Sir Henry Fane—Bengal division advances from Ferozepore—Arrival at Bhawalpore, December 29, 1838—Bridging the Indus—Surrender of Bukkur—Description by Crawford Chamberlain—Shah Shooja reviews the troops—Neville Chamberlain's portrait of him—Passage of the Bolan Pass—Arrival at Quetta—Sir John Keane assumes command of the army—Advance of the force—Nature of the country between Quetta and Candahar—The Khojak chain surmounted—Arrival at Candahar—The Shah's entry into the city—His installation—Nature of his reception—The English at Candahar—Letter from Neville Chamberlain.

It was in the spring of 1836, when the Shah of Persia, urged by Russia, was planning a campaign against Herat, the chief frontier city of Western Afghanistan and the gate towards which all great routes from Central Asia into India converge, that Dost Mahomed, who had made himself Ameer or Commander of Cabul, sent a letter of congratulation to Lord Auckland on his assumption of the office of Governor-General. "The field of my hopes," he wrote, "which had before been chilled by the cold blast of wintry times, has by the happy tidings of your lordship's arrival become the envy of the garden of paradise." To recover Peshawur was the great ambition of Dost Mahomed's life, and he reminded his lordship of "the conduct of the reckless and misguided Sikhs and their breach of treaty."

"Communicate to me whatever may suggest itself to your wisdom for the settlement of the affairs of this country, that it may serve as a rule for my guidance. I hope," the Ameer added in true Oriental fashion, "that your lordship will consider me and my country as your own." It was a friendly letter from a sovereign who had good ground for complaint against the Indian Government. Shah Shooja, the grandson of Ahmed Shah Abdale,¹ who in the middle of the eighteenth century, at the time when the English were founding their Indian Empire, had created the Afghan kingdom, was living as a pensioner of the British Government at Loodianah, then our frontier military post on the Sutlej. He had in 1819 made a vain attempt to recover his throne. In 1833 Lord William Bentinck had granted an advance of pension to Shah Shooja when he was about to invade Sind and advance on Afghanistan. It was a grave error. It led Dost Mahomed and the Candahar chief to regard with supreme suspicion the good faith of the British Government, and to look for an alliance with Persia. Dost Mahomed outside Candahar routed Shah Shooja, who, lacking the greatest virtue which an Afghan possesses—courage, fled from the fight. In the meantime, Runjeet Singh, who had welded the Punjab into a strong military despotism, occupied the Afghan province of Peshawur. In reply to Dost Mahomed's remark about the conduct of the Sikhs in seizing Peshawur, Lord Auckland wrote: "You are aware that it is not the practice of the British Government to

¹ The Abdales, pure blood Afghans, are split into a number of khels or clans, of whom the Populzye are supposed to have the bluest blood. Ahmed Khan belonged to the Sadduzye branch of the Populzye clan, a branch regarded with a sort of religious veneration by the tribe. The other important branch of the clan are the Barukzyes. When Ahmed Khan was elected Shah or King of Candahar his greatest subject was the chief of the Barukzyes, whose descendants became hereditary ministers. Elphinstone states that from some superstitious motive Ahmed Shah changed the name of his tribe from Abdalee to Durranee, but the name may have had a still earlier origin. The empire which he built up (1747-1773), extending from Herat to Cabul and from Balkh to Sind, is known in history as the Durranee Empire and his dynasty as the Durranee Shahs. Dost Mahomed was the son of a powerful Barukzye minister, and his dynasty is known as the Barukzye dynasty, and his successors are the Ameers or Commanders of Cabul.

interfere with the affairs of other independent states." He also suggested that he was about "deputing some gentleman" to talk over commercial matters with the Ameer. Alexander Burnes, the young Bombay officer, who had won so much renown by his adventures through Central Asia, was selected to conduct a commercial mission to "the countries bordering on the Indus." He was a fine linguist, a good topographer, and endowed with the love of the spirit of research; but he was too ambitious to be the head of a mere commercial mission, and too sanguine and credulous to be a good political envoy. On the 26th of November 1836, Burnes, accompanied by Lieutenant Leech of the Bombay Engineers, and Lieutenant Wood of the Indian Navy, sailed from Bombay, and reached Sind after a voyage of seventeen days. In one of the most delightful books of travel ever published, Burnes gives us an account of his sail up the Indus through lands then unexplored. On the 20th of September 1837, two months before the Persian army began the siege of Herat, Burnes entered Cabul, and was received with great pomp and splendour by a great body of Afghan cavalry, led by the Ameer's son, Akbar Khan. "He did me the honour," wrote Burnes, "to place me on the same elephant on which he himself rode, and conducted me to his father's court, whose reception of us was most cordial." Burnes had visited Cabul in his travels, and already been a guest of Dost Mahomed. The next day the British envoy, or head of the Commercial Mission, as it was euphoniously called in the official documents, had an interview with Dost Mahomed, and delivered to him his credentials from the Governor-General. His reception of them was all that could be desired. "I informed him that I had brought with me as presents to his Highness some of the rarities of Europe; he promptly replied that we ourselves were the rarities, the sight of which best pleased him." Dost Mahomed attempted to obtain from Burnes an assurance that the British Government would aid him in procuring the restoration of Peshawur. But Runjeet

Singh had a good title to Peshawur, and the British Government of India could neither persuade nor force him to hand it over to the Afghans. Dost Mahomed then turned to the Russians, from whom he hoped to gain greater advantages than from the English alliance. On April 26, 1838, Burnes quitted Cabul, and the Russian envoy who had arrived there remained an honoured guest. It was now absolutely necessary to check the aggressive measures of Persia and Russia, which had been made more formidable by Dost Mahomed's negotiations with Russia. A due regard for the security of British India, to say nothing of the internal tranquillity of the continent, made it indispensable that we should re-establish our influence in Afghanistan.

When Lord Auckland took his seat as Governor-General the continent of India and the border states were, after a long era of peace, in a state of unrest. Nepaul and Burma now threatened invasion. The Mahratta powers, who were at the head of considerable states, had submitted to our victorious arms, but they looked forward to the day when they would regain their international independence. The preaching of the Wahabi fanatic Syed Ahmed Khan in 1820-21 had aroused the fanaticism of the Moslem community. Not a generation had passed since we became masters of Delhi, and the Mahomedans of Upper India, hearing of the movements that were taking place beyond the Afghan border, looked forward to a Mahomedan invasion which would deliver them from the yoke of the infidel.¹ Lord Auckland was told by the Government at home, "That the time had arrived at which it would be right to interfere decidedly in the affairs of Afghanistan." Lord Auckland determined to re-establish the Sadduzye dynasty at Cabul, and to maintain the independence of Herat as a separate state. Burnes, Lord, and others who had visited Afghanistan, assured him that Shah Shooja, a representative of

¹ After the Mutiny it was discovered that for more than fifty years prayers had been daily uttered in the mosques for the restoration of the power of the Moghuls.

the legitimate line of descent, would be welcomed by a powerful party in Cabul, to whom the rule of the Barukzye Ameer was odious. They forgot that any ruler placed on the throne by British bayonets could not be popular with turbulent and brave tribes. And Lord Auckland had no means of knowing that Shah Shooja was the most incapable and feeble of men. The restoration of the exiled monarch having been resolved upon, the Governor-General proceeded to conclude, with the approbation of the English Ministry, a tripartite treaty between the British Government, Runjeet Singh, and Shah Shooja.

On September 10, 1838, Lord Auckland issued directions for the formation of an army in Afghanistan. On October 18 the Governor-General published a Manifesto, assigning the cause which led the Government of India to resolve on the fall of Dost Mahomed Khan and the restoration of Shah Shooja. "It would have been much more effective," wrote Lord Auckland, "if I had not had the fear of Downing Street before my eyes." There was no mention of Russia, though the action of Russia on Persia was one of the main causes of the war. The Proclamation concludes as follows:—

"His Majesty Shah Soojah will enter Afghanistan surrounded by his own troops, and will be supported against foreign interference and factious opposition by a British Army. The Governor-General confidently hopes that the Shah will be speedily replaced on his throne by his own subjects and adherents, and when once he shall be secured in power, and the independence and integrity of Afghanistan established, the British Army will be withdrawn. The Governor-General has been led to these measures by the duty which is imposed upon him of providing for the security of the possessions of the British Crown, but he rejoices that in the discharge of that duty he will be enabled to assist in restoring the union and prosperity of the Affghan people"

How the British army marched into Afghanistan, the hardships it endured, the battles it fought, are related in the letters of Neville and Crawford Chamberlain. The story of the First Afghan Campaign is a tale of disaster, but of disaster illuminated by many noble acts of valour.

Ten days after the issue of the Proclamation Neville Chamberlain arrived at Allygurh, the military station near Agra. In the year 1837 famine, the greatest of all the calamities which visit and waylay the life of man, affected the Upper Provinces. It was like all great famines, the culminating distress that closed a series of bad seasons. Of the desolation caused by it, Neville Chamberlain was an eye-witness.

"The sights one continually sees are very shocking," he writes to his brother, "men, women and children in every stage of hunger, living skeletons, and dead and dying by the roadside. I cannot tell you the great misery. If they go to a native for relief they are beaten and sent away. Large sums have been collected by all the Europeans in India, and the Company has given up the revenue for this year, but it requires millions to feed them."

At the great military station of Kurnal, the trysting-place of the men of the artillery and infantry, Neville Chamberlain's long-looked-for wish came to pass. He wrote to his sister: "I have old Squaretoes sitting by my side. I arrived here the 27th September, and Crawford came out to meet me; he has grown so much that I did not know him till he called out."

The lad adds: "Crawford is just the same as ever: we talk of sweet home, and our conversation generally begins with 'Don't you remember?' and ends with a hearty laugh. I have a very nice tent, which is plenty big enough for two, and if Crawford can get into this regiment we live together."

Crawford, who was beloved of all men, was a special favourite of Sir Henry Fane, with whom he used to spend his holiday when his family was abroad, and the Commander-in-Chief had him attached to the 16th N.I. Thus the great desire of the two brothers was realised.

"My regiment is in 1st Brigade 1st Division," writes Neville Chamberlain, "under Sir Willoughby Cotton." He adds, "the corps seems a very fine one; there is a band and mess: it has now fifteen officers present. We have lots of parade. Yesterday Sir Willoughby Cotton inspected us and gave great praise. To-morrow Col. Sale of

the 13th Light Infantry inspects us. He has command of the 1st Brigade, which is composed of 16th N.I., H.M. 13th, and 48th N.I. I am in the Grenadier company, but shall get exchanged into the Light company, as they are used in all skirmishes, and see most service."

At three o'clock in the morning of the 8th of November the bugles of the first brigade were heard, and the columns were put in motion by moonlight into the cross-roads which conducted from the level around to the tracks over sandy plain, long grass and jungle, "which was cut and turned down to form a road for our troops." The march of the columns was through the Company's Sutlej States, and the country is described as very desolate, "no cultivation seen except near the villages, which are twelve or sixteen miles apart." On the morning of the 26th the leading column, as it paused in the darkness for a few minutes, felt the breeze blow with unusual freshness. "We were approaching the waters of the Ghara; we passed by the glimmering light of daybreak through the walled town of Ferozepore, the ditch of which had been deepened, and its defences improved by our engineers, and in the plains a few hundred yards beyond found the lines of a vast encampment already traced out, on which we took our places."¹

By November 25 in that vast encampment was assembled a force of 14,000 of all arms. It would have been a strong force but for one grave defect. It had only four European regiments—viz., the 13th, the Buffs, and the 16th Lancers, and the Bengal European Regiment. The Shah's Contingent was also at Ferozepore. It was stated in the Governor-General's proclamation "that his Majesty Shah Shuja-ool-Moolk will enter Afghanistan surrounded by his own troops," and in order to give effect to this statement a contingent, amounting to 6000 men of all arms, natives of the British provinces of India, was raised. The "Shah's Contingent," as it was euphoniously called by the British Government, was commanded by British officers, equipped

¹ 'Narrative of the War in Afghanistan in 1838-39' By Captain Henry Have-lock, 13th Regiment (Light Infantry).

from the British magazines, and paid for by the Indian treasury. Thus he was to enter Afghanistan "surrounded by his own troops." The chief force provided for the Afghanistan expedition, styled "The Army of the Indus," after the style of Napoleon's bulletins, consisted not only of the two Bengal divisions but also a Bombay division, amounting to 5000 men of all arms, under the command of Sir John Keane, the Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay army, a veteran of Peninsular fame. On the 30th of November the Bombay division had all landed on the coast of Sind. "No preparation whatever had been made by the Ameers of Sind either for carriage of the troops or for provisioning them."¹

The day Neville Chamberlain arrived at Ferozepore he went with his regiment to the Governor-General's camp, which was about four miles from the bank of the river, to form a street for Runjeet's envoy. "The object of his visit was to appoint a day for the meeting that was to take place between Runjeet and Lord Auckland. He came on elephants with his staff, all richly dressed in silk embroidered in gold and silver, the elephants beautifully trapped with gilt howdahs and cloth worked in gold and silver—in fact, it was a very gorgeous sight."

The meeting took place two days later. It was even a more gallant show. As the salute announcing the approach of the Maharaja was heard, Lord Auckland, habited in a blue coat embroidered with gold, and wearing the ribbon of the Bath,—Sir Henry Fane in the uniform of a general-officer, covered with orders, "the tallest and most stately person in the whole procession of both nations,"—and the united staffs in uniform, mounted their elephants. The gigantic animals, goaded by their drivers, moved with a simultaneous rush to the front:—

"Forward to meet them came on a noisy and disorderly, though gorgeous, rabble of Sikh horse and footmen, shouting out the titles

¹ Captain Outram's Narrative. He was an extra A.D.C. to Sir John Keane.

of their great Sirdar, some habited in glittering brocade, some in busunttee or bright spring yellow dresses, which command so much respect in the Punjab, some wearing chain armour. But behind these clamorous foot and cavaliers were the elephants of the Lord of Lahore, and seated in the foremost was an old man in an advanced stage of *decrepitude*, clothed in faded crimson, his head wrapped up in folds of cloth of the same colour. His single eye still lighted up with the fire of enterprise, his grey hair and beard, and countenance of calm design, assured the spectators that this could be no other than the old 'Lion of the Punjab.'¹

The Governor-General, rising up in his howdah, approaches that of Runjeet, returns his *salaam*, embraces him, and, taking him by the arm and supporting his tottering frame, places him by his side on his own elephant. The elephant which bore the two rulers makes its way through the crowd towards the entrance of the Durbar tent, and the two processions of elephants rush simultaneously after them. So great was the throng, so violent the press, that many of the attendant Sikhs, knowing that treachery was no novelty in such receptions in Indian history, "began to blow their matches and grasp their weapons with an air of mingled distrust and ferocity." The Lion of the Punjab, a decrepit old man, entered the Durbar tent supported on one side by the Governor-General, on the other by the Commander-in-Chief, and, after some grave matters of state had been discussed by the two rulers, and presents exchanged, the historic Durbar came to a close. Neville Chamberlain writes: "The Governor-General gave him two very nice guns (8-pounders) with which he seemed very pleased, besides which he gave him twenty horses, an elephant beautifully trapped, a picture of the Queen, and several small things, such as pistols, guns, swords, watches, jewels," &c.

A strange incident occurred with regard to the "two very nice guns" which Henry Havelock describes :—

"In a retired part of the suite of tents were placed two very handsome well-cast howitzers, intended as complimentary gifts to the Sikh

¹ 'Narrative of the War in Afghanistan in 1838-39.' By Captain Henry Havelock, 13th Regiment (Light Infantry).

ruler. These he came forth from the council tent, supported by Sir Henry Fane, to see. The light in the recesses of these spacious pavilions was glimmering and crepuscular, and the aged Maharajah, heedless of the shells, which were piled in pyramids below, was stepping up towards the muzzles of the guns, when his feet tripped amidst the spherical missiles, and in a moment he lay prostrate on his face at full length on the floor in front of the cannon. The kind and prompt exertions of Sir Henry replaced him instantaneously on his legs, but the spectacle of the Lord of the Punjab, extended in involuntary obeisance before the mouths of British artillery, was regarded by the Sikhs as a picture of fearful omen."

The next day the Governor-General returned the visit of the Maharaja, who had pitched on the other side of the river his imposing array of tents and pavilions of crimson cashmere shawl-cloth. Across the stream a bridge of boats had been established. The procession of the Governor-General reached the ford, "and the elephants did not hesitate, one after the other, to venture on the planks, which trembled beneath their ponderous pressure." On the right bank the Lancers, as the *élite* of the British cavalry, were drawn up on either side, and beyond them, in extended and glittering line, helmeted, and habited in long dress of yellow, were seen the horsemen of the Punjab. The Maharaja advanced to meet his guest, and taking him into his howdah the procession proceeded until it reached the lofty portal of a gay pavilion of crimson and gold. In that royal tent the rulers had another long conversation, and after the due formalities had been observed the British troops returned to the Governor-General's camp. Besides pageants and feasts there were brilliant exhibitions of mimic war. On one day Sir Henry Fane, in the presence of the Maharaja and of the Governor-General, attacked with the British force, not falling short of 10,000 men of all arms, an imaginary force. Runjeet Singh, who was well acquainted with our tactics, watched with deep interest every movement, and was greatly struck with the bearing of the British soldier. His own review, or as Havelock calls it, "Potsdam parade," was a more modest show, as his main army was watching his northern frontier.

"He displayed seven battalions of regular infantry and four regiments of cavalry, with as many troops of horse artillery in the intervals between brigades and half-brigades. His foot were formed three deep, and manœuvred as instructed by their French officers, carrying their arms with a bent elbow and beating distinctly with the foot the slower time of their shorter-paced quick march, as might have been seen at a review in the Champ de Mars, whilst their bands and drums and fifes assembled in the centre of battalions guided and gave animation to each change of position."

In the evening the waters of the Sutlej were bright with myriads of floating lights, and there was a display of fireworks on a scale of Eastern magnificence. The next day Runjeet Singh left for Lahore, and Lord Auckland followed on a complimentary visit to the Sikh capital. It was the last great week in the lives of two principal actors in that splendid and imposing scene.

On the 4th of December the following notification, dated Ferozepore, 30th November 1836, in the Secret Department, by the Governor-General of India, was published by H.E. the Commander-in-Chief in India :—

"The retreat of the Persian army from before *Herat* having been officially announced to the Government, as notified to the public on the 8th instant,¹ the circumstances no longer exist which induced the Right Honourable the Governor-General to solicit a continuance of the services of H.E. the Commander-in-Chief with a view to his conducting military operations to the west of the Indus."

The Proclamation had stated that the main objects for which the Army of the Indus had been assembled were the restoration of Shah Shooja to the throne of Afghanistan, and the succour or recapture of Herat, if the place should have fallen to the Persians. When the Government heard of the raising of the siege, they determined to reduce by a division the strength of the expeditionary force, and to make certain changes of importance in its disposition. Sir Henry Fane, who had brooked with impatience the crude military ideas of men who, ignorant of the very rudiments

¹ The Shah raised the siege on the 9th of September 1838. It was known to the Government of India about the 22nd of October.

of war, had been entrusted by the Governor-General with arrangements for which they were incompetent, relinquished the command of the expedition.¹ Major-General Sir Willoughby Cotton was appointed to command the detachment of the Bengal army, and the second division of infantry was to remain at Ferozepore, also occupying Loodianah.

"Sir Henry Fane has given up the command of this army," says Neville Chamberlain, "and everybody regrets, as we shall not find any one so capable as he is to lead us, he is to come with us as far as Shikarpore, and then goes home *via* Bombay. Only three brigades of infantry are going instead of five, and all the cavalry and part of the artillery. I only hope we shall have plenty to do, or it will be very disgusting to go all that way for nothing. We heard to-day that Dost Mahomed is waiting our arrival at Candahar with 60,000 men, and says we shall not put Shah Soojah on the throne. I only hope it is true, as then there will be some chance of one's distinguishing oneself."

And right well did the lad avail himself of every opportunity of distinguishing himself.

On the 10th of December the Bengal Contingent, under Sir Willoughby Cotton, consisting of about 14,000 men, with 38,000 camp-followers and 30,000 camels, set forth from Ferozepore. Shah Shooja's force, consisting of 6000 men, mainly raw levies, had preceded them by a few days. These two forces were to effect a junction with the Bombay division, separated from them by a distance of 780 miles of march. The plan of the campaign had been founded on crude political schemes, with a disregard of sound military principles. The route chosen for the invasion of Afghanistan was by the left bank of the Sutlej to its junction with the Indus, down to the left bank of the Indus to the crossing point at Roree, where the Bengal Contingent was to meet the Bombay Contingent. Thence the Army of the Indus was to proceed across the desert to

¹ In a letter to 'The Times,' signed H. Fane, it was stated that the Commander-in-Chief resigned because he was disgusted with the intermeddling of officials in military matters.

Dadur, through the Bolan Pass to Quetta, and from thence through the Khojak Pass to Candahar, and from thence 387 miles to Herat. It was a circuitous route, but yet the best adapted to the end in view—an early appearance before Herat. But when the siege of Herat was raised, Cabul became the main objective, and the more direct route to Cabul was across the Punjab and up the passes from Peshawur. But the Governor-General knew that the wary Runjeet Singh would never agree to a British army marching through his kingdom. He hated the whole business, but he consented to allow Shah Shooja's eldest son to advance through the Punjab direct upon Cabul with a force of about 4800 men under British officers, and he also consented to support him with a contingent of 6000 men.

After leaving Ferozepore the base of our operations lay in Sind, depending on the forbearance of the wild rulers of that state. The Duke of Wellington, who confessed "that I don't admire the policy of the settlement of Afghanistan, as far as I know anything about the matter," stated at length in a memorandum and note his opinion regarding the plan of operations for the conduct of the war. Admirably clear and simple, the memorandum lays down permanent principles, to ignore which must lead to failure and disaster. He held that an operation should be carried on "by march along the river and not by embarkation."

With the Sutlej on their right and the great western desert on their left, the Bengal force made its way through the territories of our ally, the Nawab of Bhawalpore. "We have had a very pleasant march as yet," writes Neville Chamberlain, on Christmas Day, 1838, "the weather being very fine and pretty cold for India. The road we have come through has been cut through the jungle, and when we halt it is nothing but fire on both sides, which looks very well at night-time." The column kept up a communication with Sir Henry Fane, who was proceeding

down the river in his boats, and with the fleet carrying the sick and hospital stores. As the force approached Bhawulpore it exchanged the tamarisk jungle for hillocks of sand and clumps of date-trees, "which peculiarly belong to the vast tract of sterility, which may be regarded as a second line of defence to Western India, the Indus being the first." The halcyon days of the expedition were about to close. On the 29th of December the headquarters of the army reached Bhawulpore, and found that Sir Henry Fane and his suite had already arrived at the capital. "This is a large town," says Neville Chamberlain, "the houses chiefly built with mud; the whole town surrounded by a thick mud wall, but it would not stand against an enemy for a moment. When the Bhawulpore chief first heard of our coming through his territory he declared he would oppose us, but at the sight of our red coats he was all submission."

As Bhawul Khan, the old chief, had only 4000 infantry and a few horsemen, he was wise not to oppose the invading host. "He was in former days a mighty hunter; but now, if his pursuits are not highly intellectual, they are at least pacific, harmless, and rational. Mechanics are his chief delight, and watchmaking is the particular branch of useful industry which he most liberally patronises." On the 30th of December the Commander-in-Chief held a Durbar at which the chief attended. "Sir Henry praised the Khan's fidelity to the British Government," to which he did not owe the slightest allegiance, and "his hospitable reception of the army in his dominions," which he had never invited. Bhawul Khan "good-humouredly underrated his past assistance, and made only very general promises for the future." The next day Sir Henry Fane accompanied by his officers returned the visit of state at the Khan's mansion in the city. Bhawul Khan was more social than he had been the preceding day, and the conversation turning on sport, "the Khan pointed out two of his warriors who had often encountered and killed tigers

in single combat with no weapon than the sword." He added, however, that "he had of late years entirely interdicted such hazardous conflicts, as he did not wish, for the sake of a vainglorious boast, to endanger the lives of his subjects."

On the morning of the 1st of January 1839 the Bengal force was again put in motion, and fourteen days later it entered the Sind territory. The day preceding, Alexander Burnes, who was now a colonel and a Knight Commander of the Bath, arrived in camp. He had been engaged for several months in arranging supplies for the army and conducting negotiations with the Ameers. By the existing treaty with them it was stipulated that the navigation of the Indus should be opened to merchant vessels, but the passage of vessels of war, or military stores, was expressly prohibited, but the Indus was now the principal line of communication, for the British army and the Ameers were informed that they might as well hope to dam up the Indus at Bukkur as to stop the approach of the British army. On the 24th of January 1839 the headquarters reached Roree, raised on limestone crags in the bend of the little gulf, formed by the Indus being impeded by the sandy isles on which the stronghold of Bukkur is built. It "would be washed over by the river, but that from this bed basis suddenly arises a singular superstructure of hard limestone in which little masses of agate flint are thickly and deeply bedded. The isle is in length 800 yards, and in breadth varies from 150 to 100. The whole area is covered by the *enceinte* and buildings of the fortress, which reaches down to the water's edge. This intervening land divides the river into two channels, the northern of which does not exceed 90 yards, whilst the southern branch spreads with a whirling course towards the town of Roree to the width of 450."

When the force reached Roree "the smaller arm had already been securely bridged by nineteen boats lashed together, and the Engineers were labouring incessantly in connecting seventy-five more to restrain and subdue the

waters of the main stream." The Ameer of Khyrpore, Meer Rustum, had signed a treaty containing a separate article conceding the occupation of Bukkur during the war. But he refused to yield possession till the Governor-General had ratified it. On the 26th of January the document arrived, duly signed, and was handed over to Meer Rustum. He still hesitated, but a review of the British troops at which he attended convinced the aged chief that resistance was hopeless and delay dangerous. On the morning of the 29th of January the keys of the fortress were handed over to Burnes. A wing of the 35th N.I. and the flank companies of the 16th N.I. were embarked in boats and rowed with loud shouts by the Sindian boatmen to the walls of the fortress and the lofty portal. To the last grave doubts were entertained whether it would be quietly surrendered, and two bags of gunpowder, sufficient to blow in the great gateway, were put on board. On reaching the island the troops landed, and formed close to the gateway, which was opened by the keys, and "the sepoys toiled up the winding access to the main rampart, crowned it, waved their caps and arms, and planted the British ensign by the side of that of Meer Rustum on one of the towers." Crawford Chamberlain writes:—

"The Ameer of Khyrpore made the island of Bukkur over to us for the sum (they say) of £10,000, but when troops were sent (among whom were Neville and myself) to garrison it they refused to give it up. Upon which we were told to 'prime and load' and prepare for a storm. As we were landing on the eastern side of the island, intending to do wonders, the defenders! as they called themselves, took the opportunity to go out by a private door on the opposite side, consequently neither Neville nor I distinguished ourselves enough to be made C.B.'s or baronets! We have given up the idea of ever going to Hyderabad or of leaving to our heirs £10,000, which as junior ensigns we fully expected to get if we forced those walls. But those Ameers seem after all rather wiser than we took them for, preferring half a loaf to none at all. At one time we thought nothing but a good storm and breach would bring them to their senses, because knowing themselves to be the most powerful men in Beloochistan they determined to try if they could not lick us too, but they have found out their mistake, deeply to their

sorrow. The *Wellesley*, 74, Sir P. Matland, bringing up reinforcements from Bombay, was fired at by a small fort at the mouth of the Indus, when immediately the *Wellesley* opened a broadside on her and levelled the fort to the ground. It was supposed there were some thousand people in it, who must all have been killed."

On the morning of the 30th Sir Willoughby Cotton, with 5600 men, marched southwards by the left bank of the Indus upon Hyderabad. The Ameers of Hyderabad had refused to accede to the severe terms of the British Government, and Sir John Keane, who was marching on their capital from the south, had requested him to co-operate with the Bombay division. The Bengal troops moved on full of joy at the prospect of a hard fight and of a rich prize. Hyderabad was known to contain the accumulated wealth of the most powerful as well as the most affluent of the Ameers, "amounting in specie, jewels, and other valuables, and ingots of gold, to eight crores of Indian rupees well told, or not less than eight millions sterling." A sore disappointment, however, awaited them. On the 7th of February a despatch was received from Sir John Keane ordering them to halt. The Ameers had submitted to the terms of the proffered treaty. Two days later Cotton received further instructions, ordering him to counter-march his force, and the Bengal column made its way up the mighty river till it reached the head of the great bridge.

"The prows and sterns of the boats which formed the means of transit lay firm and immovable amidst the vexed and whirling currents of the stream. Strings of loaded camels were moving with stately tread across the scarcely yielding planks, and each horseman of our party dismounting and handing over his steed to the care of the attendant *syce*¹ (who led his charge carefully on, holding him by the snaffle), walked forward, first to the sandy platform of the fort, and then by the smaller bridge up to the right bank of the river."

On the 20th of February the headquarters reached Shikarpore, "a large town, and contains a very fine bazaar, with all kinds of European goods in it. It is the best I have seen in India." The following evening the force was

¹ *Syce*=groom.

“reviewed by Shah Sujah, who was very much astonished at the steady way we marched and manœuvred. He inspected all the other brigades, and now he has no fear of licking the usurper.” But the portrait drawn of him by Neville Chamberlain, which corresponds with a water-colour sketch done at this time, shows that the feeble creature we were putting on the throne would never be capable of licking the hardy and gallant Dost Mahomed.

“Shah Sujah is an old man, about sixty years of age. His beard reached to his waist, and it is naturally white, but to make himself look younger he dyes it black. He goes about in a sort of tonjon carried by twelve men, and attended by horsemen, running footmen, elephants, horses, and a hundred sepoys, in fact, just in the same state as the Indian princes. He has a force of his own (under officers of our service), of about five thousand men, who are his body-guard, and when we have set him on the throne this force will remain in Cabul to keep him on it. It is a splendid service, and I only wish you may hear of my belonging to it in the course of a few years”

Two days after the troops had been manœuvred before the delighted Shah, Cotton again put his force in motion. The distance from Shikarpore to Dadur, the gateway of the Bolan, is 171 miles, and it was accomplished by the Bengal column in sixteen marches. The hardships endured and the difficulties encountered are described by Crawford Chamberlain in a letter from “Camp Dadur, entrance of the Bolan Pass, dated 14th March 1839.

“Other shade is not to be found here, as we are in a desert. If you have a map of Central Asia you will see it marked as ‘a salt marsh’ fifty miles north of Shikarpore. The other night we started at ten o’clock to get on a march of twenty-six miles, we marched at the rate of three and a half miles an hour, halting five minutes in every hour. Not a tree or shrub or blade of grass could be seen through the light the moon afforded us. It was all sand, not a bird exists on this plain, nor a village, not even a jackal—for we passed camels in a putrid state, and if there had been jackals they would have been sure to have found them out. Our camels have had nothing to eat for several days, forty-five died in one night from hunger and the length of the marches (which is quite unavoidable), as there are no wells, and we can only carry some days’ supply of

water, the sheep, camels, and elephants have had none for two days, and are not likely to get it for a third and perhaps a fourth day, as it is preferable that they should die to the soldiers "

Two days after this letter was written Cotton resumed his march and entered the Bolan Pass. A railway has now conquered this stupendous defile, and it is difficult to lead the memory back to the time when our troops marched day after day over a stony and winding road, and the Beloochee freebooters carried off baggage and cattle, and murdered the stragglers. The unburied dead were left rotting on the road. "Among them were two women," says an eye-witness; "one had fallen, fearfully cut by the death-wound that had destroyed her. She lay, poor creature! on the edge of the water, and her long black hair was floating in the ripples of the clear stream." Seven days did it take Cotton's troops to thread the Bolan Pass, fifty-nine miles in length, and scale a mountain range 5300 feet above the sea. On the 22nd of March they began to traverse "the Dusht-i-bee-doulut,¹ Unhappy desert," devoid of dwellings, without trees, without grass, "and shut in on every side by mountains, bleak and solemn, on the top of the highest of which were long streaks of snow." On the 27th of March, after traversing the plain for three or four miles, they saw clumps of trees and orchards, and with delight recognised the mulberry, the plum, the apricot, and the peach. "The peach- and the almond-trees were in blossom." At Quetta, "a most miserable mud town, with a small castle on a mound, on which there was a small gun on a rickety carriage," the column halted, according to the command of Sir John Keane, for further orders. For eleven days the force remained at Quetta, consuming their rapidly decreasing supplies. The sepoy was put on half rations, an allow-

¹ "Dasht-i-bī-daulat," the plain without wealth. "The native term for these wide but not barren sandy spaces (which are a marked feature throughout Afghanistan and Baluchistan) is 'dasht.'"—"India," by Colonel Sir Thomas Hungerford Holdich, K.C.M.G., p 58

ance barely sufficient to support him from starvation, and the camp follower, on a quarter ration, had to seek food at the peril of his life. On the 6th of April Sir John Keane marched in with his escort, and assumed command in person of the Army of the Indus. Seeing that the men and horses of his force were on the verge of starvation, Keane determined to push forward at once to Candahar. On the 7th the Bengal column resumed its march. The Khojak Chain, which separates the Quetta plateau from the lower plain on which Candahar stands, was surmounted by the patient endurance and toil of the British soldier and the sepoy, "who vied with the Europeans in activity and zeal." Up and down "laborious acclivities and declivities a battery of 9-pounders, with its carriages, had to be dragged by dint of manual labour where neither horses nor camels could for a moment have kept their footing if harnessed to their accustomed draught." On the evening of the 15th the pass was cleared, and the troops encamped at Chummun,¹ now the farthest terminus of our railway to the north, and found that Shah Shooja with his contingent had pitched his tents near it. Here Keane waited until his part of artillery was clear of the defile. On the 21st he continued his advance, and after a march of two miles the force halted near a mud village, walled and bastioned, but supplying neither grain nor any other means of subsistence. The only water to be had was brackish. The next day the column, after pushing across the level immediately before them, came to a slight rise, and then a pass about five miles in length—a complete desert. Over a stony road they pressed forward, and "found, after a march exceeding ten miles, in a deep valley a considerable line of Khareez wells, some corn-fields, and, above all, one stunted tree." When the cavalry came up their brigadier, dreading the deficiency of water, obtained the sanction of the Commander-in-Chief to prolong his march to the river Doore. After passing over ten miles, the stream was reached. "The

¹ Now spelt Chaman, the terminus of the Quetta-Chaman railway.

moment the horses saw the water, they made a sudden rush into the river as if mad; both men and horses drank till they nearly burst themselves. Officers declare that their tongues cleaved to the roofs of their mouths. The water was very brackish, which induced them to drink the more." That day the cavalry lost fifty-eight horses. On the 23rd the headquarters were fixed on the banks of the river, and two days later the troops encamped at the village of Khooshab, nine miles from Candahar. They had not long taken up their ground when they heard "the roar of artillery and rattle of musketry, and perceived the smoke of both ascending amidst the trees on the plains to the northward—peaceful intimations, though in a warlike form, that Shah Shooja had entered his capital." On the 26th the headquarters alone moved on to Candahar. The next morning, before dawn had broken, the troops pushed forward, and as daylight broke they saw before them, "seated in an open plain of corn-fields and meadows, intersected by water-courses, the object of so many desires and expectations—a mass of buildings, worthy of the title of city, surrounded by a quadrangular wall of curtain and bastion thirty miles in length." To reach that goal the Bengal column had made a march, through deserts and over mountains, of a thousand miles. On the 4th of May the Bombay column also reached Candahar.

The following day a General Order was issued laying down the ceremonial to be observed "On the occasion of his Majesty Shah Shooja-ool-Moolk taking possession of his throne and receiving the homage of his people of Candahar." On the 8th of May, at dawn, the whole Army of the Indus was drawn up in line in front of the city. A throne and splendid canopy had been erected in the midst of an extensive plain, not far from the battlefield from whence, five years before, he had fled. At sunrise the guns announced the departure of Shah Shooja from his palace. As he rode down the line "there was a *general salute*, and the colours were lowered as is the case of

crowned heads. On his ascending the throne a salvo was discharged from 101 pieces of artillery." The Commander-in-Chief and the British Envoy and European and native officers in Shah Shooja's service presented nuzzers, but he did not receive the homage of his subjects. The English officers in their uniforms of scarlet and gold were on his left, "and some half a dozen shabby-looking, dirty, ill-dressed Afghan followers on his right."¹ Hardly 100 Afghans came out from Candahar to see the pageant, and among them murmurs were heard against the infidels who had invaded their land. By the installation of Shah Shooja the first offices of the expedition had been accomplished, but the march to the eastern capital remained to be done. For two long and dreary months the Army of the Indus had to remain, owing to the want of provisions, inactive, encamped under the walls of Candahar. There was nothing to break the monotony of camp life. No sight-seeing, no sport, for, as Neville Chamberlain writes to his mother, "You cannot now leave camp a mile without going in a body and well armed, or else run the chance of being killed." He describes how two young officers returning from a fishing excursion along the banks of the Urghundab had been attacked by a party of assassins and one of them cruelly murdered.

"An officer of the 16th Lancers has been cut to pieces since our arrival at Candahar. The circumstances are as follows: He (Lieut. Inverarity) with several other officers made a party to go out a few miles to amuse themselves fishing and shooting. Most of them returned by five in the evening, but Inverarity and a friend (Willmer) stopped later than the rest, and about nightfall started on their way back to camp. Within five miles of this place Willmer told Inverarity to go on slowly, as he had to take a stone out of his horse's foot, and would catch him up directly. When Inverarity had ridden about a quarter of a mile, and was going through a narrow pass in the rock, he was struck a severe cut over the wrist, which went clean through the bone, leaving his hand hanging by the skin; at the same time another cut

¹ 'Narrative of the Campaign of the Army of the Indus in Sind and Kaubool in 1838-39,' by Richard Hartley Kennedy, M.D., i. 263.

him behind—the sword going through into his stomach, he tumbled from his horse, when seven or eight men came and cut him over his head. When they supposed him to be dead, they took him and threw him into a pit near the side of the road. Willmer soon followed, and called out to Inverarity, but, receiving no answer, supposed he had gone on, but when he came to the narrow pass, he saw a robber standing in the middle of it (the moon was just rising), and approaching, he saw several others who all rushed on him with their swords. He had nothing but a cherry stick in his hand, with which, however, he defended himself, being a very good swordsman, but as there was no chance of doing anything, he took to his heels and they after him, but, as he was a very active man, he beat them. On going back to the place with some of the king's troops, he found the robbers had all bolted, and he found the body of his friend, who, strange to say, was not dead. He told him the whole story and asked for water, but before the water could be brought he was dead.

"I suppose the robbers never will be found, and this will give you an idea of the state the country is in. It is the profession of every man to cut his neighbour's throat. Almost every man is mounted, and they think nothing of going fifty or sixty miles a day on the same horse. Thank my dear Mother for the box of *articles* she has been so kind as to send to us, all of which are most acceptable, but I am afraid it will be a long time before we ever see them, which I am very sorry for, as both Crawford and my stock of clothes, &c., are wearing out fast, and if we remain out much longer we shall be obliged to go about with our backs bare! &c., &c., &c.

NEVILLE."

CHAPTER III.

Advance upon Cabul, June 27, 1839—The valley of the Turnuk—Arrival at Ghuznee, July 31, 1839—A gallant deed—Ghuznee stormed—Blowing the Cabul gateway open by bags of gunpowder—Colonel Dennie and Brigadier Sale lead the forlorn hope—Neville Chamberlain's description of the terrible strife—Advance from Ghuznee—Flight of Dost Mahomed—Shah Shooja enters Cabul, August 7, 1839—Neville and Crawford Chamberlain on duty at Ghuznee—Christmas at Cabul—Winter of 1840 at Ghuznee—Letter from Cabul, July 1840—Dr Lord's forward policy—Dost Mahomed escapes from Bokhara—He advances towards the Bameean Pass—Defeated by Colonel Dennie, he makes his way into the Kohistan country—Sale captures the fort of Tootundurrah—Storming of Julgah—Battle of Purwan—Defection of 2nd Bengal Cavalry—Surrender of Dost Mahomed—Course of events in Beloochistan—General Nott reoccupies Kelat—Murder of Lieutenant Loveday—The 15th N I leaves Ghuznee—Meets John Nicholson, and they become fast friends—Description of Nicholson—Defeat of the Ghilzyes—Arrival of the 16th N I. at Candahar—Reduction by Macnaghten of the subsidies to the chiefs—Rise of the Ghilzyes—Macnaghten determines to send a small force to subdue them—George Broadfoot—General Elphinstone—Monterith attacked by the enemy—His relief by Sale—Death of Edward King—The outbreak at Cabul—Murder of Burnes—News reaches Candahar—Maclaren's brigade starts for Cabul—Murder of Lieutenants Golding and Pattison—The battle of Urghundab—Neville Chamberlain wounded.

ON the 27th of June the army recommenced its march to Cabul, "expecting to reach that place without firing a shot." They made their advance up the valley of the Turnuk, with its temperate climate, and on the 4th of July they reached Kelat-i-Ghilzye, the main hold of the tribes whose forts and towers are scattered over the hills and valleys around it. In the famous fort of the Ghilzyes they were greatly disappointed. "It is at this day nothing

more than a tabular mound such as abound in this district, on which the artificial *frustrum* of a cone has been thrown up by way of citadel." The Ghilzyes had boasted of their determination to defend their ancestral hills, vales, and fortresses, but during the march through their country only one serious skirmish took place, "and in that the hardy Ghoorkas, diminutive in size but of fiery energy, beat off and pursued the Ghilzyes with some loss to the latter." On the 14th of July the camp was pitched on the plain of Mookoor, or Mookloor, "the most inviting spot which we have occupied since we quitted Roree on the now distant Indus. The springs of the Turnuk gush out of the earth in four or more little fountains, close to a poplar tree of gigantic girth, at the foot of a majestic range of wild crags of primitive formation and on the edge of an extensive plain and greensward." The Commander-in-Chief, after a day's rest, advanced with the 1st Brigade. On the 20th of July he fixed his headquarters at a spot about twelve miles from the far-famed fortress of Ghuznee. Neville Chamberlain and some other officers "went up to the top of a mountain, from whence we could see the fort quite plainly." "The same morning a nephew of the Dost came into camp to join Shah Shooja with about thirty horse. He had escaped during the previous night, and he told us that it was the intention of the elder of Dost Mahomed's sons to attack us that night with three thousand men, so accordingly the tents were struck, and the whole army slept in their ranks ready to jump into their places in case of attack; but I suppose they thought better of it, as they never came." The nephew was the traitor Abdool Rusheed, who informed the Chief Engineer that all the gateways had been blocked up by masonry except the Cabul gateway.

At the break of day (21st July) the army struck its camp and commenced its advance towards Ghuznee. "We marched in three columns," says Neville Chamberlain. "On the right, the cavalry (four regiments); in the main road

—in the centre, the artillery (in all thirty-four pieces); and on the left, the infantry (four European and three native regiments), making a very pretty little force, and I assure you the sight was very pretty as we marched through a beautiful valley about five miles in breadth, richly cultivated, with a river running in the centre, and surrounded on all sides by mountains three thousand feet higher than the plain—which plain is 7500 feet above the level of the sea.” Abdool Rusheed and Sir Alexander Burnes rode at the head of the columns. The British Envoy was certain there would be no resistance, but the Afghan would offer no decided opinion as to the intentions of his countrymen. Soon there was an end to all doubt. When the grey walls and lofty citadel came in full view, parties of horsemen were seen guarding the approach to the extensive gardens enclosed with high walls which surrounded the fort. Then was heard “‘pop, pop!’ which was the firing at Sir J. Keane and staff who had gone ahead to survey the place.” As the heads of the columns approached within gunshot they were saluted by the enemy’s large guns, “but they did not do much damage, most of the shot going over our heads.” The leading brigade was ordered to clear the gardens of the skirmishers. This was speedily done. One garden inside an outwork which enfiladed the river at its foot remained to be cleared. The Afghans were loath to abandon so important a post. The light companies of the 16th and 48th N.I. were sent to drive them out. “As the company I have command of,” writes Neville Chamberlain, “had nothing to do, I went with the light company.” In that garden he did a gallant deed. The story is best told in the lad’s own modest words:—

“All round the fort, within 180 yards of the walls, are fruit gardens, through which we went to get as near as possible and still leave a garden-wall between us and them to be protected a little from their fire, otherwise none of us could have escaped, the walls being thirty and forty feet high, and their matchlocks carry twice as far and as strong as our muskets. Our two companies were ranged along a wall three feet high, from whence we com-

menced firing at the men on the walls and at a little outwork in advance of the fort. If I had had a good, heavy, long double-barrel rifle I should have brought lots of them over. When they found our muskets were no match for their matchlocks, they began jumping atop of the walls, waving their flags, hurraing, and giving us all manner of abuse, some of them came down from the fort to try and drive us from the gardens, but they paid dearly for their boldness, as most of them got shot. At one time they got behind a little wall in front of us, about thirty yards off, and it was quite laughable to see the way we dodged one another to get a good shot, as when either party showed a head there were twenty shots at it, and we were not able to drive them away as they were protected by their own guns. I can assure you it was sharp work, as the balls came 'whiz, whiz' every moment over our heads. There was a man in the outwork who used to jump on the top of the wall and wave a green flag, whenever he showed himself ten or twelve muskets were fired at him. I was watching for him to show, to try my luck, when I saw him coming, and said to Captain Graves who commanded the light company, 'Here he comes!' Graves immediately showed himself above the wall telling the men to fire, when a ball struck him on the collar-bone, which it smashed, and glided down into the lungs. I was firing at our friend with the green flag and did not see the ball strike, but the sepoy cried out that he was hit. I immediately went to him and persuaded him to let me help him from the gardens to the regiment. We were now obliged to expose ourselves to the fire of the whole of the city walls, and seeing he was wounded they commenced shouting and firing, and whilst I was assisting him over a bank, another shot struck him in the back of the waist and went out at the top of the thigh-bone, carrying away his sword-belt. This disabled him from walking, so I laid him in a ditch where they could not touch him, and went for a dooley, but on arriving at the place I had left the regiment I found it had gone into camp, operations for that day being over. I got a dooley among one of the troops of H.A., and brought Graves safe away into camp."

When Neville Chamberlain again reached his regiment he was sent with his company to a garden about half a mile away in order "to keep the fellows from annoying us." About four o'clock they were recalled from the garden and rejoined the regiment—as the army was now ordered to march from the southern side of the place, and, circling round Ghuznee, to encamp to the north on the Cabul road. Keane had determined to make an attempt to blow open the Cabul gates and then carry the place by a *coup-de-main*. The

traitor's information had been confirmed. Captain Thomson, the chief engineer, a man of surpassing talent and nerve, had during his reconnaissance got, at considerable risk, as near to the gate as he could undiscovered, and seeing some people come out at dusk he was satisfied that there must be a gate or wicket by which an entrance was to be obtained. The road up to the gate was evidently clear, and the bridge over the ditch was unbroken. On his return, Captain Thomson reported to the Commander-in-Chief, "that if he decided on the immediate attack on *Ghuznee*, the *only* feasible mode of attack, and the only one which held out a prospect of success, was a dash at the *Cabul gateway*—blowing the gate open by bags of powder."¹ Keane had left, owing to want of transport, his battering train at Candahar, and he therefore lacked the means to reduce Ghuznee by any ordinary process of siege. The great height of the parapet above the plain (60 or 70 feet) and the wet ditch were insurmountable obstacles to an attack merely by mining or escalading. The immediate capture of Ghuznee was necessary in order to replenish his supplies. He could not mask the place and advance, because he had at the utmost three days' provisions. He therefore accepted Thomson's bold plan of attack. The following order was issued: G.O. "The troops will change ground this afternoon, the first trumpet to sound at three; and the *assembly* at four o'clock to sound from headquarters." Neville Chamberlain writes—

"We commenced our march at five and got to our ground at 10 P.M., having had to cross several streams, and ascended a very steep mountain, being obliged to make a large circuit to keep out of range from the fort. I do not think I shall ever forget that night of Sunday 21st July none of us had a thing up, I had had no regular breakfast, and none of us had any dinner. The night was bitter cold, and I had not my cloak or anything to keep me warm, and, as ill-luck would have it, only a thin jacket dyed red and a white pair of trousers. The only way to keep ourselves warm was to lie close together, and in that way we passed the night. All

¹ Report of the Chief Engineer

night the people in the fort kept firing their large guns, but I cannot say what at, as we were out of gunshot except from *Long Tom*, a large 82-pounder; they also kept burning blue lights which were answered from the hills in our rear, and as we were expecting to be attacked we had to stand to our arms from 8 o'clock until daylight, at which time our tents began to arrive. At sunrise (the 22nd) the people in the fort commenced shouting out "Hossain! Hossain!" which is the name of one of their prophets,¹ little did they think that when the sun rose again that the place would be ours. I and some other officers walked up a hill from which you can see into the town, and from which it is commanded by artillery. Sir J. Keane and staff rode up and reconnoitred through their glasses.² About 12 o'clock the whole of the mountains on our right were crowded with horsemen. The alarm was sounded, and in the course of a few minutes the whole army was under arms. Our cavalry went after them and drove them to the top of the mountain. Had infantry been sent to their assistance they must all have been killed, whereas they only lost fifty or sixty, and twenty taken prisoners whose heads were cut off on their arrival in camp.³ I believe Sir J. Keane's reason for not sending any infantry was on account of not wishing to lose any men before storming the fort as our force was so small."

During the skirmish with the fanatic bands, a remarkable shot was fired from an ornamental brass 48-pounder gun mounted in the citadel, to which the Afghans had given the designation of the Zabar-Zan or hard hitter. "About 3 o'clock," says Neville Chamberlain, "the great gun was fired into the Lancer's camp, the ball *en route* taking off a troop horse's leg, broke a cavalry trooper's leg (who died from the contusion), went through a camel's body, and into

¹ "Hossain! Hossain!—Ya Hasan! Ya Hosain! the wailings of the Mahomedans as they beat their breasts in the procession of the Moharram, the period of fasting and public mourning observed in commemoration of the death of Hassan and of his brother Hosain, the sons of Ali and the grandsons of the Prophet."—Gibbon's 'Roman Empire,' vi 280.

² See 'A Narrative of the March and Operations of the Army of the Indus,' by Major W. Hough, p. 172.

³ Havelock writes: "The captive Ghazees when brought before their sovereign are said to have openly avowed their intention of putting him to death. They conducted themselves with treasonable insolence in his presence, and one of them, drawing a dagger concealed about his person, stabbed a *peeshkedmint*, or attendant, in the durbar tent before his arm could be arrested. The most audacious of them, after repeated warnings to desist from these traitorous invectives, were carried out and beheaded by the royal executioners"—'Narrative of the War in Afghanistan,' by Captain Henry Havelock, ii. 68, 69 see also 'Kennedy's Narrative,' ii. 39; 'Kaye's History,' i 445.

a palkee, where it stopped without doing any more injury." That evening orders "for the attack of Ghuznee" were issued. Whilst Neville Chamberlain was dining at mess his company and three others were sent down towards the fort to remain under shelter of a tomb until the sappers arrived to make embrasures for the guns.

"At twelve, when the sappers came, we were sent to clear the gardens of any who might be in them and repel anybody who might attack the working parties, and when the gardens were cleared, we were to take up our position under the walls of the fort. The enemy had taken a lesson from our first day's amusement, for we found they had cut down the garden walls, however they left the fragments, and by putting one piece atop of another they formed a little shelter. My company were the first to get to the ground, and I made the men set to work, and the shelter was very acceptable, as the noise of making up the wall put them on the alert, and they began firing at our party, which they could distinguish by the moon shining on the muskets and breastplates. In the course of a few moments I was joined by the other three companies, which took up their ground to my right. We were placed about a hundred yards in front of the foremost battery, so as to protect them from any sally from the fort"

At 3 o'clock the guns from the false attack which had been placed to the south of the fort opened fire, and the explosion party stepped forward to its duty. Captain Peat of the Bombay Engineers was in command; Henry Marion Durand,¹ a young lieutenant of Bengal Engineers, had begged that to him should be entrusted the hazardous operation of placing the powder and firing the train. In dead silence Durand and the sapper advanced to within 150 yards of the works. Then came a challenge from the walls, a shot, and a shout. The party were discovered. At the moment a stream of musketry fire came from the battlements and blue lights lit up the approach of the gate. It was a position of supreme peril, for if the enemy fired from the low outer works which swept the bridge at half pistol shot, no man could have crossed it. On they went. Fire from the battlements, not a shot from the lower works, and the bridge was safely crossed. Captain Peat with a small party of the 13th took

¹ Sir Henry Marion Durand, K.C.S.I., C.B.

post at the sally-port to repel any rush of swordsmen. Durand advanced, and close to the massive portals the Madras native sappers piled the bags containing 900 pounds¹ of powder. Durand and Sergeant Robertson laid the hose and a port-fire attached to it along the foot of the scarp to a sally-port into which they stepped. The port-fire would not light, and Durand was some time blowing at the slow-match and port-fire, before the later caught and blazed. But it went out. Durand and the Sergeant lit it again, and after watching it burn steadily for some moments they retired to the sally-port. The enemy, expecting a general escalade, had manned the wide circumference of the walls, and sent forth from the ramparts volleys of musketry. The British batteries opened their fire. The skirmishers in the garden engaged in a brisk fusillade. Louder and louder grew the rattle of musketry. Then suddenly a column of flame and smoke rose above the Cabul gate, and a dull heavy sound was heard by the head of the waiting column drawn up on the road. The powder had exploded, shattered the massive gate in pieces, and brought down into the passage below masses of masonry and fractured beams. The forlorn hope, under Colonel Dennie, and the reserve, under Brigadier Sale,² eagerly awaited the bugle signal to advance from Peat's covering party. The fire from the ramparts swept them. No signal was heard. The bugler had been shot through the head. Peat, a cool brave soldier, who had been thrown to the ground and stunned by the explosion, returned to the column and stated that the entrance was blocked. Sale ordered the retreat to be sounded. Above the sighing of the boisterous wind and the rattle of musketry,

¹ Havelock states "nine hundred pounds of powder in twelve large bags." Durand, in 'The First Afghan War,' states "three hundred pounds of powder."

² "The first of these (the advance column) was composed of the light companies of the Queen's, the 17th, and the Bengal European regiment, and of Captain Vigor's company of the 13th Light Infantry. It was led by Colonel Dennie. The second body, under the immediate command of Brigadier Sale, was made up of the remainder of the Queen's and Bengal Europeans — 'Narrative of the War in Afghanistan,' by Captain Henry Havelock, II. 73."

Durand heard the bugler's signal of retreat. He had with a keener observation seen that no failure had taken place, and, unable himself by illness and an accident to run, sent the good tidings by a brother officer. The bugle lifted its gallant note and the stormers under the fiery Dennie rushed forward and entered the gateway, which was about one hundred and fifty feet long, and about twenty feet wide. About half-way it turned to the right, and it was impossible to see through the whole distance. In that passage twenty feet wide there was a mortal tussle between sword and bayonet. Gradually the forlorn hope pushed its way onward to the turning, and then "its commanders and their leading files beheld over the heads of their infuriated opponents a small portion of blue sky, and a twinkling star or two, and then, in a moment, the headmost soldiers found themselves within the place." Dennie had been told to occupy the ramparts right and left of the gateway, but his men pushed forward into the town. "The enemy from the ramparts rushed down and attacked the rear of the storming party on both flanks, wounding three officers and thirty men. A body of Afghan swordsmen also dashed against the head of the main column under Brigadier Sale, which was advancing in close support of the stormers—dashed against it and actually tumbled it back." The sudden panic lasted for a moment. The rear, "ignorant of what was taking place in the jaws of the gateway," pushed eagerly onwards, and after a fierce fighting, man to man, with bayonets, with swords, the few brave Afghans were driven back, and the column passed through the gateway. A terrible strife, a fearful carnage, took place before the city was won, but Neville Chamberlain must tell the story:—

"Directly afterwards, the advance party formed by the light companies of the four European regiments rushed in, followed by the storming column, composed of H.M. 2nd Bengal European Regiment, 17th and 13th and the 16th, 35th and 48th native regiments. They were met at the gate gallantly by the enemy, who struck up the bayonets with their shields, and used their swords

to great effect, killing and wounding many. But their attempts to drive us back proved unsuccessful, but I am ashamed to say . . . cried, 'Back, back!' the retreat being sounded, and the two advance regiments went to the right-about face, however, the panic lasted only for a moment, they formed again, charged, and gained the place. After the citadel was taken and the ramparts cleared (which our regiment did), the people were so desperate that they took to their houses, blocking up the doors, and firing from the roofs and windows, making each house a fort, and fighting till they died, as no quarter was given to any man who fought.

"By about 3 P.M. the firing ceased. Eight o'clock next morning all the troops except our regiment and the 35th were taken out of the fort, and as no one was allowed to take anything with them, you may fancy the collection of things at the gate, such as swords, guns, pistols, wearing apparel of all descriptions, silks, tobacco, raisins, grain of all sorts, all thrown down and being trampled upon, as well as the bodies of those who had been killed at the gate; and to add to the confusion, there were 1500 horses which, directly the town was taken, had been cut loose from their stalls, and they were now turned loose and were like mad, galloping about all over the place, and fighting with each other like bull-dogs. I cannot describe the scene it was, and in fact it was quite dangerous to walk in the streets, for a time all discipline was lost, the soldiers breaking into the houses to look for plunder, and in this way many were killed, by going down the streets of the lower end of the town, far away from their comrades. I shall not try to describe the cruelties and actions I saw committed that day, as I am sure it would only disgust you with mankind, but I am happy to say very few women and children were killed, and that was a wonder, as when any person was heard moving in a room, ten or twelve muskets were fired into it immediately, and thus many an innocent person was killed. After mercy was proclaimed, all the people who were left came out of their houses and delivered up their arms, most of them being set at liberty, but the chiefs confined. Dost Mahomed's son, Prince Hyder Khan, commander of Ghuznee, was taken prisoner by Captain Taylor, who found him in a small room with six other men. He was taken into camp and treated by our envoy with great respect. He is now in confinement, and most likely will be sent to Bombay to pass the remainder of his days. He is twenty-two years of age. An immense man, and would weigh three of me.

"On the morning of the 24th the work of burying the dead commenced, which was done in three large pits. It took two whole days, as some bodies were not found till they became putrid. I cannot describe to you the desolation of the place—not a soul

to be seen, the doors of the houses broken, and the houses gutted of everything. We buried upwards of two hundred horses, which had been shot the first day (some of them worth a thousand rupees), besides cattle of all description”

Thus fell Ghuznee, the strongest fortress of Afghanistan. Afghan troopers riding in hot haste over hill and dale carried the news to Dost Mahomed at Cabul. He at once summoned a council of war, and discovered he could not depend on the loyalty of his chiefs. He, however, determined to make a grand effort to check the advance of the Feringees. At the head of an army of 13,000 men and thirty guns he set forth from the capital, and after a march of twenty-five miles he took up a position at Urgundeh, on the Ghuznee road. It had the advantage, in case of defeat, of commanding the shortest route to Bameean. Dost Mahomed's suspicions were confirmed. There was treachery in his camp, and some of his soldiers were plotting to deliver him up to Shah Shooja, and many of his followers were deserting every day. He made one frantic effort to preserve their loyalty. Koran in hand, he rode among them, and he begged them by that sacred volume not to desert the true faith or transfer their allegiance to a ruler who had filled the land with infidels. “You have eaten my salt,” he said, “these thirteen years. Since it is plain that you have resolved to seek a new master, grant me but one favour in requital for that long period of maintenance and kindness. Enable me to die with honour. Stand by the brother of Futteh Khan, whilst he executes one charge against the cavalry of those Feringee dogs! In that onset he will fall; then go, and make your own terms with Shah Shooja.” But the bold words were spoken in vain. On the evening of August 2nd, Dost Mahomed, accompanied by his family and escorted by about 3000 troops who still remained faithful to him, took the road to Bameean. The next day the news of the flight of Dost Mahomed reached the Commander-in-Chief, who, having left Ghuznee on the 30th of July, had halted at Sheekabad, twenty miles from Urgundeh, to close up his

columns before attacking the enemy. Captain Outram, aide-de-camp to the Commander-in-Chief, "one of the most resolute, intelligent, and active officers in the army,"¹ offered to head a pursuing party, to consist of some British officers as volunteers, some cavalry, and some Afghan horse. Outram pursued the royal fugitive along tortuous channels and over lofty passes, but Dost Mahomed made good his escape across the Oxus. On the 7th of August Shah Shooja again entered Cabul. "He rode a handsome white Cabulee charger, decorated with equipments mounted with gold in the Asiatic fashion. He wore the jewelled coronet of velvet, in which he always appeared in person, and an *ulk-halek* of dark cloth, ornamented on the arms and breast with a profusion of precious stones, whilst his waist was encircled with a broad and cumbrous girdle of gold, in which glittered rubies and emeralds not a few." Accompanied by the Commander-in-Chief and his staff, brilliant in scarlet and gold, escorted by British troops, he made his way through the narrow streets to the palace of his ancestors in the Bala Hissar. A dense crowd filled the streets, but—

"No man cried, 'God save him',
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home."

When Keane marched from Ghuznee he left behind him all the sick and wounded who could not be removed without risk, and as a garrison a detachment of artillery, the 16th Regiment of Native Infantry, and 200 horsemen in the service of Shah Shooja. "For the first week after the place was taken, not a soul was to be seen," says Neville Chamberlain, "but now the houses are filled again, and the bazaar affords everything. We have lots to do, as four days out

¹ So wrote Henry Havelock in his history, published in 1840. On the 15th of September 1857 Major-General Sir James Outram issued his famous order—

"The Major-General, therefore, in gratitude for, and admiration of the brilliant deeds of arms achieved by General Havelock and his gallant troops, will cheerfully waive his rank on the occasion, and will accompany the force to Lucknow in his civil capacity—as Chief Commissioner of Oudh—tendering his military service to General Havelock as a volunteer."

of the week we are on duty." It was a small garrison to hold so important a fortress, surrounded on all sides by a fanatical foe. The Durranees were ripe for revolt, and the Ghilzies were notoriously disaffected because they could not brook losing the control over the highways between Candahar, Cabul, and Jellalabad. Colonel Herring, who with the 37th Regiment was escorting treasure from Candahar, was barbarously butchered between Cabul and Ghuznee when strolling unarmed to a short distance from his camp. Captain Outram was sent with a party of horse to punish his murderers. On the 17th of September Neville Chamberlain writes:—

"This morning a dispatch arrived from Captain Outram, who is thirty miles off, requesting a wing of our corps may be sent to his assistance, as he had taken up some men on suspicion of their being Col. Herring's murderers. Four of our companies left at 5 o'clock, but unhappy I am not of the party, but Crawford is. After settling things there, they go across country to Kelat-Gilzee to accompany the political agent, so God knows when they come back again, but it is expected not before six weeks, and perhaps they may go to Candahar to pass the winter. Our garrison now is a very weak one, we cannot muster 500 men fit for duty."

A General Order, published at Cabul on the 29th of September, informs us that Major MacLaren commanding 16th N.I., after a march of fifty miles in little more than twenty-four hours, joined Captain Outram at Kooloogo on the morning of the 18th, and assumed command of the troops. On the 21st at midnight Major MacLaren marched to punish the Khajuck tribe of plunderers who were implicated in the murder of Herring. At daylight he found the enemy strongly posted at the foot of a range of mountains of bare rocks, and immediately made his disposition to attack them. After a few shots had been fired the enemy retired up the heights, believing them to be wholly inaccessible, as they were both steep and rugged.

"The marauders, therefore," says Crawford Chamberlain, "confident in the advantage of their post, opened a fire from their matchlocks, fixed, as is the Affghan and Beloochee custom, on rests, whilst

their chiefs, waving their swords, dared the Hindostanees to advance. As the grenadiers of the 16th moved directly against their enemy, the light company and another passed to their right, so as to prevent the escape of the bandits along the range of hills. Officers and soldiers experienced much difficulty in scaling rocks of so precipitous a character, but notwithstanding their vantage ground, their steadied aim and noisy vaunts, the brigands were speedily and utterly defeated. Many were killed, and the rest of the party, 120 in number, some of whom were wounded, were all made prisoners."

The four companies of the 16th N.I. returned to Ghuznee, and in October Neville writes home: "Crawford and I are making ourselves comfortable for the winter by laying in wood and making our three rooms air-tight. We amuse ourselves by taking long rides into the valleys of an afternoon, and return home at sunset. There is also some sport to be had in the way of shooting—viz., quail and ducks, but the latter are very shy."

A month after Shah Shooja had been replaced on his throne by British bayonets, his eldest son, Shahzada Timour Shah, accompanied by Colonel Wade, whose force had penetrated the Khyber passes, entered Cabul. The Army of the Indus had now done their work, and it has been urged that it could have then been withdrawn with the honour and fame of entire success. But, as Lord Auckland recorded in a minute written a fortnight after the entrance of Shah Shooja, "to leave him without the support of a British army would be followed by his expulsion, which would reflect disgrace on Government and become a source of danger." No man was more anxious to withdraw the troops than the Governor-General, for two substantial reasons: the cost of the expedition had already become a strain on the finances of India, and owing to the death of Runjeet Singh the Punjab had fallen into a condition which might at any moment demand the presence of our troops. Lord Auckland informed the envoy that he considered that besides the regular army of Shah Shooja and his Afghan force a strong brigade would be sufficient to hold Afghanistan. Macnaghten, however, urged with success that instead

of a strong brigade the Bengal division of the army was required to maintain order. Two days after Outram set forth to punish the murderers of Colonel Herring, the Bombay column commenced its march to India.

A month after the Bombay column left Cabul Sir John Keane with the 16th Lancers, two regiments of native horse, and a large part of the horse-artillery, rode from the Citadel to return to India by the Khyber route. As Shah Shooja was to spend the winter at Jellalabad, a brigade of infantry and the 2nd Light Cavalry with three guns were to be encamped around that city. Candahar was to be held by native regiments, and the 16th N.I. remained at Ghuznee. The 13th Light Infantry and a corps of native infantry garrisoned the Bala Hissar. Sir Willoughby Cotton was appointed to the command in chief of the troops in Afghanistan. General Sale was to command in Jellalabad, and General Nott, a thorough soldier, brave, straightforward, and energetic, in Candahar. At the last moment Sir Willoughby Cotton accompanied Sir John Keane in order to act as Provincial Commander-in-Chief in Bengal until a successor to Sir Henry Fane as Commander-in-Chief in India was appointed. Two small posts of observation were to be established on the main route across the lofty mountain-range of the Hindu Kush—the one at Charekar and the other at Bameean. Thus the army of occupation was not only reduced in number, but what remained, instead of being concentrated in one or two important strategic places, was scattered in small bodies over a vast extent of country.¹ As a temporary measure it was directed that the troops in Western Afghanistan should report to General Nott, and those around Cabul to Brigadier Sale.

After a long and fatiguing march from India the first winter at Cabul was a pleasant rest to the English officers and soldiers of the Army of the Indus. The weather was

¹ Brigadier Roberts, the father of Lord Roberts, who was in chief command of Shah Shooja's regular force, and knew the temper of the people, wrote to the envoy and to the Governor-General that it was madness to post small detachments of troops in isolated fortresses.

extremely cold, but they could be abroad every day and all day; "and it was amusing to see the English soldiers in their sheepskin dress, pelting each other with snowballs, or sliding on the ice as in their own land; while the officers, who had made themselves skates after a pattern, were enjoying themselves after their fashion, wrapped in furs which lords and ladies would have envied at home." Neville and Crawford spent Christmas week at Cabul, and "how this came to pass," and how he amused himself, is told in a letter written to his mother from Fort Ghuznee, 1st January 1840:—

"On the 15th of last month Crawford and I and an officer of the Shah's force started from here on a visit to a man of the name of Nicholson who was living at Logar as political agent. Logar is about half-way between this and Cabul, about fifty miles from here. We started in the morning, intending to reach Nicholson's the same evening, but as ill-luck would have it the morning broke with a dull heavy sky. Notwithstanding all these evil omens, having had a good breakfast, we left at ten o'clock accompanied by three horsemen as a guard, being ourselves armed *cap-à-pied* with swords, guns, and pistols, leaving our few traps to follow us, they also being guarded against the robbers. We had not proceeded far before the snow began to fall, and we had to ride the whole day with the snow falling fast in our faces. We found the road with great difficulty, but notwithstanding all our misfortunes we reached a small fort amongst the hills (called Abdurra) just about sunset, and we were obliged to pass the night there as we could not procure a guide to show us over the pass of the Huzzareh range of hills (mountains I might say, as they are some 3000 feet high), and the pass is a very dangerous one to go through, as it only admits of one animal at a time in many places. You must not suppose that by the word fort I mean any fine place: the common forts in this country are buildings 100 yards square, a bastion at each corner, and the walls from 20 to 30 feet high and 4 to 6 feet thick, according to the owner's wealth. There are no such things as villages like in England, for no person dare build a house outside one of these forts, or in the course of a very short time he would be robbed of everything and stand the chance of losing his life.

"After a little trouble we managed to get shelter for ourselves and horses. The people in the fort appeared very poor, but after a short time they gave us a large dish of rice from which we made a very hearty dinner and then we went to sleep, but our sleep was not very sound, as a donkey and some sheep and goats were occupants of the same room as ourselves, and poor Dobbin had a bad cough which

was as troublesome to us as to himself as he kept us awake a long time. The sheep and goats were much better companions, as the only noise they made was from chumping their grass and occasionally giving us a *ba!*—to let us know they were there. You may suppose we were not sorry when daylight appeared, and after eating some bread and meat we started, riding to the top of the pass in the clouds! But as we reached the summit the scene was sublime, the mist had cleared, and we looked down into a lovely valley surrounded by mountains 6000 or 7000 feet high. We arrived at Logar at about twelve o'clock. We found Nicholson very happy at having caught Meta Moossa, one of the archest rebels in the country. Reports were brought in by the natives that Meta Moossa's men were gathering to come down to the rescue and to attack Nicholson, and as the road to Ghuznee was unsafe he requested us to accompany him into Cabul. The morning of the 17th, at eleven o'clock, we accordingly set out, and arrived at Cabul at two o'clock the following day.

"I am not at all sorry to profit by this opportunity of seeing a place of which I had heard so much. As you have read Sir Alexander Burnes' work, my description of the place would be superfluous. I was much struck with the small size of the women; they are certainly the smallest I have seen, none of them being more than five feet, and it is very extraordinary, as the men are particularly large fine men, mostly six feet. Their dress is very neat, and they are closely veiled but so that they can see everything while they remain invisible, and that is hardly fair, as I see no reason why ladies should look at gentlemen and they not look again. Their slippers are curiosities, generally of green leather, and it would puzzle many a London beauty to put them on, they are so delicately small. While we were at Cabul we lived with a Mr Sinclair (a Highlander), Lieutenant of H.M. 13th Light Infantry. He is a great friend of ours, and if you should ever meet him in England pray take great notice of him. He is most gentlemanlike and a favourite with every one, and to add to his accomplishments he plays beautifully on the bagpipes! On Christmas Day all the officers of the garrison of Cabul (including Sir A. Burnes, Crawford, and myself) sat down to dinner with the 13th. We had a very merry party, though we had nothing to drink but brandy and gin, but that to the Army of the Indus is a luxury. For myself it does not signify, as I never touch wine or spirits unless at a strange mess, when I am obliged to do so out of compliment. When Sir A. Burnes' health was drunk he got up and said: 'This day two years I was eating my Christmas dinner in this very room, but instead of being the guest of a British regiment I was entertaining a Russian agent, and little did I think I should hear the health of our Queen drunk by British officers in the palace of Dost Mahomed in the space of two short years!'

"About 2 o'clock in the morning we took up the mess-tables and commenced dancing reels, Sinclair standing on the table, dressed in the Highland costume, playing the bagpipes for us, so you see altogether we had rather a merry party. During our stay at Cabul we dined and breakfasted with Sir A. Burnes: he was extremely civil to us. He is liked by every one, as there is no political humbug in him like in most persons in that employ. On the 28th we breakfasted with him, and started from his house about one o'clock *en route* for Ghuznee. The first day we only rode twenty miles, putting up for the night in a fort in the Maidan Valley. We passed the place where Dost Mahomed had his guns and army in position. The next day we rode into Ghuznee, about seventy miles! On our road we met Sir A. Burnes' brother (political agent here) going to Cabul. We asked him if he thought we could get into Ghuznee that night. He said, 'Oh no!' but on the principle that faint heart never won fair lady we pushed on, and got in by half-past ten at night, passing through the Pass Shushgao;¹ as good luck would have it we met no robbers, which was fortunate, as we only had one horseman with us, the rest not being able to keep up, and our traps did not come in till the following evening. You may suppose both we and our horses were well tired."

During the winter of 1840, at Ghuznee, Neville Chamberlain, even in the pressure and tumult of garrison life in a hostile country, found time to study Persian, which he learnt to speak with fluency. But he had to abandon having a teacher, because he could not afford to pay him. The characters of the two lads, Neville and Crawford, whose impulses for pleasure were strong as those which urged them to battle, were moulded by the hard life of poverty. They had nothing but their pay as ensigns. Prices were fabulously high: a quire of paper cost twelve shillings. In after years their family heard of the straits to which they were often put, but they never asked for money, and avoided debt. At one time, it is true, their commanding officer came to their rescue and lent them a small sum, which Neville repaid with "blood-money" after he was wounded. The winter passed on without any noteworthy incident. In

¹ In Hough we have, "Ghuznee to Shushgao 13¼ miles (30th July 1839). At 8 miles passed through a defile about 200 or 300 yards broad with low hills on each side." Havelock states, "They climbed in ascending to Shushgao or 'the six cows,' a pass which must have elevated them at least 1500 feet above the lofty level of Ghuznee."

April 1840 Shah Shooja and the envoy returned from Jellalabad to Cabul. He had objected to the occupation of the Bala Hissar by our troops, and on his return he again renewed his objections to the British occupying a position which would keep Cabul subject to their efficient control. In an evil hour for himself and his country's arms Macnaghten gave up the barracks constructed in the Bala Hissar to the Shah as accommodation for his harem and evacuated the fort. The troops were now quartered in cantonments built on the plain north of Cabul. No worse position could have been chosen. About it were gardens with strong walls, and it was commanded by high ground, and by Afghan forts which were neither demolished nor destroyed. As the summer advanced grave disturbances arose in many directions. The Ghilzye chiefs determined to strike another blow for freedom, and rising in arms they cut off all communications between Cabul and Candahar. On the 16th of May Captain Anderson, with a regiment of foot, four guns, and 300 horse, encountered some 3000 of them. The wild highlanders swept down upon the guns through showers of grape, and were met by the bayonets of the sepoy. Again and again they returned to the charge, and then they suddenly retired, leaving 200 dead on the field. The Beloochee tribes were also up in arms. Quetta was besieged, and the fortress of Kelat was captured by them. The chief which the political officers had placed on the throne abdicated, and Nusseer Khan, the son of the gallant Mehrab Khan, who had been slain in a hopeless struggle with our troops, was installed in his place. Lieutenant Loveday, the political officer, was carried off prisoner.

The smouldering discontent had not burst into flames in Eastern Afghanistan, and Macnaghten clung to the belief that the country was settling down under the rule of Shah Shooja. The wives of the officers had joined their husbands, and Cabul had become a military cantonment full of life and amusement. Writing to his sister on the 25th July 1840, Neville Chamberlain tells her that he and Balderston

the adjutant of the 16th are "in this pretty place," and "wishing to enjoy a little recreation after being shut up in Ghuznee for the last twelve months, they had applied for leave and obtained it."

"We left Ghuznee the afternoon of the 5th, and arrived here on the morning of the 7th, having a very pleasant journey. We are living with a Captain Taylor, who commands a corps of *Jan Baz* (literally Sporters of Life), the yeomanry of the country,—a very fine body of men and very well mounted. We are living in tents in a beautiful large orchard, and are surrounded by Taylor's men, who look very picturesque in their striped tents pitched about under the trees, and the chiefs surrounded by their followers. The first few days I spent in calling on the ladies and big-wigs, and making the customary military bows. There have been races which went off very well, Balderston's horse winning two races. I, as a matter of course, did not bet, having nothing to bet, but I have been rather fortunate in drawing a prize in the lottery. The best races were for the envoy's purse, 2500 rupees, and for a pair of shawls given by the Shah, 2000 rupees. I have dined with the envoy, who was very civil to me, and I have no doubt he would give me an appointment, but Sir W. Cotton will not allow any officer to leave the corps. On the 23rd July (the anniversary of the storming of Ghuznee) we had a grand party, ninety persons sitting down to dinner: it went off remarkably well, and we did not break up till 2 A.M. I never heard such a noise in my life, and the hurrahs were deafening—in fact, I am only just recovering from my endeavours to add to it. The healths were numerous, and some of the speeches very good, particularly Sir A. Burnes' and General Sale's. Sir Alexander is a general favourite, and very justly so, as he is the most unaffected, gentlemanlike, pleasant, amusing man I have ever had the good fortune to meet. The last overland brought the distressing news of Sir Henry Fane's death. He stopped too long in India, and the climate broke down his constitution. No man *has gone to his grave with more honour or respect*, and the whole of the Indian Army allow that there never was so just a Commander-in-Chief as him, this must be very gratifying to his relations and friends. Crawford and myself have lost a good patron, but I am not so selfish as to allow that thought to influence my regret for his death or increase it. I suppose you have all gone into mourning,—a soldier's mourning is but little outward show, but such as it is we have put it on.

"The whole of Dost Mahomed's family have come and thrown themselves on the protection of the British. They have all gone down to Ghuznee—200 women, besides four sons and several male attendants. The newspaper accounts of the failure of the Russian

expedition to Khiva is perfectly true; accounts have been received from Abbot, who is at Khiva, saying that the whole of the heavy stores of the Russian army were brought in in triumph. Abbot, whilst endeavouring to reach the Russian frontier, was attacked by robbers, and lost four of his fingers in the affray, but succeeded in reaching the Russian outposts and in going on to St Petersburg to endeavour to make some treaty with the emperor for the Khan of Khiva, and had no doubt of success. A few days ago Quetta was attacked by the Belooches; after some hard fighting they retired. We lost twenty or thirty, and Bosanquet of our corps was wounded by a sword-cut, so they must have come to close quarters. During the scrimmage the ladies were put into the magazine as being the only safe place, and which proves that ladies have nothing to do in a hostile country, for my part I think a man must be very selfish who could possibly think of having his wife with him to run the chance of falling into the hands of such savages. Lieutenant Clark (who was with me at Woolwich) has been with a party of eighty sepoy and forty horse cut to pieces by Belooches, only a few of the horse escaping. He had a convoy of 500 camels to escort through the hills, half-way he determined to halt, contrary to the advice of the guide, the men set about cooking when the Belooches came on to the attack. Clark put his convoy snug, and at the head of his men went to meet the enemy, but after firing away a long time his ammunition failed. The Belooches, perceiving the fire slackened, guessed the cause, and making a simultaneous rush closed with Clark's party. He had been wounded, and was weak from loss of blood; however, before *he was killed he cut down three men with his own hand*, and a young soldier he had as his orderly did the same, but an immense man grappled with him and threw him, and whilst he was on the ground another man cut his throat. Of course when the natives lost their officer it was *saufve qui peut*, but few escaped. Three hundred Belooches' bodies were found, so that while their ammunition lasted our party was not idle. Their force amounted to 3000, ours to 120. I am happy to say Crawford has his promotion. He has been rather lucky

"July 26.—We start to-day for Ghuznee."

On the 3rd of July the brother of Dost Mahomed reached Bameean, and placed, as Neville Chamberlain mentions in his letter, the Dost's wives and children in the hands of the British—a splendid compliment to the honour of the British race. The surrender of his family did not have any effect on the discontent produced by the aggressive policy of the Political Officer at Bameean. Dr Lord, the Political Agent, had accompanied Burnes in his commercial

mission to Cabul, and he had won the friendship of Dost Mahomed and other chiefs by his skill as a surgeon. In 1837 he penetrated into Tartary through the Hindoo Kush to attend the brother of the Emir of Kundooz, who was threatened with blindness. He was an intrepid traveller and a man of considerable ability, but he was lacking in tact and judgment. The detachment at Bameean was small, consisting of the Shah's Goorkha infantry and some irregular details, and the 4th troop, 3rd Brigade of Horse Artillery under Lieutenant Murray. But Lord had not been long there when he used it for his forward policy, and occupied the chief fort of the valley of Syghan, which is nearly parallel to that of Bameean, but separated from it by lofty mountains. Beyond Syghan is Kooloom, to which Dost Mahomed fled when he crossed the borders of Afghanistan. Dost Mahomed now represented to the Khan of Bokhara, "The Commander of the Faithful," the danger which threatened the countries of the Oxus from the advance of the infidel. The Khan, under the promise of supplying him with troops and money to resist the invaders, persuaded Dost Mohamed to visit the capital. On his arrival at Bokhara he threw him into captivity. When summer came Lord made another step in advance. On the 29th of June the Shah's Goorkha regiment occupied the small fort of Bajgah, which is situated at the mouth of the glen of Kamond, which stretches northward from Syghan. In July Dost Mahomed effected his escape. "Many romantic incidents are told about this flight from Bokhara. The horse on which the Ameer fled fell exhausted by the wayside. So he transferred himself to a caravan which he chanced to overtake, and escaped detection only by dyeing his beard with ink." On arriving at Kooloom he was warmly welcomed by its ruler, who was prepared to render him every assistance to drive back the invader. The tribesmen flocked around his standard, and early in September he advanced towards the Bameean Pass at the head of 6000 men. When reminded

that his family was in the power of his foes, Dost Mahomed replied: "I have no family; I have buried my wives and children."

Lord, on hearing the news of Dost Mahomed's advance, ordered the troops at Bajgah and Syghan to fall back to Bameean. The retirement was attended with shocking disorder, and an Afghan regiment plundered their officers and behaved in the most mutinous manner. When Macnaghten heard that the troops had retired to Bameean, and that the Afghan levies could not be trusted, he sent the gallant Dennie with a sepoy regiment to reinforce them. On the 14th, after desperate forced marches across the mountain, Dennie arrived at Bameean just in time to disarm the corps of mutineers. Two days after his arrival he learnt that bodies of the enemy's cavalry were entering the valleys, and was told that it was only the advanced party of the enemy. He went out to meet them with 300 sabres, 500 bayonets, and a gun and howitzer, under Lieutenant M'Kenzie. Great was his surprise when, pushing back their scouts, he had advanced two or three miles from the camp, to find himself in front of a large force—an irregular mass of Usbeg horse and foot, under Dost Mahomed and the Wallee of Kooloom. A supreme moment. "To have sent back for reinforcements would have caused delay," says Dennie in his despatch,¹ "and given confidence to the enemy. It would have checked the forward feeling that animated the party with me and gave assurance of success."² The enemy held a chain of forts reaching to the mouth of the defile by which they had entered, and at each of them they attempted to make a stand with their main body, their wings crowning the heights on either side of the valley. "In dislodging them from the latter," wrote Dennie, "I am sorry to say the Goorkhas suffered, but they did their work well and have won great credit with all. The

¹ To Major-General Sir Willoughby Cotton, G. C. B., commanding in Afghanistan, from W. H. Dennie, Brigadier, dated Bameean, 18th September 1840

² Two historians of the First Afghan War have altered the word "forward" into "proud," but Dennie wrote "forward" and it is the better word.

practice of Lieutenant M'Kenzie was beautiful, and his two pieces have earned all the grain and provender they consumed last winter. After three or four volleys, seeing our steady and rapid advance, they lost heart, and fled in a great mass to the gorge of the pass. I then let slip all our cavalry at them." They followed the fugitives about four miles up the defile, cutting down many of them and scattering them in all directions. "The Dost and his son, Mahomed Ufzil Khan, and the Wallee," says Dennie, "owed their escape to the fleetness of their horses."

Dost Mahomed made his way into the Kohistan country to the north of Cabul, where he had every reason to hope for cordial support. The sulkiness of the Kohistanee chiefs had been turned into fury by the exactions of the Shah's revenue collectors. It became known through intercepted letters that they were plotting his overthrow, and a force under Burnes and Sale was sent in the end of September to chastise them. The fort of Tootundurrah was taken almost without loss, but Edward Conolly of the 6th Cavalry, who had joined as a volunteer, was shot through the head in advancing on the village. "Never did a nobler or a kinder spirit inhabit a human frame." Sale next attacked the fort of Julgah, and Neville Chamberlain, in a letter (24th November 1840) to his brother, gives the best contemporary account that has come to light of the gallant but unsuccessful attempt to storm it:—

"You have heard of the defeat of Dost Mahomed at Bameean. Since then a force under the command of General Sale was dispatched to the Kohistan (a district to the north of Cabul, and one of the most fertile in Asia) to bring into subjection some of the refractory chiefs who had refused to acknowledge or pay tribute to Shah Shuja. They commenced by attacking three forts, which were taken after an assault of an hour and a half with the loss of an officer (Lieutenant E. Conolly), who was shot through the heart, and some few men of H.M. 13th L.I. and 37th B.N.I. A few days after the force marched against another fort, at which they arrived at noon, some 9-pounders were immediately placed in battery and commenced breaching. At 3 o'clock General Sale, thinking the breach practicable, ordered the storming party to advance, which they did, but on arriv-

ing, instead of finding it practicable they sunk into the loose earth, and the broken wall which they were to have climbed was six feet above them, and there was only room to admit of one man passing in at a time. The enemy had reserved their fire for the storming party, and by all accounts they did well, for the breach was assaulted three different times, and at last the retreat was sounded and our troops returned, leaving several European and native soldiers dead and dying on the breach. The sergeant-major of the 13th was shot whilst cheering on the men, his brother (also a sergeant in the same corps), on hearing of his death, rushed on like a madman, endeavouring to get into the fort to avenge him, and on the recall of the party he was carried off by force. It only proves that every ball has its billet, as though this man did everything in his power to get shot, still he came out without a scratch. When his brother was buried he threw himself into his grave with him, and he was obliged to be held down while it was filled up. At this same fort an officer of the 37th was mounting a scaling ladder when a soldier who was above him was shot dead, and in falling brought him also to the ground. A havildar seeing his officer lying on the ground fancied he was wounded and ran to pick him up, whilst in the act he was shot through the head and fell atop of the officer, who however managed to disengage himself of his load and escaped unhurt. The fort was evacuated during the night and the bodies of the wounded fetched into camp. What a horrible state of mind they must have been in all the time as they lay unable to move and expecting the fellows from inside to come and cut them to pieces every minute! The failure in taking this fort is to be attributed to the general being so *headstrong*, and instead of consulting his engineer and artillery officers acting entirely on his own judgment. Dost Mahomed went into Kohistan, and all the inhabitants immediately rose in his favour,—so much for the popular king Lord Auckland placed on the throne."

The place was evacuated next day, and Julgah was levelled with the ground. For three weeks Sale marched to and fro through Kohistan, levelling forts and destroying villages, which did not tend to increase the popularity of the Shah's rule, but he could not find Dost Mahomed. Then came the startling news that the Dost was in the Nijrow district in the vicinity of the capital. Great was the consternation at Cabul, and preparations for a siege were made in the Bala Hissar. On the 29th of October Sir Robert Sale heard that the Dost had quitted the Nijrow Valley and crossed over into Kohistan. Strong reconnoitring parties were sent over, and

it having been ascertained that the Dost was posted in the Valley of Purwan Durrah, Sale, on the 2nd of November, broke up his camp and marched to meet him. As his advance guard drew near to Purwan the enemy were seen in motion evacuating the forts and villages and making for the hills. Colonel Salter, who commanded the advance guard, sent forward his cavalry to prevent Dost Mahomed from escaping by the Purwan Pass

A letter of Neville Chamberlain, written soon after the event, sheds some interesting light on one of the most melancholy incidents of the First Afghan War:—

“I have now got to tell you of one of the most shameful affairs that has ever taken place in the Bengal army. The story is as follows: General Sale having heard that Dost Mahomed was among the hills with about 3000 foot soldiers and some horse, marched to attack him, and arrived just in time to shut up his Dostship in a regular net in a range of hills which could only be crossed by two passes, and for one of these he was making, riding along the base of the hills with a little band of 120 or 130 horsemen. Our advance guard consisted of four companies 13th L.I., four companies N.I., two squadrons 2nd Cavalry, Anderson's Horse, and two guns, the whole commanded by Colonel Salter. On perceiving the Dost's plan the two squadrons of 2nd Cavalry under Captain Fraser were detached out, and moving in a parallel direction on the plain to that taken by the Dost, gained possession of the pass first. Finding his escape thus cut off, and the infantry and guns fast coming up, the Dost took off his turban and said to his men, ‘Now for God's sake let us conquer or die.’ His men moved down the hill, the standard-bearer gallantly in front. Dr Lord (Political) who was with Fraser said, ‘Do you see that red flag? there is Dost Mahomed,’ and then turning to the troopers said, ‘A lac of rupees for him, living or dead.’ Fraser was almost beside himself for joy to think that the honour and glory of capturing the Dost was reserved for him. He formed line, and when the enemy were within about 200 yards ordered the advance. They managed to set up a half trot, and immediately began falling out by fives and sixes from the rear, in spite of the sergeant-major and quartermaster-sergeant (Europeans) trying to keep them in and licking them with the flats of their swords; nothing could make them go the pace, although the officer shouted, ‘Gallop, gallop, charge, charge!’ down came the enemy in gallant style and compact order, broke through our cowards and commenced laying on with their sabres. Even this would not induce the poltroons to fight, but turning their horses they fled in all directions, and then required no encouragement to *gallop*! Fraser got a desperate cut over the right wrist which will render the

hand useless for life, and a fearful gash down the back. He was not aware of the wound in the wrist till he tried to draw a pistol and found his hand useless. Captain Ponsonby was surrounded by a dozen fellows cutting and hacking at him. He got a tremendous slash over the face, cutting through his nose and into the bone of the face from ear to ear, the top of his thumb taken off, and his arms smashed by a ball, and his horse's ears cut off, a ball through its neck, and his bridle-reins severed. In this situation the horse kicked himself clear of the *mêlée*, and dashing off into a water-course threw poor Ponsonby over his head. Whilst lying on the ground, he called to some of his men to put him again on his horse, or he would be massacred, but not one would listen, when fortunately up came the riding-master, Mr Boulton, who jumped off and caught Ponsonby's horse, lifted him into the saddle, gave him the broken reins, and so he escaped.¹ Lieutenant Crispin, 2nd Cavalry, Lieutenant Broadfoot, Engineer, and Dr Lord were killed. The bodies of the two former were brought into camp without their heads. The 2nd Cavalry are now on their road to Hindustan to be tried by court-martial, and I hope they may all be shot."¹

Sir Alexander Burnes, who was on the field, at once despatched a note to Sir William Macnaghten, informing him of the disaster, and suggesting that Sale should be recalled and all the troops concentrated at Cabul for its defence. The letter was delivered on the 3rd. That evening the British envoy was returning from his usual ride of pleasure, when within a few yards of his residence a single horseman presented himself and announced to him that an Ameer requested to speak to him. "What Ameer?" asked Macnaghten. "Dost Mahomed Khan," was the answer, and at the same time Dost Mahomed appeared. Dismounting from his horse he presented his sword and claimed the envoy's protection. He had felt, he said, "even in the moment of victory, that it would be impossible to continue

¹ "The circumstances well warranted the infliction of the heaviest punishment, and the displeasure of the Government which these traitors professed to serve was intimated in the most signal manner. The wretched troopers were not subjected to any corporal sufferings, but the regiment whose name they had made a byword of reproach was struck out of the list of the Bengal army. The native officers and privates present on the day of disgrace were dismissed the service and rendered incapable of ever re-entering or being employed in any way under Government; the remainder to be drafted into other cavalry regiments. The dismissal of the degraded officers and men was carried into effect with all the marks of ignominy usual on such occasions." — 'History of the British Empire in India,' by Edward Thornton, vi 228.

the contest, and having met his foes in the open field and discomfited them he could claim their consideration without indignity." Macnaghten, returning the sword, asked the Dost to remount, and they rode together to the mission compound, an annexe of the cantonments where the envoy and his political staff had their quarters. Here a tent was pitched for him, and he was treated in the camp with the greatest respect and consideration. His manly and courteous bearing won the esteem of the chief officers of the garrison. Durand speaks of Dost Mahomed's surrender as "evinced a strange pusillanimity." Nature had largely endowed Dost Mahomed not only with personal courage but with strong natural sense and rare force of will. He never showed his strong natural sense and rare force of will more than by his surrender. It was a sore humiliation to him, but he knew the Afghans could not contend against the British army in the field. He took advantage of a chance victory to surrender without losing the honour and confidence of his subjects. He knew that the time must come when the weak and hated puppet we had placed on the throne would be assassinated or driven from the throne by a revolution. He wished to take no active part in that revolution, because he hoped to again ascend the Musnud with the consent of the British Government. And it was as easy and safer to intrigue from Loodianah and Calcutta as from Bokhara. It was only when he heard the rumour that he was going to be sent to London that his good spirits failed him.

On the 12th of November Dost Mahomed, under the escort of a considerable British force which had completed its tour of duty in Afghanistan, set out from Cabul for Hindustan. Neville Chamberlain writes, "I am happy to tell you that Dost Mahomed is now on his road to Hindustan, having given himself up to the British Government on the evening of the 3rd of November, so that the war in this country may be said to be ended." He adds, "The whole of Dost Mahomed's family that was here in confinement left for

Hindustan on Sunday." During the time that Dost Mahomed's family were at Ghuznee Neville and Crawford had charge of Dost Mahomed's sons, who were prisoners on parole. Among them was Shere Ali, the future Ameer, who became warmly attached to Neville.

Two events which occurred at the same time as the surrender of Dost Mahomed lent support to the prevalent belief that "the war in this country may be said to be ended." On the 3rd November General Nott reoccupied Kelat, which had been abandoned by its garrison. Some days before, the army of Nusseer Khan attacked the British post at Dadur and was gallantly repulsed by 120 troopers of Skinner's Horse. "This handful of men dashed boldly at the enemy, and regardless of numbers went headlong into the mass. Macpherson, their leader, was wounded; so too were all the native officers and fifteen of the troopers, but the mass gave way, and leaving only a *risaldar* and two troopers dead on the field, Skinner's Horse returned victors from their brilliant feat." When Major Boscawen with a wing of her Majesty's 40th reached Dadur, he moved against Nusseer Khan, but the son of the ex-chief of Kelat withdrew before he could come up with him, leaving on the ground of the Belooch encampment the warm still bleeding corpse of Lieutenant Loveday, "the head severed from the body." On the 1st of December Colonel Marshall, with 900 Bombay sepoy, 60 irregular horse, and 2 guns, surprised and boldly attacked Nusseer Khan, who occupied a strong position near Kotree. Nusseer Khan, accompanied by his followers, made his escape on the first alarm. His chiefs, however, made a stubborn resistance, and 500 Belooches were slain before the desperate bout was finished. The whole of the enemy's baggage and a large quantity of arms fell into the hands of the victors. A small affair, but it deserves to be remembered, as it illustrates the value of the Bombay sepoy. The field order issued on the day after the fight ended as follows: "The Lieutenant-colonel now concludes with saying that he never wishes to lead braver men into the

field, for braver men could not be found." Neville Chamberlain wrote on the 12th of January 1841—

"Nusseer Khan, the son of Meerab Khan, who was killed at the taking of Kelat, has at last given himself up, after having been licked three times, so there is an end to the war in Beloochistan. I told you of poor Loveday's death. He was political agent, and taken prisoner at Kelat. The sufferings he endured must indeed have been dreadful; he had only sufficient food given him to keep body and soul together; he used to be taken daily through the camp and beaten and abused; his servants hacked to pieces before his eyes, to show him what should be his fate. After the Belooches were defeated his body was found in his tent, the head severed and the blood still flowing. He was naked, a perfect skeleton, and with the marks of stripes on his back. Nusseer Khan ordered he should not be killed, and they say the enemy had left him alive, but one of the Belooches losing a brother by his side returned and killed Loveday in revenge, although, poor creature, he was scarcely able to move from starvation and was chained to the ground with heavy chains. I fancy there will be little mercy shown to the Belooches by our troops whenever they come across them, as they are perfectly frantic, and I believe in the moment of rage they would spare neither women nor children."

In the same letter Neville apologises to his mother for not having written to her "as in duty bound on my birthday." "I am now one-and-twenty years old." He had begun life early, had tasted of the joy of battle, and the young soldier longed for active service in the field. "If I had but the opportunity of distinguishing myself! but in my present position as a soldier in cantonments, I have only a certain routine of duty to perform, and nothing is left to show forth one's judgment, bravery, skill in military tactics, or in fact any other quality. If a soldier is in his proper place, *on service*, he then can be distinguished, or extinguished, and such are the chances I wish I could obtain." Stirring work in which a soldier could be extinguished or distinguished was nigh at hand. When the winter snow melted, heavy clouds floated into the Afghan sky. The Durranee chiefs displayed a strong spirit of disaffection, and the Ghilzyes between Candahar and Cabul assumed an in-

creasingly menacing attitude. On the 25th of April, Neville Chamberlain wrote to his mother :—

“The order for our regiment to be relieved has at length been published, and I believe that by this day month we may be in Cabul and my next letters dated from that place. We shall be sorry to leave Ghuznee from many reasons, notwithstanding the many advantages to be derived at Cabul in the way of society, but it is a very dear place; besides, we shall change from a cool house where we have every comfort to a *small* hot tent from which you are nearly swept away by the whirlwinds.”

The attitude of the Ghilzyes, however, prevented the regiment from being sent to Cabul. Two months later he wrote to his sister :—

“We expect in about a week to be outside the walls of Ghuznee, as the 27th B.N.I. are coming down from Cabul to relieve us. I shall be sorry to bid adieu to Ghuznee, it is a quiet retired spot and I like it very much. We are going in the direction of Kelat-E-Gilzee, and will most likely spend our summer under canvas at Mookkooor, about sixty miles from here. The Gilzees, a tribe who inhabit the country between Candahar and Mookkooor, have risen to attempt to prevent our building a fort at Kelat-E-Gilzee, which is in the centre of their country. They are not so blind but to perceive when once we have a fort and force in the heart of their district they will be made to pay tribute to the Shah and abandon their ideas of independence.”

On the morning of the 19th of June the 16th N.I. marched out of Ghuznee and pitched their tents two miles from the fort. One of the subalterns of the 27th N.I., the regiment which relieved them, was John Nicholson.

“He was then,” says Neville Chamberlain, “a tall, strong, slender youth, with regular features and a quiet and reserved manner. We became friends at first sight, as is common with youth, and we were constantly together during the short time that intervened between his regiment taking over the fort and my regiment leaving for Candahar. After my arrival at that place occasional correspondence passed between us, but neither of us was given to letter-writing, and what most occupied our minds was the events taking place in our respective neighbourhoods, for there were already signs that our occupation of the country was resented by the people.”

From Ghuznee the 16th N.I., in company with the 3rd Brigade Light Cavalry, four guns, and some of the Shah's infantry, marched to within thirty-five miles of Kelat-i-Ghilzye and encamped there. They were followed by a band of robbers, "who have been annoying us, firing into camp at night and cutting up the unfortunate camp-followers who straggled in the line of march. Even the women are not exempt from their brutalities, as to get possession of their ornaments—such as bracelets, rings, &c.—they cut off the limb sooner than take the trouble to unloose them." Here Neville Chamberlain adds, "The chiefs of the Gilzees are within eight miles of present position, among the mountains with a few followers, and whether they will ever give themselves up is doubtful, though they have sent in to Major Leech, political agent in camp, for terms. If we get them, they will in all probability be sent to Cabul to pass their days under surveillance." But the Ghilzye chiefs had not the slightest intention to pass their days under surveillance. Sultan Khan, the head chief, sent in a sarcastic message: "You have got my forts and fields. I have retired to my strong hills, and if you turn me out of them you will get a good name." On the 5th of July the 43rd B.N.I., along with some guns and cavalry, joined the force, and the game of hunting the Ghilzyes out of the valleys and hills began and proved most tedious. "I am becoming sick of this work," wrote Crawford, "for it is nothing but incessant knocking about without the slightest chance of a scratch." On the 5th of August the scratch came. Neville Chamberlain's own record, written six days after the engagement, is simple and graphic:—

"Here we are, still in the valley of Kurratoo, about thirty miles to the north of Kelat-E-Gilzee, and as the latter place is marked on most maps, you will be able to judge pretty correctly of our situation. On our arrival here the chiefs began to assemble their followers, and took up their position in the different passes which led out of the valley. During the day we amused ourselves looking at them through our telescopes, and at night they kept us aware of their situation by burning large fires, which had a very pretty effect. On the morning

of the 4th instant we received home letters, but just as we commenced reading them we heard firing to the left of the camp, where we proceeded. After a while the enemy retired, and we returned to read our letters. The next morning (5th August) I went out riding with Captain Walker (who commands two troops 4th Irregular Horse). We had six of his men for escort. Just as we were returning into camp we heard some firing on the left, and cantering to the direction from whence the sound came, we found about three hundred of the enemy had come down, and were cutting up the cavalry grass-cutters. We immediately took up a position on a small hill about two hundred yards from them (we had been joined by eight more men), when they commenced firing upon us, and we returned the compliment. People's attention in camp being attracted by the firing, and seeing our critical situation, one-and-a-half miles from the tents, some more of Walker's Horse were sent out to our assistance. In the meantime we were obliged to retire from our first position, as some of the rascals were endeavouring to get between us and camp, and before we had time to get on the next range of hillocks (about two hundred yards in our rear), the enemy had crowned our first hill. On seeing us retire I suppose they thought they had just as good as killed us, as they began shouting, flourishing their swords in the air, and some of the boldest galloped down to within sixty or seventy yards of us, firing at us, and then returning to their own hill. On twenty men joining us I proposed that we should charge them in two bodies, but after a little consideration we thought it better to form our men into a segment of a circle, each of us taking a flank. We told our men our plan, and they said if we went they would follow us, but entreated us not to go, for, as they justly observed, we were only a few, thirty-six in all, and that although we might break through them, our loss would be as great as theirs.

"We prepared, however, for a start, and twice began to descend our own hill; but finding the men very anxious we should defer the attack till our numbers were increased, we waited till we mustered sixty men, and perhaps from the way affairs turned out it was just as well we did so but you can fancy how annoying it must be to have an enemy in front of you and not attack them. Although the enemy kept up a heavy fire at us during the time we were stationary, waiting for reinforcement for nearly a quarter of an hour, still they did but little damage, only wounding two or three men and horses. The only way to account for it is from their using immense charges of powder, but it was one continual 'whiz-whiz.'

"To return to my story, when we mustered about sixty men we made a dash at them, and were soon in among them, when they thought their only chance was in flight, for they commenced a rapid retreat over the most steep ravines and rocks towards the mountains. We pursued them for about a quarter of a mile over this ground (such as no one in cold blood would think of going over), when we were

obliged to pull up, as the horses were quite done, many dead lame, their hoofs being torn by the sharp stones. Walker's horse shot dead, my own shot in the thigh, and many of the men's severely wounded by gun-shot and sword wounds. Forty-two bodies were counted, and they acknowledge to fifteen more wounded. The reason the wounded were so small was on account of all the work being done on our part by the sword. The affair was a very brisk one, no favour or affection on either side—every man for himself and God for us all. I hope you will not think that I am of a bloody disposition from what I have said, but you must remember that it is a soldier's profession to kill his enemies in battle, and had I not done my utmost I should have failed in my duty to my masters, the Queen, and John Company. The same day the 5th Light Cavalry and two companies of the 43rd Native Infantry had a scrimmage, the former killing sixteen and the latter twelve. Had our party had some infantry with us, we should have killed at least a hundred, as they would have been able to have followed them over the rocks and ravines. The fight had a good effect, as all the chiefs, who declared before that they would never submit, gave in a few days after, and agreed to all the terms. Lieutenant Bajette, 5th Cavalry, was severely wounded, but the doctors say he will recover. When Crawford last wrote to you he told you that I was going to the Huzara country on a political mission; however, I have not gone, as no person was required. In reply to Major Leech's (political in the Gilzee district) application for my services, Sir W. Macnaghten said he would be happy to appoint me should any officer be sent, but that was only in case of the Huzara tribes assisting the Gilzees against us, which has not happened. Had any of them risen against us I should have been sent to raise one of the friendly tribes, and have led them against those leagued with our enemies, which would certainly have been a very pleasant business to perform. Only fancy me Commander-in-Chief and Governor-General of a large tribe! I should think it must make you laugh to think of it. Depend on it the East India Company's service is the one! The climate here is beautiful—during the day cool in tents, and at night cold.

“CAMP KELAT-E-GILZEE,
17th August

“We left Kurratoo on the 12th, as our corps is required to go immediately to Candahar, as there is some fear entertained of the inhabitants rising; however, in my opinion, there is little chance of that. This place is altered much in appearance since we were here more than two years ago, on our march to Ghuznee. There were only then the remains of the walls of the old fort, now 800 men are employed building a new fort from the foundation, which, when finished, will be a most tremendous strong place, being built on an almost perpendicular hill at least 200 feet above the plain, and, what is

better than all, with a number of natural springs gushing out of the top of the hill, so that the garrison can never be badly off for water. The walls of the fort are a mile round. Barracks for one corps will be ready this winter, but the whole will not be finished for two years, and when complete it will be impregnable, except from surprise or by bombardment. Alexander the Great and Nadir Shah were many months before it, and in digging the foundations many shot and shells have been found. Since leaving Kurratoo we have experienced a great change for the worse in the weather, for it is now oppressively hot, upwards of 100° during the day, and the nights also very warm. The music Harriet sent out to the care of Ferguson has just arrived! Drepler's lessons are just the things I like practising, and if I am ever able to commence again, I will do as directed—'practice them daily.' Tell Larry that the drawings of Stoneleigh are exact to life itself, and call to mind many a happy day spent there."

Ten days after the defeat of the Ghilzyes, Captain Griffin, at the head of 4 guns, 350 sepoy, and 800 cavalry, attacked a large body of Durranees under two of their leading chiefs, Akbar and Akrum Khan. They were strongly posted in a succession of walled gardens and mud forts, against which the fire of our artillery could have little effect. Griffin, with his handful of men, boldly attacked them and drove them from their strong position into the open.¹ Then cavalry charged the mass and completely shattered it. The two chiefs, Akbar and Akrum Khan, fled, their followers dispersed themselves, and the Ghilzyes and Durranees were reduced to quiescence. The surface was thus stilled for the moment, yet the waters ran very deep. On the 20th of August the sanguine Macnaghten wrote that the country was "perfectly quiet from Dan to Beersheba." On the 25th the 16th N.I. arrived at Candahar and encamped outside the town.

"This place is very much improved since '39," writes Crawford, "and were it not for the enormous prices of everything I should like it much, although the temperature is very uncertain and trying to the constitution. One day 150° in the sun at 3 P.M., and yesterday it never rose above 82° ; and it falls very low at night, and towards morning is actually cold. At last a Ghuznee medal has been decided on! for my part I would as soon have six months more batta. We have been trying to get up some races, but every one is so hard

¹ Durand and Kaye differ in their accounts of this engagement.

up and we can afford so little, I am afraid it will die a natural death. You cannot imagine anything so delicious as the fruit here: the melons are small and excellent. I think nothing of eating eight or ten at a sitting. If people knew what was good they would take the first steamer and drop down here."

Early in September a strong force was sent from Candahar for the reduction of a body of Durranees who had again gathered around the standard of the indomitable Akrum Khan on the North-Western Frontier. The Durranee chiefs, seeing that resistance was hopeless, came into the British camp and gave themselves up; but Akrum Khan refused to submit. A treacherous Afghan guided a small band of the Janbaz under a European officer to his fort. He was surprised, captured, and carried to Candahar, where, under orders of Prince Timour, the eldest son of Shah Shooja, who was governor of the city, he was blown from a gun.

The British envoy, who refused to hear the murmurings of the waters of strife, wrote: "The noses of the Durranee chiefs have been brought to the grindstone," and Afghanistan was "as quiet as an Indian district." The time had come when some more of the troops might safely return to India. Neville Chamberlain, on the 27th of October, writes: "General Nott's force, which left this for Tereen and Darawut in the middle of September, is to be back in a few days, and I fancy we shall then soon start for Hindustan by the road we came. How things go by contrary. Here I am going back to India who wished to remain in this country, and there is Crawford who preferred India to Afghanistan remaining." Crawford had quite unexpectedly been appointed by the envoy to the temporary command of a regiment of Janbaz cavalry.

"He was directed to proceed to Darawut and take command as soon as possible. He immediately made preparations for a start by setting himself up with tent, carriage, cooking utensils, as also the dress of the country, that being his uniform,—the Janbaz are all either Persians or Affghans, being the yeomanry of the country. All these things were of course very expensive, the manners, costumes, and dress are so totally different from European that he may be

considered to have made quite a new start in the world. Everything but the inward man is changed. I, of course, gave him everything I had that could be useful to him, and as things are so enormously dear, I have been put to some expense in replacing what I could not do without."

It was a considerable sacrifice, for at this time, pecuniarily speaking, his fortunes were at a very low ebb. As a subaltern in India, he could live on his salary by the exercise of the greatest economy, but the necessity of increasing the pay of his Indian servants, and of the rise in price in every article, had caused an increase of immediate expenditure which he found almost impossible to meet. "I have not tasted a drop of wine or spirit since April, so as to reduce the amount of my mess bill. I never accept an invitation to dine with another brother officer, as I should have to ask in return. Were I able to live without servants or tents I would, but that I cannot do, or I should then lose the respect of the men of my company. I have got the name of the Hermit from never seeing any one, and of course I pretend that that is my natural character; but you all know what a different nature mine is! I still continue to study Persian, and I have commenced learning land-surveying and trigonometry under an officer who is kind enough to teach me." He adds, "I hope my Prosser¹ may arrive all safe, as I have given the only serviceable sword I had to Crawford, as the chances are he will require it more than I shall in the Indian nursery where there is little chance of meeting Affghans or Belooches." Before many weeks elapsed the Prosser was greatly needed. In the same letter he writes: "The district between Cabul and Jelalabad has rebelled, and our loss in the different skirmishes has been great."

In the last days of September Macnaghten summoned the chiefs of the eastern Ghilzyes to Cabul, and informed them that the subsidies hitherto granted to them would be reduced by £3000. The chiefs received the announce-

¹ Prosser, an English sword-maker well known in his day.

ment, as is the habit of Orientals, without any apparent discontent and remonstrance. They returned to their mountain fastnesses and ordered their clansmen to occupy the passes between Cabul and Jellalabad, and to interrupt the line of communication with India by the Khyber route. When the Ghilzye insurrection broke out, Macnaghten had heard of his appointment as Governor of Bombay, and was on the point of returning to India: "but he and Burnes were on anything but cordial terms, and he could not suffer the idea of his leaving the country disturbed for Burnes to have the credit of pacifying it. Both he and Burnes treated the insurrection with contempt (Burnes called it to me a tempest in a tea-pot), and the rebels, absurdly enough, 'as less formidable than any other Afghans.'" Macnaghten determined to send a small force under the command of Colonel Monteith "to settle the hash of the Ghilzyes." George Broadfoot, an able and resolute soldier, whose character and conduct inspired love and esteem, having been informed that he was to accompany the expedition with 100 of his sappers, went to Monteith for information and further orders. "He said he could give me no orders, having received none himself except to move towards Jellalabad; that he did not even know I was to go, but should be glad of my company. Monteith declined to apply for information, saying he knew the envoy and his staff too well; admitted all the dangers of going on service in the dark, but said it was not the custom here to consult or even to instruct the commanders of expeditions." Broadfoot then went to General Elphinstone, who had succeeded to the chief military command in Afghanistan on Cotton's retirement in the preceding spring. He was a brave soldier, who had commanded a regiment at Waterloo, but he had no experience of the Indian army or of Eastern warfare, and was utterly ignorant of the Afghans and of Afghanistan. He was advanced in age, and severe attacks of gout had rendered him unfit for physical activity. He accepted the command in Afghanistan at the repeated

and earnest request of the Government, and from the honourable feeling that it is a soldier's duty to go wherever his services may be required, but from no personal wish. Elphinstone told Broadfoot that he could give him no orders, and expressed himself unwilling to refer to the envoy on a point which ought to have been left to him to arrange. Broadfoot went from the General to the envoy; he found him "peevish," and he declared the General to be "fidgety." The envoy interrupting him impatiently, said, "There would be no fighting; that he had resolved in sending Colonel Monteith to Bootkhak as a demonstration, and that immediately—to-morrow morning; that he expected the submission of the rebels that evening. If it came, Colonel Monteith would go to Jellalabad, if it did not come to-day his march to Bootkhak would so terrify them that it would be sure to arrive to-morrow. The Colonel was only to have his own regiment, two guns, a squadron of cavalry, and 100 sappers." On the 9th of October this force, with Colonel Monteith in command, marched from Cabul to Bootkhak, the camping ground, one march from Cabul in the direction of Jellalabad. That night Monteith's camp was attacked and the assailants were repulsed. On the following day Sale with the 13th joined Monteith, and on the 12th he attacked the Khoord-Cabul Pass. As he was entering the pass he was wounded, and though he kept the nominal command, the actual and virtual command devolved on Colonel Dennie, who promptly pushed forward the advance column, and, finding that the enemy crowned the heights, he ordered the skirmishers to dislodge them. In the face and fire of the enemy they boldly ascended the nearly perpendicular precipices on either side and won the heights. The main column steadily pressed on, and the most distant gorge of the pass was gained.¹ Monteith and his force encamped in the valley

¹ "The sappers were actively employed, some under Captain Broadfoot, reconnoitring; others under Cohn Mackenzie, who had accompanied the 13th in order to be present. Mackenzie led the men well, and had the good fortune to come up in time to help Michael Dawes when he and his guns were in considerable danger. Broadfoot, in describing the action, pointed out that chance threw on the

outside the pass, and the 13th again traversing the Khoord-Cabul Pass returned to Bootkhak. A host of Afghans took advantage of the isolation of Monteith to make a desperate attack on his camp, but he "showed himself a good soldier" and repulsed his assailants with considerable loss, for "we found blood on the walls and heard the wounded call out." On the 20th Sale, having received reinforcements from Cabul, again joined Monteith. Two days later the force advanced on Tezeen.¹ "An ill-managed, unnecessary skirmish," says Durand, "for which Sale, who was lying wounded in his dooley, was not reponsible, cost him a gallant young officer killed, two wounded, and, worst of all, a run before a pursuing enemy, which was a baneful occurrence among young soldiers." The force eventually reached Tezeen and were about to attack the fort when the Ghilzyes opened negotiations. Macgregor, the political officer attached to the column, now aware of the gravity and extent of the insurrection, yielded to the Afghan chiefs all they claimed. Their irregular subsidies were restored, and no chief was to be held answerable for robberies committed outside his own dominion. On the 26th Sale resumed his march, and three days later he reached the valley of Jugdulluk with small loss or opposition. But next day, as his rearguard was making their way up the steep incline that leads to the pass, it was boldly attacked by the Ghilzyes, and 120 men were killed, the wounded having to be abandoned with the dead. On the 30th of October Sale encamped at Gundamuk. Neville Chamberlain, in a letter dated the 3rd of November, gives an account of the death of Edward King, a young officer of great promise, in the unfortunate and unnecessary skirmish.

sappers, under Mackenzie, and on Dawes, the task of forcing the pass. He added - 'Mackenzie commanded in a way few officers could have done; the success was rapid and complete, and the day was gained. Unquestionably great credit was due to him. Dawes showed the coolness he ever showed.' Mackenzie remarking on this said, 'He was the only man, except Broadfoot, whom he ever saw wear a natural smile in battle.'"-*'The Career of Major George Broadfoot, C.B.'* by Major W. Broadfoot, R.E., p. 34.

¹ It is now usually spelt Tezin.

"As I am forwarding a letter from C. I will just add my say and continue my account of operations up at Cabul. The business has been brought to a conclusion, but I am sorry to say not to the honour of the British flag, as we have agreed to pay the sum of money we went to war about, so it would have been much better to have done so quietly. I am sorry to say another very fine promising young officer was shot through the heart while cheering on his men, —Edward King of the 13th Light Infantry. He is regretted by all who knew him. He and I were great friends, and during the month I was on leave at Cabul I lived with him. He and Sinclair (of the same corps) always lived together in the same tent, and were the same as brothers. When King's body was buried they say Sinclair could hardly be torn away from the grave, and many seem to think he will soon follow. His heart is broken by the separation! I saw a letter from Rattray of the 13th, who was along with King, and if my recollection serves me the following was the way he met his end. Rattray and King were ordered to take their companies and clear some hills from which the enemy were annoying the troops. This they did, the rebels going to a higher hill, when King said to Rattray, 'Let us drive them from that also.' Rattray said, 'No, we have fulfilled our orders, and had better remain here.' King answered, 'Will you allow me to go?' Rattray said, 'You are not under my orders, you can do as you please!' King then waved his sword and called out, 'Volunteers to the front,' upon which several men joined him, and they commenced the ascent. Rattray, seeing he was determined to go, also joined him. Up they went and succeeded in their wish. Shortly afterwards an order came to call them down. Whilst they were descending the hill the enemy pressed on them. The officers endeavoured to keep the men together, but they had used all their ammunition and thought it was useless to walk down quietly to be shot at, so commenced running, when the enemy jumped out from their places of concealment from which they had been shooting our men and ran down on the two companies with a yell! Our men, I am ashamed to say, ran, leaving their officers and a few in the rear. Rattray, then, seeing his only chance was in flight, commenced running down the hill, his foot slipped, he tumbled down a precipice, and by God's mercy escaped, volley after volley being fired at him. King called out to a man, 'Give me your musket, here is a fellow within ten yards of me.' He had too great a sense of chivalry to run, and foolishly stopped alone to oppose hundreds, and so he fell! But even these barbarians respected him for his bravery, for instead of carrying away his head and cutting up his body as their usual custom is, they left him as he fell, and if ever any man deserved to have his name printed in history for his gallantry it is Edward King. We have certainly gained no laurels by the Tezene campaign. Our loss has been great—150 besides officers. We have lost ammunition, baggage, and treasure, and, in fact, it has been a

regular failure, and I hope for the honour of our arms we may not meet such again. The country and climate were certainly both much against us, as the former is nothing but mountain upon mountain, and the latter was hot during the day and perishing at nights. We are to leave on Friday for Hindustan. To-morrow we are to be reviewed for the inspection of Prince Timour Shah! There is a man of the country now in confinement who will I suppose shortly be executed for stabbing a sergeant of artillery whom he had never seen before in his life. I suppose some of his relations had been killed in one of the late fights, and he was determined to be revenged on some infidel Christian. No one is safe in Afghanistan from the assassin's hand. They first eat or drink some intoxicating drug to bring themselves up to the deed, and then the first white-faced man is the victim. I am almost ashamed to send such a disjointed epistle, but you must excuse me on the plea of my being unnerved by the news of poor King's death."

On the 8th of November the 16th N.I. and two other regiments left Candahar for Hindustan. The next morning, a short time after the beating of the "General,"¹ and as the troops were getting ready to march, an express arrived from General Nott with orders to halt till further orders, so camels were again unloosed and tents pitched. "We accordingly remained on march from this until the 14th, when we came back to Candahar, the political agent having received a letter from Sir W. Macnaghten telling him Cabul was up, that our troops had been shelling the town, but apparently to no effect. The intelligence was brought by a man, written on a small bit of paper concealed on his person, bearing date the 3rd November."

On the morning of the 2nd November a friendly Afghan informed Burnes that a plot had been hatched, which had for its chief object his seizure. But Burnes refused to believe him. Then came the Prime Minister, who urged him to leave his house and to proceed for safety to cantonments. Burnes scorned the idea of quitting his house, close to which was the Shah's treasury. Now was heard the hum of men waxing ever louder: a fierce savage mob had assembled outside the house. Burnes sent a message

¹ Formerly a beat of the drum for the assembly of all the troops preparatory to a march, battle, or action.—N E D.

to the envoy saying the populace was in an excited state. He knew not it was the hour. He forbade his guard to fire on the surging mass; he would pacify them with a speech, but "soft speeches would not serve." As he stood on the balcony of the house, with his brother by his side and William Broadfoot, the hum grew into a wild yell of revenge and hate. A shot was fired, and Broadfoot, struck on the chest, fell mortally wounded.¹

"His body was afterwards dragged into the street, where it remained until it was devoured by the dogs of the city . . . A portion of the mob went round to the back part of the premises, set fire to the stables, and effected an entrance into the garden. Burnes then began to fear the worst, no aid had come to his assistance, nor had apparently the slightest measure been taken to save so valuable a life as that which was about to be sacrificed. He offered the mob any sum of money if they would spare his life and that of his brother. They replied, 'Come down to the garden!' They did so, in the hope that out of so many ruffians two or three might raise the voice for their safety. But no sooner had they set foot in the garden than the brothers were basely massacred, a mullah . . . being the first and foremost"²

On the morrow Macnaghten wrote to Rawlinson: "We have a very serious insurrection in the city just now, and from the serious elements of which it is composed, I apprehend much disturbance in the surrounding country for some time to come. It would be only prudent, therefore, that the 16th, 42nd, and 43rd, with a troop of horse artillery and cavalry, should come here immediately. General Nott will be written to officially on this respect." On the 12th of October General Nott received a per-

¹ Lady Sale, in her Journal, says: "Captain Broadfoot was shot in the breast and killed. He was breakfasting with the two Burnes before he fell he had killed six men with his hand." Thornton attempts to improve this: "Whose life was dearly paid for by his assailants, six of whom met destruction from his hand before it was paralysed by death." Alison converts it into the following: "Broadfoot, who sold his life dearly, was the first to fall; a ball pierced his heart." Captain Johnson, in his Diary, states "Broadfoot was shot through the breast from the street while standing in an *upper* courtyard of the house, so that it was an impossibility that he could have killed even one much less six (as stated in some accounts)."

² Captain Johnson's Diary—"Blackwood's Magazine," March 1906.

emptory order, and wholly against his wishes and judgment the brigade, under Colonel Maclaren, started for Cabul. It only got as far as two marches beyond Kelat-i-Ghilzye. Neville Chamberlain writes:—

“Well, we arrived here on the morning of the 14th, and were halted, the 15th and 16th, for ammunition and grain, and on the morning of the 17th started for Cabul, our detachment consisting of 3 regiments infantry, 6 H.A. guns, 200 cavalry under your humble scribe, and a company of Europeans. Our start was inauspicious; a stormy night and morning, but it cleared up and we went on very smoothly until the 26th, when we were two marches from Kelat-E-Gilzee, when the clouds commenced gathering, and about 6 A.M. down came the rain in torrents. Nevertheless we marched on and performed the regular march, making about thirty-five miles between us (at Tezeen) and Kelat-E-Gilzee. It continued alternately to rain, hail, snow, and sleet the whole of the 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th, clearing up on the morning of the 1st; but our cattle died in such numbers as to prevent our carrying on our supplies, so on the morning of the 2nd we were forced to commence to retrace our steps to Candahar. Our supplies were chiefly carried on donkeys, as it was supposed they could stand the cold better than any other animals; but out of 1600 we only brought 400 back, and not only did the cattle suffer, but some camp-followers were killed by exposure, and others had their limbs frost-bitten. The thermometer stood at 14° the day we left Tezeen. Had we persisted, I think not half of us would ever have reached Cabul, and certainly not one of the guns. We reinforced the garrison of Kelat-E-Gilzee on our return with some artillerymen and 300 infantry, which made their garrison up to 1000 men. The town report is that they have been attacked, and the rebels driven off with great slaughter!”

On the 10th of December the force returned to the western capital, and ten days later Crawford arrived there.

“It was the first time I had seen him in his native dress, and he looks very well in it, though he has not yet a good moustache or beard, which are requisite to carry the thing off well. He is to remain here, some of his corps goes to Pisheen and some to Maroof. For my part I am glad he remains here during the unsettled state of the country. I went to see him yesterday in his tent. I found him sitting on the ground, surrounded by his officers and men, settling their accounts. It was so strange to see the chiefs, most of them old enough to be his father, with fine long beards, paying him as much respect, and listening to him as attentively as if he had been their king”

As the news of the murder of Burnes and the revolt became widely known in Candahar and the country around, the disaffection in the city became more apparent and the wild tribes more menacing. "Not an European can move twenty yards," says General Nott, "without the chance of being shot or cut down."¹ Two Janbaz corps were camped at a short distance from the city walls. Some months before the General had written to the Government declaring that they were useless and not to be trusted, "for which, as usual, I received from the supreme Government a most severe reprimand for reflecting on these pets of Macnaghten, and was told that they were *brave* and *trustworthy* soldiers, and valuable to the State; that my conduct was *highly injudicious*." On the night of the 26th December Major Rawlinson, the Political Agent, ordered these two regiments to occupy a fort at a short distance from Candahar. Two or three hours before the time approached for their march they rushed into a tent where Lieutenant Golding and Lieutenant Patterson were sleeping, and attacked them in their beds. Neville Chamberlain writes on the 1st of January 1842:—

"A happy New Year, and many more of them. Since I last put my pen to this paper, Captain Golding, who commanded the 1st Janbaz, has been cruelly murdered by his men. The circumstances are as follows. The 1st and 3rd Janbaz were to have conveyed some powder out to the garrison of Girisk, and to have started at one o'clock on the morning of the 27th. somehow the powder was not ready and the counter-order for the march was given after the men had saddled their horses, on which they determined to murder their officer and bolt. In the same tent with poor Golding was Lieutenant Patterson, a Political Assistant, who was going to accompany him; he was awoke at four in the morning by the fingers of his left hand being cut off and four or five men cutting at him. He fortunately lay quiet, and the brutes, fancying he was dead, left him to assist in murdering poor Golding, who had jumped out of bed on receiving the first wound, and endeavoured to save himself by running towards our barracks, but, poor fellow, his body was found on a bank, about

¹ 'The Life of Major-General Sir William Nott, G.C.B.,' by J. H. Stocqueler, l. 395.

forty yards from his tent, almost hacked to pieces Patterson hearing nothing stirring in the tent called out Golding's name, his writer hearing his master's voice ran into him and told him to make haste and mount a horse (whose head and heel ropes he cut with his sword) and ride for his life. He succeeded in reaching the citadel, having made a most wonderful escape. He is, I am happy to say, going well, but he will be a cripple for life! He received in all fourteen wounds, but fortunately those on the head are not severe, which can only be accounted for by his having a custom of wrapping his head up in the bed-clothes. There is still some doubts about having to take off one of his legs, as the bones of one of his arms and leg have been partially cut through. The first information we had of the affair was Patterson coming in wounded and telling the story, and, of course, the moment it was heard the troops were turned out to fire upon the fiends who had turned against their officer, but by the time they arrived where the camp had been standing they had of course, gone off, taking all their own things and 8000 rupees for treasure."

A speedy Nemesis overtook the mutineers. The Shah's 1st Cavalry (Hindustanees), to which Crawford was attached, was sent out in pursuit of them, and "came up with them eight miles from the capital. The Janbaz charged in a body, and our cavalry charged at the same time in line." The *mêlée* lasted for some minutes, both parties fighting hand to hand, "when the enemy broke and fled pursued by the Hindustanees. . . . Crawford, thank God, escaped with his trousers cut behind, the sword fortunately glancing off on to the horse's back, making the most awful gash of about a foot long and big enough to put your fist in. A native officer saved Crawford's life by cutting off a man's sword-arm that was raised and just in the act of cutting him down, Crawford being at the time engaged in fighting a man in front of him."

Two days after the mutiny of the Afghan cavalry Prince Sufder Jung, one of the sons of Shah Shooja, disappeared from Candahar and joined the camp of Atta Mahomed, a chief who had fixed his headquarters at about forty miles to the west of Candahar, and was attracting all the neighbouring tribes to his standard. Rawlinson considered that it was necessary, in order to maintain our political influence, that a brigade should be sent at once to attack the enemy.

Nott, taking a commander's point of view, considered it would "indeed be truly absurd were I, in the very depth of winter, to send a detachment wandering about the country in search of the rebel fugitive, destroying my men amidst fire and sword." He stated with refreshing bluntness, "I have no right to interfere in the affairs of the Governor of this country, and I never do, but in reference to that part of your note where you speak of political influence, I will candidly tell you that these are not times for mere ceremony, and that under present circumstances, and at the distance of two thousand miles from the seat of the Supreme Government, I throw responsibility to the winds, and tell you that, in my opinion, you have not had for some time past, nor have you at present, one particle of political influence in this country." Meanwhile the Afghan force moved down the valley of the Urghundab¹ and took post on the river about five miles to the west of the city. On the 12th of January General Nott moved out at daylight to attack them, taking with him 1st Cavalry, Shah Shooja's force, 300 Skinner's Horse, 2 troops Horse Artillery, 9-pound Battery, H.M. 40th Foot, 2nd, 16th, 38th Native Infantry, wing 42nd N.I., and 5th Regiment Infantry S.S. Force. Neville Chamberlain had been appointed, owing to the paucity of officers, to the 1st Cavalry, and he and Crawford were once more in the same corps. The action, or, as it has been called, the battle of Urghundab, is thus described by him:—

"We of course led the way, and I was on a-head of all with a glass, accompanied by three men, to give information the moment the enemy were in sight. After leaving Candahar two miles I passed a village of only a few houses, when an orderly was sent to me to tell me to halt as the column was some distance behind. I left the three men behind and went on a little way to reconnoitre; and after looking about me a few minutes, I was sent for by the officer commanding my regiment and proceeded to join the column, leaving my men in the village, where not a soul was to be seen, when shortly, to my surprise, two of them came galloping towards us pursued by fifteen

¹ Now written Argandáb.—'India,' by Sir Thomas Holdich, p. 94.

of the enemy's horse, who were of course stopped by our advance guard and pursued in turn, but they escaped, having only one wounded, and when we arrived at the village again we found the body of one of my men lying headless! I had left them there thinking I should return immediately, and fancying that none of the enemy were near. I mention this to show you how cautious one should be when employed upon such duty, and I have not any doubt that, had it not been for my recall, I should have ended my days on that spot! Soon after this affair we descried the enemy coming down towards us, who took up their position on the right bank of the Urghundab, their right and left flanks being on two hills, the left hill covered with houses, the distance between the two being about a thousand yards. In front of this position they had a canal, the ground between which and the river they had in a great measure flooded some days before, which made it impassable for guns, and nearly so for cavalry and infantry. In their rear again they had three canals, so that by leaving a few men to keep their position the main body might have retired unobserved and the remainder have left when pressed, and still have had the three canals in rear of them between them and us, before we could have crossed, which they would have had sufficient start to prevent our closing unless they liked it. We found great difficulty in crossing our guns, and it was 12 o'clock before we commenced business. We were on the extreme left, behind one of the Horse Artillery troops and the 9-pounders Foot Battery. The infantry and other troops being on our right, the former drawn up in open column, the light companies of corps being again in front of them. The light companies and the enemy's best infantry kept up a cross fire on each other for some time, the latter from the village on the hill and from the bank of the canal which separated us. We on the left were amusing them with round shot and shrapnel, the enemy returning the favour with large matchlock balls. We behind the guns on horseback of course came in for the balls that went over the artillerymen's heads, and it was whilst in this position I got the crack on the knee. When I was first hit I thought it was through the knee joint as it was so painful. I was able to ride to the rear, and on getting off my horse I fainted; however a little water soon brought me round, when I again mounted and joined the regiment which was in the place I left it. It was our general's maiden fight, which I fancy made him rather cautious, for we were kept a long time at long shots, but at last the order for advance was given, when the hill with the village on it was soon taken by our infantry. Whilst this took place the rebels made an attempt to turn our left, but ten guns treating them with grape cooled their courage. The enemy managed to get off their infantry pretty well protected by their cavalry. The former made the best of their way off, but the latter made a show of standing on the plain. Our cavalry altogether

only mustered about 750, whilst that of the enemy was about 3500 : so we advanced against them, ourselves on the left, a troop of H.A. and the 40th Foot in the centre, and 300 Skinner's Horse on the right. When we got within a few hundred yards of them their hearts failed them and off they went, on which we (cavalry) left our friends in the centre and pursued. It was about 2 o'clock when we commenced the pursuit, and I did not get back to the first scene of action until sunset. I was mounted on a large Cape horse which had been lent to me, and which soon brought me alongside one of the rebels who had been in our service as a Janbaz. The horsemen of this country all carry guns, and are very expert in using them off horseback ; however, as luck would have it, when I was just within sword distance of him, as he endeavoured to fire, his gun flashed in the pan, I closed with him and unhorsed him before he was able to draw his sword, and at that moment one of my men coming up finished the business by cutting off the rebel's head with his own sword, and taking his horse and arms. We took from the rebels tents, horses, camels, and cattle, and things of all descriptions. As there was great difficulty in recrossing the guns over the canals and river, the troops remained out for the night."

Neville Chamberlain's account of the action at Urghundab recalls to mind what Wellington and what Sherman knew, and what every soldier knows that has seen active service, that war is hell.¹ After the fight was over Neville, owing to his wound having become "stiff and painful," returned to Candahar, "and after going to bed that night I did not leave it for a month." On the 30th of January we have the entry, "Heard of the envoy's death."

¹ 'Wellington,' by Goldwin Smith. Kaye in 'The War in Afghanistan' states : "Our troops moved forward, carried the village by storm, and slaughtered every man, woman, and child within its walls." Canon Rawlinson in 'A Memoir of His Brother, Sir Henry Rawlinson,' writes : "It may be hoped that this is an exaggeration. Major Rawlinson, who is Mr Kaye's authority, only says that the storming of the village brought destruction on 'man, woman, and child.' He does not employ the important word 'every'—MS. Diary for 1842."

CHAPTER IV.

Spread of the insurrection at Cabul—Loss of the commissariat fort—Action on the Western Heights—Last gleam of success—Action on the Beymaroo Hills—Arrival of Mahomed Akbar Khan—Disaster of the 23rd of November—Looked-for advent of Sale's brigade and Maclaren's force—All hope of relief gone—Macnaghten's negotiations with the chiefs—His murder by Mahomed Akbar Khan—Evacuation of the cantonments—First day's march—Encampment at Bagramee—The passage of the Khoord-Cabul—Five hundred soldiers and two thousand five hundred followers perish in the defile—Attack at Jugdulluk—Slaughter of the force—Akbar Khan obtains possession of the ladies and children—The final struggle and massacre at Gundamuk—Dr Brydon reaches Jellalabad—Affairs at Candahar—Nott refuses to abandon the city—Attacks the Afghans—Neville Chamberlain's journal—Afghans attack the city—Siege of Ghuznee by the Afghans—Lieutenant Crawford's account—John Nicholson—Fall of Ghuznee

THE murder of Burnes was the first red flame of a volcano on the edge of which the British garrison was sleeping. It did not awake them. On the morning of the 2nd of November there was a riot in Cabul; by sunset it had become a revolt. Vigorous and well-directed exertions might have suppressed it, but General Elphinstone wrote to the envoy, "We must see what the morning brings, and think what can be done." In the morning the flame increased with tremendous rapidity. Thousands of Afghans, armed and accustomed to fight from childhood, flocked into Cabul from the neighbouring villages. A feeble attempt was made by the garrison to penetrate the city with an inadequate force, and it failed. That night Captain Colin Mackenzie, who was in charge of the fort containing the Shah's commissariat stores, finding no assistance sent to

him, fought his way into cantonments, bringing in his wounded and the women and children. On the 5th the commissariat fort was lost, and with it the means by which the garrison could alone keep for any length of time their position. As General Elphinstone was disabled not only by health but by an accident the very first day of the invasion, Brigadier Shelton, the second in command, was, at the earnest request of the envoy, summoned to the cantonments from the Bala Hissar, and he brought with him part of the garrison of that position. Hopes were entertained "that by heartily co-operating with the envoy and general, he would strengthen their hands and revive the sinking confidence of the troops." General Elphinstone, however, remained in command, and, though incapable of taking an active part in the duties of the defence, was not incapable of interfering. Shelton, as brave a man as ever lived, was, owing to his lack of temper and tact, incapable of co-operation. From the beginning he expressed his opinion that the garrison could not hold out for the winter, and advocated a retarded retreat to Jellalabad. The envoy—the supreme political authority—protested in the strongest terms against this measure, and the general wavered between the two measures. If there had been a capable commander the force at Cabul, 5000 strong at least, was as competent to hold out as that at Candahar. But instead of any definite vigorous course being adopted, the strength and spirit of the army was frittered away in skirmishes and attacks on strong forts. On the 13th of November the enemy appeared in great force on the western heights, where, having posted the guns, they fired into cantonments with considerable precision. At the earnest request of the envoy, a force under Brigadier Shelton was sent to attack them. Lady Sale, who saw the action from the top of her house in cantonments, writes: "The Afghan cavalry charged furiously down the hill upon our troops in close column. The 37th N.I. were leading, the 44th in the centre, and the Shah's 6th in the

rear. No square or balls (*sic*) were formed to receive them. All was a regular confusion; my heart felt as if it leapt to my teeth when I saw the Afghans ride clean through them. The onset was fearful. They looked like a great cluster of bees, but we beat them and drove them up again."¹ This was the last faint gleam of success. On the 15th of November Major Eldred Pottinger and Lieutenant Houghton, the former slightly, the latter desperately, wounded, rode into cantonments accompanied by a single sepoy. They were the sole British survivors of the Chanikar force. The insurgents were now the complete masters of the district of Kohistan. On the 18th the envoy wrote to the general, "We have scarcely a hope of reinforcement from Sale's Brigade." General Sale, on receiving the order recalling him to Cabul, summoned a council of war, at which it was agreed that it was impracticable to obey the order. He thereupon marched in a contrary direction, and, throwing up connection with Cabul, occupied Jellalabad;² and the envoy now learnt that he was closely besieged by the enemy. Macnaghten added: "It is possible that we may receive reinforcements from Candahar." Clinging to this hope Macnaghten, whose courage no misfortune could diminish, the suggester of every bold plan, proposed that the troops should move into the Bala Hissar; but owing to the pertinacity of the obstinate Shelton, the proposal was rejected. On the 22nd of November large bodies of Afghan horse and foot issued from the city, and proceeded to crown the summit of the Beymaroo heights. At the north-east extremity of one of the hills was the village of Beymaroo (or "husbandless," from a beautiful virgin who was buried there), from which the garrison drew their supplies. "As it was built on a slope, and within musket-shot, the upper houses commanded a large portion of the

¹ 'A Journal of the Disasters in Afghanistan, 1841-42,' by Lady Sale, p. 98.

² "The decision was regretted by some of the ablest officers in his force, foremost among whom was Broadfoot. Humanly speaking, Sale thus denied himself the honour and the satisfaction of retrieving the state of affairs at the capital."—"The First Afghan War," by Sir Henry Marion Durand, p. 360

mission compound." It was determined, at the recommendation of the envoy, contrary to the wish and advice of the brigadier, to send a detachment under Major Swayne to forestall the enemy in the occupation of the village. Major Swayne, however, found on approaching it that it was already occupied by a body of Kohistanees, and the entrance blocked up in such a manner that he considered it out of his power to force a passage. His orders were to storm the village, but according to Lieutenant Eyre, who was wounded that day, he "would neither go forward nor retire,"¹ but for several hours maintained a useless fire on the houses of Beymaroo. The infantry were under cover of a low wall, but the cavalry and artillery, posted on the open plain, exposed to the deliberate aim of the enemy's marksmen in the village, had many casualties. Late in the evening Brigadier Shelton, who had opposed the movement, joined them with a detachment, but no decisive action was taken; and, in the language of Lady Sale, "the troops returned, having done nothing."² Mahomed Akbar Khan, the second and favourite son of Dost Mahomed, arrived in Cabul. "The crisis of our struggle was already nigh at hand."

On the morning of the 23rd a strong force under Shelton was sent to occupy the Beymaroo hills. All day the contest raged. Many a gallant deed was done. But as darkness began to fall, a human avalanche, friends and foes massed together, rolled on towards the cantonments, and those who manned the walls feared it would sweep away the gate. The ammunition of the great guns in battery within the cantonments was almost expended. A heavy fire from one of Shah's regiments in the mission compound and a gallant charge of cavalry under Lieutenant Hardyman and Lieutenant Weekes checked the pursuit. Then one of the leading chiefs suddenly halted and led off his followers. Our loss was tremendous, the principal part of the wounded having

¹ 'The Military Operations at Cabul,' by Lieutenant Vincent Eyre, p. 112.

² 'A Journal of the Disasters in Afghanistan, 1841-42,' by Lady Sale, p. 119.

been left in the field, including Lieutenant-Colonel Oliver, where they were miserably cut to pieces.

The day after the disaster two deputies of the assembled chiefs entered the cantonments, and were received by the envoy. "I proposed to them the only terms which in my opinion could be accepted with honour; but the temper of the rebels may best be understood when I mention that they returned me a letter of defiance the next morning, to the effect that unless I consented to surrender our arms, and to abandon his Majesty to his fate, I must prepare for immediate hostilities. To this I replied that we preferred death to dishonour, and that it would remain with a higher power to decide between us." Hostilities were resumed. The assailants increased in strength, and waxed bolder day by day; and they had within the walls as allies vacillation, famine, and disease. The sick and wounded now amounted to 700. The vacillation and want of capacity shown by their leaders led to the inevitable result—decline of spirit in the men, and "discipline began to disappear among us." On the 3rd of December the enemy destroyed our bridge over the Cabul river, "and actually carried away the timbers composing it before our eyes, not a hand being on our part raised to prevent them."¹ The next day the garrison of an important position abandoned it without firing a shot. The camp-followers were living on carrion; the commissaries reported that the quantity of grain in store was equal to only four days' consumption, "and that all hopes of procuring more were at an end."²

On the 10th of December Macnaghten heard that Mac-laren's force had retraced its steps to Candahar. All hope of relief was gone. The next morning, accompanied by Trevor, Mackenzie, and George Lawrence, Macnaghten met the chiefs at a spot on the Cabul river two hundred yards from the walls of the cantonments. After the interchange

¹ 'Reminiscences of Forty-three Years in India,' by Lieutenant-General Sir George Lawrence, p. 97.

² Captain Johnson's Journal, 'Blackwood's Magazine,' March 1906.

of the usual compliments they all sat down on horse-cloths spread for them on the ground, and the envoy produced the draft of a treaty. The main terms were that the British should evacuate Afghanistan with all practicable expedition, and "that they shall be unmolested on their journey, shall be treated with all honour, and receive all possible assistance in carriage and provisions." On the safe arrival of the troops at Peshawur immediate arrangements were to be made for the return to Afghanistan of Dost Mahomed, his family, and all other Afghans detained in India. "Shah Sooja-ool-Moolk will be allowed either to remain in Afghanistan on a suitable provision for his maintenance, not being under one lakh of rupees per annum, or to accompany the British troops on their return to India."¹ The articles were duly discussed, and in the main accepted by the chiefs, who, however, never had any intention of fulfilling the treaty. They never took the trouble of signing it. When the envoy saw that there was not the slightest use in dealing with the chiefs as a body, he determined to negotiate separately with Mahomed Akbar Khan, who had made known his wish to treat, "as he was the sole chief possessed of sufficient power and influence to enforce the due observance of any treaty entered into with himself individually." Akbar Khan laid the snare with infernal skill. On the evening of December 22 he sent into the cantonments Captain Skinner, who had been living under Akbar Khan's protection, Mahomed Sudeeq Khan, a first cousin, and a native merchant, one of our staunchest friends. At a conference at which the envoy, Sudeeq Khan, and his two companions were alone present, the Afghan delegate disclosed Akbar Khan's proposals. The following day Sir William should meet Akbar Khan and a few of his immediate friends outside the cantonments, when a final agreement should be made: that the envoy should have a considerable body of

¹ A widely-read history of "British India" states: "On the 11th of December he promised to give back to the chiefs their chosen king, Dost Mahomed, and to abandon Shah Shuja if the British army were allowed to march in safety out of Afghanistan." He never promised to abandon Shah Shooja.

troops in readiness, which on a given signal were to join with those of Akbar Khan and assault and take Mahmood's fort, some five or six hundred yards from the eastern rampart, and of vital importance to the defence, and secure the person of Ameenoolah, the leader of the insurgents, who had not only murdered Burnes, Broadfoot, and our sepoy, but also massacred men, women, and children in every part of the city. He certainly was a rebel chief outside the pale of law. The Afghan delegate suggested that for a certain sum of money the head of Ameenoolah should be presented to the envoy, "but from this Sir William shrank from abhorrence, declaring that it was neither his custom nor that of his country to give a price for his blood." The further proposals were that the English should be permitted to remain in the country eight months longer, so as to save their credit; they were then to evacuate Afghanistan as of their own accord; that Shah Shooja was to continue king, and Akbar to be his vizier; and as a reward for Akbar's assistance the British Government was to pay him £300,000, and £40,000 per annum during his life.¹ Macnaghten accepted the proposals, except the base suggestion of assassination, and affixed his signature to the Persian document containing the terms. It was the forlorn hope of saving the lives of 16,000 men. Some days before the meetings Akbar Khan had communicated to the envoy his wish to have sent to him as gifts a pair of double-barrelled pistols and an Arab horse to which he had taken a fancy. Macnaghten now presented the pistols to the Afghan delegates, and they returned to Akbar Khan with these substantial tokens of the success of their mission. He rode off at once to Ameenoolah and informed him that the net had been cast with success.

On the following noon Sir William Macnaghten, accompanied by his staff officers, Trevor, Lawrence, and Mackenzie and a small escort, set forth to the fatal tryst. When they had

¹ Letter addressed by Captain C. Mackenzie to Lieutenant Vincent Eyre, Cabul, 29th July 1842.

ridden about 500 yards from the eastern rampart the guard was halted, and Macnaghten, Trevor, and Lawrence had advanced towards the spot fixed for the conference. It was well chosen by the Afghans for their treacherous plot. Akbar Khan and the Ghilzye chiefs were awaiting the envoy. "After the usual salutations of *Salaam aleikoom*, 'Peace be with you,' had been exchanged on both sides, Sir William, addressing Mahomed Akbar, said, 'Sirdar sahib, here is Grant sahib's horse for you as you wished.' 'Many thanks,' said Akbar, 'and also for Lawrence sahib's pistols, which you see I am wearing. Shall we now dismount?' The party dismounted, and horse-cloths were spread on a small hillock which partially concealed us from cantonments, and which was chosen, they said, as being free from snow."¹ Macnaghten threw himself on the bank, with Mahomed Akbar and Trevor and Mackenzie beside him. Lawrence stood behind the envoy, but, on being importuned by one of the chiefs to be seated, "I knelt on one knee, the escort being drawn up a short distance in the rear." Akbar began the conference by asking the envoy if he were perfectly ready to carry out the proposals of the preceding evening. "Why not?" asked Macnaghten. Lawrence and Mackenzie now noticed that Afghans armed to the teeth had gradually approached the spot, and were drawing round in a circle. Lawrence and Mackenzie pointed this out to the chiefs and the envoy, the former remarking that "if the subject of the conference was of that secret nature I believed it to be, they had better be removed." The chiefs affected at first to drive the crowd back with their whips. Macnaghten spoke to Mahomed Akbar, who replied, "No, they are all in the secret." No sooner were the words uttered than Mackenzie heard Mahomed Akbar call out, "*Begeer! begeer!* (Seize! seize!), and turning round, I saw him grasp the envoy's left hand with an expression in his face of the most dia-

¹ Letter from G. St P. Lawrence, Camp Zoudah, ten miles south of Tezeen, 16th May 1842.

bolical ferocity. I think it was Sultan Jan who laid hold of the envoy's right hand. They dragged him in a stooping posture down the hillock, the only words I heard poor Sir William utter being '*Az barae Khooda!*' (for God's sake!) I saw his face, however; it was full of horror and astonishment."¹ Trevor, Lawrence, and Mackenzie were suddenly seized from behind, dragged away, and compelled each to mount a horse ridden by an Afghan chief. Trevor slipped from the horse of his captor and was cut to pieces on the spot; Lawrence and Mackenzie reached Mahmood's fort alive. The native escort, on seeing the Englishmen seized, fled to the cantonments. A noble Rajput henchman, however, rushed forward to save his master, and was hacked to pieces by the Ghazees. How Macnaghten perished was for many years never clearly known. Akbar Khan, the day after the base murder, told his council in the presence of Captain Conolly that, while endeavouring to force the envoy either to mount on horseback or to move more quickly, he had struck him. Seeing the Englishman's eye fastened upon him with an expression of intense indignation, he altered the phrase and said, "I mean I pushed." Akbar Khan sedulously attempted to persuade Englishmen that he had done the fierce deed in a gust of tiger passion, and he assured Lady Macnaghten that he would give his right arm to undo what he had done. The story was accepted. Sir John Kaye wrote that, "Exasperated past all control by the resistance of his victim, whom he designed only to seize, Akbar Khan drew a pistol from his girdle—one of those pistols for the gift of which only a little before he had profusely thanked the envoy—and shot Macnaghten through the body." And again: "It does not appear that the murder of Macnaghten was premeditated by the Sirdar.

¹ Letter by Captain C. Mackenzie to Lieutenant Vincent Eyre, Cabul, 29th July 1842

Lawrence wrote, "I turned and saw the envoy lying, his head where his heels had been, and his hands locked in Mahomed Akbar's, consternation and horror depicted in his countenance."—Letter addressed by Captain G St P Lawrence, late military secretary to the envoy, to Major E Pottinger, C.B., late in charge of the Cabul Mission, Camp Zoudah, ten miles south of Tezeen, 16th May 1842.

It seems to have been the result of one of those sudden gusts of passion which are among the distinguished features of the young Baruckzye's character, and which had often before betrayed him into excesses laden with the pangs of after repentance." The idea of an Afghan, after having committed a murder, being laden with the pangs of repentance, shows strange ignorance of Afghan character. Thirty years rolled on. Then among Sir Henry Lawrence's papers was found a letter from Mahomed Akbar Khan to his brother, translated by Lawrence himself, which reveals the baseness of the crime. Akbar Khan writes, "We alighted and met; and after some conversation, this slave of God seized the lord's hands, and shot him in the breast, and cut him in pieces with my sword."¹ He also confirms the statement that "the mangled trunk was hung up at the entrance of the *chauk* or principal mart."

The day after the murder of the envoy the draft of a new treaty was sent in by the Afghans to General Elphinstone, substantially "the same as the former one, but with these important differences: 1st, That we should leave behind all our guns except six. 2nd, That we should immediately give up all our treasures. 3rd, That the hostages should be all exchanged for married men with their wives and families." A council of war, contrary to Pottinger's vehement protest, decided to accept the two first articles, but the chiefs were informed that it was contrary to the usages of war to give up women as hostages. On the 30th a crowd of Ghilzyes and Ghazees attempted to force an entrance into the cantonments. In Lady Sale's Journal we have, "31st December. Thus ends the year. The bodies of the envoy and Trevor not brought in. Snow has lain on the ground since the 18th of December." On the first day of the New Year the treaty was sent in duly signed, bearing the seals of the Afghan Sirdar.

¹ Henry Lawrence, who was assistant at Ferozepore at the time, was the first to hear the news of the Cabul insurrection. He accompanied Wild's Brigade as Political Agent to Peshawur.—'The Life of Sir Henry Lawrence,' by the late Major-General Sir Herbert Edwardes, K C.B., and Herman Merivale, C.B.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the 6th of January the advance of the Cabul force, which after all its losses amounted to about 4500 fighting men, with 12,000 followers, moved out of the cantonments through a breach made in the ramparts the previous night. Behind the advance followed the women and children, escorted by Captain Lawrence and a small body of horse and foot. Darkness was swiftly falling when the main body reached their halting-place at Bagramee, having marched only four miles. Two hours after midnight the rearguard reached the camp, where, finding no shelter or fuel, they had to huddle together in the snow to keep themselves warm. Many perished before dawn. Next morning "no order was given, no bugle sounded." At 8 A.M. the force moved on, and after a march of five miles, they halted at the entrance of the Khoord-Cabul Pass. At noon next day the advance entered the most terrible and difficult of all the Afghanistan passes—"the very jaws of death." It is about five miles long, and is bounded on both sides by lofty hills, and between the huge precipices of naked stone the sun in winter darts but a momentary ray. When the main column and the baggage escort entered the narrow throat of the pass, from every rock and cave in the heights the enemy poured down a furious fire. The pass was completely crowded with horses, camels, and troops, among whom every bullet told. They could do nothing against an enemy hidden by the rock, and they were in a position where courage was of no use to them. A stampede ensued. The Ghilzyes, with one deep cry of wild beasts, rushed down from the rocks and sabred men, women, and children. It was dark when the rearguard reached the bivouac on the Khoord-Cabul plateau. In the gloomy defile about 500 soldiers and over 2500 followers had perished.

On the 9th Akbar Khan sent in the proposal that the women and children should be consigned to his care with their husbands. The offer was their only chance, and it was accepted. That evening the married officers, the wives and

widows and children, were taken to Akbar Khan, "who received the ladies very courteously." On the morning of the 10th the march was resumed. No opposition was made until the troops were near a narrow gorge between the precipitous spurs of two hills through which flowed a small stream, but then a murderous fire was sent from the heights above. No retrograde movement could be made. Every volley struck the confused mass. The deep gorge, not more than ten feet wide, was filled with dead and dying. "The sepoys, sunk in dejection, cast away their arms and accoutrements, which only clogged their movements without contributing to their defence, and, along with the camp-followers, fled in wild terror for a place of safety. The Afghans leapt down from the rocks, rushed upon them with yells of triumph, and cut them down with their long knives." The last small remains of the native infantry regiments were here scattered and destroyed. Meanwhile the advance, after pushing through the defile, losing men at every stage, reached Kubbur-i-Jubbar, five miles ahead, where they halted for the rear to join them. But the rear never came. They had, with the exception of a few stragglers and a few wounded officers, been exterminated. The Cabul force now consisted of about fifty horse artillerymen with one 12-pounder howitzer, some 250 of the 44th, and 150 cavalry troopers. But with them was a ghastly mass of wounded soldiers and camp-followers, mixed up with cattle. Akbar Khan, who, attended by a party of watchmen, had watched from the heights above the butchery below, now proposed that the few remaining troops should lay down their arms and place themselves entirely under his safeguard, in which case he could ensure them safe escort. But the camp-followers, who still amounted to some thousands, were to be left to their fate. No Englishman could accept such a proposal. The march was resumed. After making their way for about five miles down the steep descent of the Huft Kotul, the British force came to a narrow defile, or confined bed of a mountain stream. It was covered with dead or dying camp-

followers, officers, and soldiers, who, having gone on ahead of the column, had been butchered by the Afghans. Through the narrow defile the miserable remnant made its way, raked by a murderous fire from the heights, and the little stream was crimson with blood. Time after time bands of Ghazees rushed on the rear, which consisted of a few European soldiers commanded by the one-armed Peninsular veteran, and time after time they were repulsed. "Nobly and heroically," says Shelton, "these fine fellows stood by me." About 4 P.M. the encamping ground was reached. Fifteen officers had been killed and wounded during ten days' march. 12,000 men, including camp-followers, had perished since the force started from Cabul. Brigadier Shelton now suggested that a supreme effort should be made to reach Jugdulluk by a rapid night march of twenty-four miles. It was adopted. The column was again put in motion. Slow was its progress. Shelton and his brave little band were again in the rear, making stiff dispute of every inch of the ground. It was not till 3 P.M. the following day that the remains of the advance reached Jugdulluk and took up post behind some ruins on a height by the roadside. But they afforded but scant protection, and volley after volley was poured down on them from the neighbouring heights. About 3 P.M. Akbar Khan sent a message inviting General Elphinstone to a conference, and demanding Brigadier Shelton and Captain Johnson as hostages for the evacuation of Jellalabad. The force which left Cabul 5000 strong had now been reduced to 150 rank and file of H.M. 44th Regiment, 16 dismounted horse artillerymen, and 25 troopers of the 5th Light Cavalry, "but not a single infantry sepoy." The ammunition was expended, and what remained in the soldiers' pouches had been taken from those of their slaughtered comrades. It was the last desperate chance of saving the lives of those with him, and the General, accompanied by Brigadier Shelton and Captain Johnson, went to Akbar Khan's camp. He received them with every outward token of kindness, and promised that food should at once be sent to the en-

closure. But no food ever reached them. The next morning a conference was held, at which the three British officers and the chiefs of the pass were present. The Ghilzyes reviled the English, and Akbar Khan assumed the part of a mediator. Nothing decisive was determined upon. When the day began to close the General demanded the necessary escort to enable him to rejoin the force: he declared he preferred death to the dishonour of being separated from them in the hour of supreme danger. But the appeal was in vain. Akbar Khan had no intention of letting him go. He had now secured, by repeated acts of treachery, the women and the principal officers, and he determined to retire with his prisoners to Cabul, leaving the few Europeans and the miserable crowd of stragglers representing the invading host to the vengeance of the Ghilzyes. They had passed in the enclosure a day of cruel suspense and dire suffering. "The extremes of hunger, thirst, and fatigue were suffered alike by all, added to which the Afghans again crowned the heights and recommenced hostilities, keeping up a galling fire the whole day with scarcely half an hour's remission." Sally after sally was made by the Europeans, "but again and again the enemy returned to worry and destroy." When sable eve had begun to spread swiftly, a message reached them from the General—"March at once; there is treachery." An hour after dark they sallied forth. "The sick and wounded were necessarily abandoned to their fate." They pressed forward through the stony bed of the stream, closely pressed by bands of Ghilzyes, who rushed upon the unarmed throng in the rear and murdered them. After they had gone a mile and a half they came to a narrow defile, in some places not ten feet broad, bordered on each hand by lofty cliffs of purple granite, destitute of tree or herb. The pass now rises rapidly for two miles to the summit. All through the night the troops, weary, famished, and frozen, fired at from the heights which were blazing with watch-fires, dragged their way up the defile till they approached the crest, when suddenly a barrier,

formed of branches of the prickly hollyhock well twisted together, about six feet high, rose before them. Wild disorder ensued. It was a commingled herd of soldiers and camp-followers driven to frenzy in the shambles. The Ghilzyes with a loud screech darted down on the camp-followers, and there ascended a wailing shriek of anguish and despair to the skies. The officers and soldiers fought with desperation and killed many of their assailants. After there had been for some time a deadly struggle at the barricade, a few horse and men made their way through it. About a mile farther they came on a second barrier. The Ghilzyes, still pursuing in increased numbers, renewed the attack with unabated ferocity. A few managed to struggle through it. At the two barriers fell, fighting to the last, Brigadier Anquetil and eleven other officers. "Captain Dodgin of the 44th, a most powerful and active man, who had only one leg, killed five Afghans with his own hand before he was slain." The valiant Nicholl of the Horse Artillery led a charge at the head of his few heroic gunners and checked the wild rushes of the foe, till he and his artillerymen lay lifeless on the ground. During the momentary stand a few officers and men and some three hundred camp-followers cleared the second barrier. In small detachments, moving at the rate of two miles an hour, they trudged down to the Red River (Sourkhab).¹ It makes the heart swell with pride to read that "much delay was occasioned by the anxiety of the men to bring on their wounded comrades." They hoped to gain a little relief if they forded the river, for the Ghilzyes harassed them with sudden onsets from the heights. But on reaching the water they found the Afghans posted on the bridge above, and as they crossed the ford the enemy sent volley after volley down upon them, and the dead bodies lay in heaps one upon another. When daylight broke the Ghilzyes saw how few were left, and following in their line of retreat, continually assailed them. Seeing it was impossible to press onward as the enemy were swarming around

¹ Surkhab. *Su k h*=red, *ab*=water

them, some twenty officers and forty-five European soldiers took up a defensive position on a conical hill by the roadside. They had not above one or two rounds of ammunition left. But they determined never to surrender to the enemy while life remained. "Their numbers were one to a hundred, and most of them were already wounded." A messenger from the chief of the district arrived and invited the senior officer to a conference. Major Griffiths who held that position went with the messenger. Hostilities were suspended. A number of Afghans ascended the hill under the pretence of offering food. A few attempts were made to snatch away from the soldiers their arms. The ire of the British soldiers was roused and they fiercely drove the intruders down the hill. All was over with them. Their death-knell had struck. The enemy took up their post on the opposite hill and marked off man after man, officer after officer, with unerring aim. Bands of fanatics made desperate attempts to storm the hill, but back they were sent by the bayonet. When most of the little band had got killed or wounded, a swarm of Ghilzyes rushed up the heights, fell upon them, and slew them. Captain Souter of the 44th, who had received a severe wound in the shoulder, and three or four privates who also had been wounded, escaped the knives of the fanatics and were carried into captivity. Souter, before leaving Jugdulluk, had tied the colours of his regiment around his waist. The 44th perished, but these colours were saved.¹

On the 13th of January, from the ramparts of Jellalabad, a single European "mounted on a pony was seen slowly making his way to the fortress."² A party was sent out to

¹ "They bore our men down, knife in hand, and slaughtered all the party except Captain Souter and seven or eight men of the 44th and artillery. This officer thinks that this unusual act of forbearance towards him originated in the strange dress he wore his *poshteen* (a sheepskin; also a fur pelisse) having opened during the last struggle exposed to view the colour he had wrapped round his body; and they probably thought they had secured a valuable prize in some great Bahadur for whom a large ransom might be obtained."—"A Journal of the Disasters in Afghanistan," by Lady Sale, p. 278.

² Dr Brydon, who afterwards formed one of the more illustrious garrison at Lucknow. Lord Canning wrote: "To Dr Brydon especially the Governor-General in Council would address his hearty congratulations. This officer, after passing

succour him. They brought him in, and when his wounds were dressed he told them, half incoherent from fatigue and horror, his story. General Sale at once despatched a party to scour the plain in the hope of picking up any stragglers," but they found only bodies. For several nights beacons were kept burning to guide any stragglers; "but none came. They were all dead. The army was annihilated."

At the end of February Major Rawlinson recieved a letter, dated 25th December, signed by Pottinger and Elphinstone, which requested "That you will intimate to the officer commanding at Candahar our wish that the troops now at that place and at Kelat-i-Gilzye, together with the British authorities and troops within your jurisdiction, should return to India at the earliest convenience." The gallant old soldier who commanded at Candahar had no intention of abandoning his post. He wrote to the Resident: "I will not treat with any person whatsoever for the retirement of the British troops from Afghanistan until I have received instructions from the supreme Government. The letter signed 'E. Pottinger' and 'W. K. Elphinstone' may, or may not, be a forgery. I conceive these officers were not free agents at Cabul, and therefore their letter or order can have no weight with me." It was agreed between the General and the Political Resident that they should await despatches from Calcutta. But decisive steps had to be taken to secure the safety of Candahar and the British garrison. On March 3, in order to prevent a revolt within the town, the Afghan inhabitants, except a few traders and priests, were expelled from it. General Nott was also of opinion that the time had come to strike a blow at the bands of Afghans who continued to hover about the city.

through the Cabul campaign of 1841-47, was included in the illustrious garrison who maintained their position in Jellalabad. He may now, as one of the heroes of Lucknow, claim to have witnessed and taken part in an achievement even more conspicuous as an example of the invincible energy and enduring courage of the British soldier."—General Orders, by the Right Honourable the Governor-General of India in Council, dated Fort William, 8th December 1857

Accordingly, on the 7th of March, he took the field at the head of the main bulk of his forces. Neville Chamberlain enters in his journal of that date:—

"The following force moved out this morning. Two troops H.A., the 9-pounder Battery, 1st Cavalry, 100 Skinner's Horse, H.M. 40th Foot, 16th, 42nd, 43rd, 38th Bengal N.I. and 2nd S.S. force. After leaving Candahar some eight miles, saw some of the rebel horse, after which we went. We endeavoured to get a charge, but they refused to face us, so after following them some distance we left them. Pitched our camp at Laleeanah (about ten miles from the town) About sunset a large body of cavalry showed themselves on our left flank. All our cavalry, accompanied by six guns H.A., moved out against them, they declined combat, and as it was getting dark we returned to camp.

"*8th March.*—Marched at sunrise, and after we had gone a short distance, we saw 3000 or 4000 horse to our left; against whom we went, our cavalry and twelve H.A. guns being in advance, the infantry coming on behind as a support. We drove them before us for about eight miles, supplying them well with round shot and grape. They came down once very prettily upon us and the guns, but the grape delivered amongst them at 150 to 200 yards stopped them. One of their bravest men received two grape-shot wounds, from which he died a few days afterwards. We drove them across the Turnnek river, on the banks of which we pitched. The rebels lost forty or fifty killed besides the wounded.

"*9th March.*—Marched at sunrise in the direction of Tulloo Khan. On skirting a mountain that lay on our road, some rascals who were on it fired at the General; however, they paid dearly for their fun, as some light companies went up and killed forty of them. A few miles farther on we saw, by aid of telescopes, a body of infantry (about 3000 or 4000) marching in the direction of Candahar. At the same time, in our front were our friends the horsemen, after whom we went, but they had been too hardly used by the guns the day before to face them again, so kept out of range. We endeavoured to engage some of them but could not. Halted at Tulloo Khan; saw no one all day. Warned to be on the alert. Turned out at twelve at night by some shot being fired at our sentries."

It was never the intention of the Afghan leaders to come to close quarters with Nott's force. Mirza Ahmed, the ablest of them, had suggested that they should draw Nott's army out of Candahar till it should be a day's march from the city, and then secretly and silently double back and fall upon the city, which would be to a great extent denuded

of its defenders. On the morning of the 10th of March large bodies of the enemy were seen assembling near Candahar, and occupying the gardens in the vicinity. During the day their numbers increased. It was evident that their object was to attack the city. All the gates were shut, and the city was deemed secure. At dusk a villager, with a donkey-cart laden with brushwood, arrived at the Herat gate and requested permission to bring his load in, which was refused. He argued and grumbled, and then said he would leave the wood till next morning, and throwing it down against the gate, he departed. When dusk had turned into black night a few of the enemy stole up unobserved, and pouring oil over the faggots set a light to them. The gate, several centuries old, and dry as touchwood, swiftly caught fire; and a sudden blaze of light revealed the enemy advancing swiftly to the assault. The Commissary-General, seeing the danger, "threw open the stores, and procuring all the assistance he could, succeeded just in time in forming a barricade on the gateway of the bags of flour taken from thence."¹ Amidst a blaze of musketry, and with hideous yells, the enemy rushed forward. The gun upon the bastion poured upon them rounds of grape, and the fire from the ramparts wasted their ranks; but they pressed on regardless of death. Two guns were placed on the gateway, and some 300 infantry to guard the point of attack, and a strong and high barricade of grain-bags was formed above those which had been heaped up before in rear of the gate. About nine o'clock the gate fell outward. A number of Ghazees rushed through the flames and climbed over the bags, but the fire of the infantry and the bayonet slew them. For three hours the mortal fray raged. Time after time the Ghazees renewed their assaults, but their fanatical courage was useless to them. About midnight, tired of destruction, they drew off, leaving 600 dead and wounded in the gateway and on the roadside. On the 12th of March Nott returned

¹ Captain Neill's Narrative.

to Candahar, and Neville Chamberlain enters in his diary:—

“Marched into Candahar, the rebels having totally disappeared. We found that during our absence Candahar had been attacked by 8000 horse and 10,000 foot. The enemy succeeded in setting fire to the gate, and some of them got inside it. They certainly did their best, as they tore down the burning gate with their hands, and walked over after pulling down the bags inside and behind the gate which had caught fire. Fifty-six bodies were left in the gateway, the rest were taken away before they retreated. They attacked at dark, coming down in one dense column, the rear pushing the front forward. You may suppose what their loss was when I tell you that grape and round shot were fired at them, shells rolled on them, and blue lights thrown so as to make them easy marks to the infantry. They took possession of our cantonments, which we had left empty, and I suppose thought they were sure of the town, so they did not destroy them.”

Though the enemy had “totally disappeared” from Candahar, they still hovered about the neighbourhood, committing depredations upon the villages on the left bank of the Urghundab river, appropriating the forage, and diverting the water. To protect the villages and procure forage General Nott sent out a force under Colonel P. Wymer, an officer of excellent judgment and determined bravery. Neville Chamberlain writes on the 25th of March:—

“One troop H.A., three troops 1st Cavalry under my command, 16th and 38th B.N.I., 100 Skinner's Horse, and two regiments Infantry, Shah Shuja's Force, left this in the morning to escort our cattle, out grazing at a place three miles from Candahar. The enemy had their camp pitched on the other side of the river to where we were. On seeing us they crossed and commenced attacking us who had formed round the camels, &c. They first attacked our left flank, from which they were driven back; they then tried the right (on which side I was) and were repulsed. We followed them out a few hundred yards, but could not go farther for fear of their getting in between us and cattle. Some forty or fifty of their horse being detached from the main body, I was told to take a troop (about forty-five men) and try and cut them up. Away we went and drove them before us, when reaching a ravine I was surprised to see it filled with 600 or 700 cavalry who had a red standard. They of course came out to assist their friends, who mixed up with them, and both parties came down upon us with a shout, waving their swords and

firing. We succeeded in killing the standard-bearer and bringing away their flag, but how appears a miracle, as they ought to have got ours. Shortly after capturing their colours our men got panic-struck and commenced retreating. I endeavoured in vain to halt them, but when once men begin to retreat it is impossible to stop them. My standard-bearer, as brave a young man as ever stepped, and five or six other men who stuck to me also, endeavoured to rally them, but finding our words were of no avail, and thinking that our remaining to be cut up would be of no use, we kept close together and brought up the rear. You may suppose that it was no child's play when I tell you that both my bridle-reins were cut through, the right stirrup cut off, and I also got a cut on my hand, a slight scratch above my ankle, and one on my game knee! I have no doubt they thought they had done for me, as three men jumped off their horses and made a rush at me, thinking, I suppose, they could do for me more easily on foot, however, I hope to be able to give them a twist for it yet. The cut on my left hand will, I believe, only cost me the loss of the use of my little finger, it being cut through the knuckle joint. Well, to go on with my story, we got back to the infantry, losing five men killed and ten wounded, one dying next day. My men, seeing the remainder of the corps coming to our assistance, gained heart and charged the enemy, at which time the support arriving from Candahar the rebels fled, being followed up by the fresh troops. I fancy from the time we first moved out we killed about fifteen of the enemy. My sword broke and has got seven cuts on it. From that day I have been laid up with my hand, but I am happy to say it has not given me much trouble. Since then we have not had anything of particular occurrence, the rebels not having shown, as they lost two chiefs and sixty or seventy men killed, besides wounded."

From the north and the south ill-tidings now reached Candahar. On the 31st of March, General Nott received a letter from Major Leech at Kelat-i-Ghilzye, stating, on native authority, that Ghuznee had fallen into the hands of the enemy. Early in December it had been invested by a very large force. Since it had come into British possession nothing had been done to repair the defences of the town. There were guns but no gunners; there was little ammunition, and a scanty stock of food. The garrison, one weak regiment of sepoys under Colonel Palmer, being greatly outnumbered, had to withdraw to the citadel, and there it held the enemy at bay, until, having no water, and starvation staring it in the face, it was compelled to make terms;

and an agreement was signed with the Afghan leaders by which a safe-conduct to the Punjab frontier was secured for the British troops as soon as the passes were clear of snow. On March 6 the wasted garrison moved down from the citadel, with colours flying, to the quarters prepared for them within the city. Afghan treachery followed. The British troops were attacked while cooking their food. A crowd of Ghazee fanatics stormed the house in which a squadron commanded by Lieutenant Crawford of the 3rd Bombay N.I. had found shelter. In the next house was Crawford, Burnett of the 54th, and Nicholson of the 27th. On hearing the uproar Crawford ran to the roof, and seeing what had taken place among his men and that balls were flying thick, he called up Burnett:—

“He had scarcely joined me when he was struck down by a rifle-ball which knocked his eye out, and he was then rendered *hors de combat*. I assumed command of the two companies of the 27th that had been under him, and Nicholson and myself proceeded to defend ourselves as well as circumstances would permit. We were on the left of the mass of houses occupied by our troops, and the first and sharpest attacks were directed at us. The enemy fired our house, and gradually, as room after room caught fire, we were forced to retreat to the others, till at last, by midnight of the 9th, our house was nearly burnt in halves. We were exhausted with hunger and thirst, having nothing to eat or drink since the morning of the 7th. Our ammunition was expended, the place was filled with dead and dying men, and our position no longer tenable; but the only entrance in front of our house was surrounded by the enemy, and we scarcely knew how to get out and endeavour to join Colonel Palmer. At last we dug a hole through the wall of the back of the house; we had only bayonets to work with, and it cost us much labour to make a hole sufficiently large to admit of one man at a time dropping from it into the street below; but we were fortunate enough to clear out of our ruined quarters in this way and join the colonel unperceived by the savages round us”

On the morning of the 10th all the outlying posts were taken by the enemy, and the remnant of the garrison was crowded into the two houses held by Colonel Palmer and the headquarters of the 27th Native Infantry. “You cannot picture to yourself the scene these two houses presented,”

says Crawford; "every room was crammed not only with sepoy, but camp-followers, men, women, and children, and it is astonishing the slaughter among them was not greater, seeing that the guns of the citadel sent round shot crashing through and through the walls." During the three previous days' fighting, the Afghan commander had repeatedly offered terms, "but they were such as we could not accede to, inasmuch as they commenced by desiring we should surrender ourselves to him and abandon the sepoy to the forces of the Ghazees." On the 10th of May, however, the sepoy informed their officers that they had determined to make their own way to Peshawur. They immediately commenced digging a hole through the outer walls of the town, by which, as soon as it got dark, they might march out into the country. Seeing that they were about to be deserted by their men the officers had no choice but to make the best terms they could for their lives. The Afghan commander, a nephew of Dost Mahomed, "and all the Ghazee chiefs again swore by all that was holy that if we laid down our arms we should be honourably treated and sent to Cabul to the Shah as soon as possible."¹ At 10 P.M. the order was given for the garrison to surrender their arms. Three times, in contempt of it, John Nicholson led his men to the attack and drove the enemy from the walls at the point of the bayonet; and when at last he was forced to give up his sword he burst into tears in an agony of shame and grief.

¹ Account, by Lieutenant Crawford of the 3rd Bombay N.I., of the loss of Ghuznee.

CHAPTER V.

Despatch of Wild's Brigade for Peshawur—His failure to force the Khyber Pass—Abandonment of Ali Musjid—General Pollock appointed to command—Lord Ellenborough succeeds Lord Auckland—Brigadier England arrives at Quetta—His failure to force the Khojak Pass—Nott ordered by the Governor-General to retire from Candahar—The defence of Kelat-i-Ghilzeye—Nott takes the offensive—Neville Chamberlain's account of the action—He is severely wounded—Lord Ellenborough's letter to Nott as to the advisability of retiring or advancing—Nott decides on marching to Cabul—Defence of Jellalabad—Siege raised—Arrival of Pollock's force—Letter from Neville Chamberlain describing the murder of Shah Shooja—Advance on Cabul—The forcing of the Jugdulluk Pass—Sharp affair at Tezeen—Pollock arrives at Cabul—Nott's Brigade begins to march on Cabul—Neville Chamberlain's diary—Arrival at Cabul—Adventures of the women and children—Ill-treatment of the Ghuznee captives—The prisoners are sent towards Turkestan—Release of the prisoners—Capture and burning of Istaliffe—Destruction of Charekar—Neville Chamberlain's diary—Return of the British force to India—Diary continued

WHEN the news of the insurrection of Cabul and of Sale's retreat to Jellalabad reached the Punjab, George Clerk, the Governor-General's agent, a man of great ability and activity, and most popular among the Sikhs, proposed immediate measures to expedite the march of reinforcements to Peshawur. Sir Jasper Nicolls, the Commander-in-Chief, agreed to his propositions, and by the 27th of November four regiments of Native Infantry, under the command of Brigadier Wild, had crossed the Sutlej at Ferozepore. "At the instance of the political authorities, against my earnest instructions and earnest caution," wrote Sir Jasper Nicolls, admitting the blunder, "Wild's

Brigade, without carriage, commissariat, or guns, was sent to Peshawur." It was supposed he could obtain guns from the Sikhs, and with a great deal of trouble he got "four rickety guns which had a bad habit of knocking their carriages to pieces whenever fired." On the 29th of December Wild reached Peshawur, and immediately put himself in communication with Jellalabad. From Sale there came the cry, "Come on!" But Wild knew that to force the Khyber Pass with his inadequate force was an almost impossible task. On hearing the news of the destruction of Elphinstone's force, the tribes attacked the fort of Ali Musjid, five miles from the Pass, so vigorously that Mr Mackeson, who, with a small garrison of loyal Afghans was holding it, declared he could not hold out for twelve hours longer. Wild, "as brave a soul as ever lived," says Herbert Edwardes, determined to relieve Ali Musjid, and force his way to Jellalabad. On the night of the 15th of January the 53rd and 64th N.I., under command of Major Mackeson, the cousin of Mr Mackeson, pushed through the Pass and got to Ali Musjid with little opposition. But when day broke they found the majority of the bullocks laden with grain, which had been despatched with them, had not arrived. They were now shut up in a hill fortress without food sufficient for a week. On the 19th Wild set forth to relieve them; next day the Sikh Contingent mutinied and marched back to Peshawur. When the two sepoy regiments with their rickety guns entered the Pass, the enemy opened fire with their jezails: the Sikh guns in advance replied, and broke down at the first discharge; the other gun in advance also replied, and broke down at the first discharge. The sepoys, who were halted, suffered severely; Wild and several officers were wounded. The retreat was sounded, and the column fell back to Jumrood at the mouth of the pass. A few days later the two regiments at Ali Musjid, accompanied by the Afghan garrison, fought their way back to Jumrood

with heavy loss. Ten days later General Pollock arrived at Peshawur.¹

As the gravity and extent of the rebellion in Afghanistan became more fully known in India, it was determined to send a second brigade to Peshawur. On the 4th of January this brigade, numbering 3034 fighting men, and consisting of H.M. 9th Foot, half of a foot artillery battery, with two 9-pounders and a howitzer, the 10th Bengal Cavalry, and the 26th N.I., under the command of Brigadier M'Caskill, crossed the Sutlej. It was now necessary to appoint a general officer to command the force about to assemble at Peshawur. Lord Auckland, acting on the advice of the Military Member of Council, appointed General Pollock. He had fought his guns in the sieges of Deeg and Bhurt-pore, and won the commendation of Lord Lake; he had taken an active part in the Nepaul war, and commanded the Bengal artillery in the Burmese war. He was a man of strong homely sense, sound judgment, and patient determination, and he knew how to manage the sepoy by sympathy and firmness. Hastening up to his new command, without a moment's delay, he reached Peshawur on the 6th of February, and the circumstances in which he found himself were enough to try the mettle of any man.

On the 30th of January the Government of India heard that the Cabul forces had been utterly destroyed. The following day a proclamation was issued, announcing that a faithless enemy had by consummate treachery been able to overcome a body of British troops. "But the Governor-General in Council, while he most deeply laments the loss

¹ Wild's failure has always been attributed by writers who derive their information from Kaye, to the bad behaviour of the sepoys. Henry Lawrence wrote to his wife on the 28th of November. "I spoke too strongly of the 60th yesterday, considering they lost 95 killed and wounded; but I only alluded to what I saw at the end. In all 112 have been killed and wounded." Broadfoot wrote: "Poor Wild is again the unfortunate, but from all I hear the blame is neither with him nor the troops." Sir Herbert Edwardes wrote: "Few officers have been worse treated than the gallant and unfortunate Wild. It was the Commander-in-Chief who was to blame for having sent him forward without guns."

of the brave officers and men, regards this partial reverse only as a new occasion for displaying the stability and vigour of the British power, and the admirable spirit and valour of the British-Indian Army." The same day orders were sent to Major Outram, political agent in Sind, that the disposable troops in his charge should, under Brigadier England, "be moved above the Bolan Pass as early as practicable, in order that in communication with Major-General Nott, if that officer should decide on withdrawing from Candahar, the troops in question may be marched forward to the foot of the Khojak Pass, on the Quetta side, so as to support and facilitate General Nott's movement."

On the 28th of February Lord Auckland's successor, Lord Ellenborough, arrived at Calcutta, and immediately assumed the office of Governor-General of India. On the 12th of March Lord Auckland left the shores of India. "He embarked at Chandpal Ghat," said a Calcutta paper, "with the universal acknowledgment that he had not left an enemy behind." He had, when disaster had overtaken our arms, given as great a testimony of patience and courage as a man can do, and so gained the respect of his countrymen. His modest carriage and his flowing humanity won the hearts of men of all races and creeds. His fame has suffered from the rhetoric of a clever but unscrupulous historian.

Four days after Lord Auckland left India Brigadier England arrived at Quetta. His force consisted of five companies of her Majesty's 41st Infantry, six companies of Bombay Native Infantry, a troop of the 3rd Bombay Cavalry, fifty men of the Poona Horse, and four Horse Artillery guns. On the 26th of March Brigadier England left Quetta and advanced into the Pisheen Valley. On the morning of the 28th he reached the entrance of a defile leading to the village of Hykulzye, where he intended to await the remainder of the brigade, which was on its way through the Bolan to join him. On advancing into the defile a body of 500 sepoy came suddenly upon a breast-

work, from which the Afghans opened a well-sustained fusilade. A hundred sepoy fell. The remainder drew back in confusion, but they soon rallied, and were eager to be led on to the attack. Colonel Stacey volunteered to carry the *sangar* with a hundred or even eighty men, but the General declined. He retired to Quetta, to await the reinforcements that were on their march. On the 10th of April he wrote to Nott: "Whenever it so happens that you retire bodily in this direction, and that I am informed of it, I feel assured that I shall be able to make an advantageous diversion in your favour." The ire of the stout old soldier was roused. He remarked sarcastically, "I am well aware that war cannot be made without loss; but yet perhaps British troops can oppose Asiatic armies without defeat." He added, "I have not yet contemplated falling back. . . . I shall fully rely on your brigade being at the Khojak on the 1st of May, or before." He also informed England that he would send a brigade from Candahar to the northern end of the Pass to co-operate with him. On the 30th of April England's brigade entered the defile leading to the Khojak Pass. The Candahar troops under Colonel Wymer, who had already arrived at the northern extremity, occupied the heights which crowned the Pass, and driving the enemy before them, effected a junction with the Bombay brigade. On the 10th of May Neville Chamberlain entered in his diary, "Bombay force arrived."

On the 17th of May Nott received from the new Governor-General a peremptory order to retire: "You will evacuate the city of Candahar. . . . You will proceed to take up a position at Quetta until the season may enable you to retire upon Sukkur." It came upon Nott and Rawlinson "like a thunderbolt." The Governor-General had a month before declared in his proclamation that he was resolved "to re-establish our military reputation by the infliction of some signal and decisive blow on the Afghans." Nott had therefore made all preparations for an advance. He

intended to send, on or about the 19th of May, a strong column to relieve Kelat-i-Ghilzye, to remain there until he joined it with a reserve brigade, when he should move with the combined forces in the direction of Cabul. The orders were a sore disappointment to him, but the rugged old soldier had the strictest idea regarding discipline: he made no remonstrance, but silently took measures to obey at the fitting moment. On the 19th of May he despatched the brigade which he had intended for Ghuznee and Cabul to relieve Kelat-i-Ghilzye, and if possible bring off its garrison. Crawford Chamberlain accompanied the force.

The story of the defence of Kelat-i-Ghilzye is a tale of valour as noble as any that minstrel has celebrated. The garrison consisted of the Shah's 3rd Infantry Regiment, some 250 sepoy of the 43rd Regiment, a party of 40 European artillerymen, and some sappers and miners. It was commanded by Captain Craigie of the Shah's service. Directly Craigie heard of the insurrection at Cabul he set the sepoy to work to strengthen the defences of the post, "and both officers and men," says Craigie, "continued to work at them until the winter set well in, and the frost rendered the ground so hard that there was no longer any working of it." Snow lay for two months on the ground, and the thermometer fell as low as forty degrees below the freezing-point. "The lower the temperature sunk the higher blew the north wind." The barracks had neither doors nor windows to keep out the wind, and they had to husband their supply of firewood. They had a quantity of wheat in store, but they had not the means of grinding it. They got possession of some mill-stones, but the water was not sufficient to keep the machinery in motion. "We then tried a bullock mill, which also failed from our not being able to fabricate the iron work of sufficient solidity, and we should have been utterly nonplussed had not an officer in the garrison possessed a book on mechanics in which was contained a description of a vertical hand-mill capable of grinding some sixteen maunds daily. This we succeeded in

constructing after two months and a half's labour upon the mills and no little anxiety as to the results."¹ The Europeans often lived for days on bread and water, but not a murmur arose. Thus the winter rolled on. When spring came the garrison again set to work to strengthen the defences. The hostile Ghilzye chiefs now appeared with a few hundred followers, but their number swiftly increased. Towards the middle of May the enemy commenced to dig trenches round the place, working at them all night. By the 16th they had encompassed it, the nearest trench being within 250 yards of the defences. Sheltered in these trenches picked marksmen sent a shower of balls upon any one of the garrison who exposed himself. It was useless to reply, except when parties of Afghans relieved each other, "and then the double-barrels and rifles of the officers came into play. Such had been the monotony of our previous existence that it was a matter of great amusement firing at these gentry, and it was seldom that any fellow got into the nearer trenches in daylight without running the gauntlet of a few double-barrels." On the 10th of May so few of the enemy were visible that it was a matter of doubt whether the greater number had not abandoned the siege. Night came; the moon shone bright and no sound broke the dead stillness. Towards the morning, when the moon had gone down, the officer on duty heard the clatter of horses' feet. The word was passed round to get ready. Soon after were seen through the darkness dense bodies of the enemy within 100 yards of the defences. They came on rapidly, uttering loud shouts of "Allah! Allah!" The guns poured grape into the advancing mass, and the sepoy plied them with musketry. The ground was cumbered with dead and wounded, but on they came, shouting and waving their swords. They crossed the ditch, and by the aid of scaling ladders they ascended the scarp and sloping bank and endeavoured to get over the parapet, but were driven back by the bayonets.

¹ Despatch of Captain Craigie.

"Thrice they came boldly on to the assault, placing one of their standards within a yard of the muzzle of one of our guns, and thrice they were driven back, only one man succeeded in getting into the place, and he was shot with his foot on the axle of this gun. Two guns were in position at this part of the works, and the attempts of the enemy to get within the works through their embrasures and over the parapets on either side, were so determined that the artillerymen for some minutes were obliged to quit their guns and betake themselves to the musket and bayonet, with which they did good service, the sepoy, too, fought well, one of them was observed by the artillerymen to bayonet four men."¹

When day began to break the enemy drew off, carrying away all their wounded and many of their dead. On the body of one of the chiefs "was found the number-roll of his contingent, amounting to 2000 and odd men; he furnished about a third part of the force, so that the number of the assailants must have been about 6000 men." The garrison consisted of about 900 men, about 500 of whom were actually engaged. On the 26th of May Colonel Wymer reached Kelat-i-Ghilzye, and after quietly withdrawing the garrison and dismantling the place he set forth on his return journey and reached Candahar on the 7th of June. Crawford found Neville disabled by a severe wound.

When the chiefs heard that so large a portion of the garrison as Wymer's Brigade had left for Kelat-i-Ghilzye "they gave out," says Neville Chamberlain, "that the Faithful had but to collect once more and to attack the town and kill the Infidels, and that they would certainly be victorious; and so sure were they of success that they distributed the different divisions of the town over to plunder to the several tribes." Collecting a considerable force, they moved down on the Urghundab with the intention of concentrating their troops in the neighbourhood of Baba Wallee. Nott at once determined to take the offensive and to lead in person.

"On the 29th of May," writes Neville Chamberlain, "having got all our camels into camp, and having an infantry corps for its pro-

¹ Despatch of Captain Craigie.

tection, the 42nd and 43rd Bengal N.I., four guns H.A., and my three troops, started out at 1 P.M. for the cantonments, about half or three-quarters of a mile to the west, with orders to hold them till further notice. On our arrival we found the Ghazee Horse riding about, but they gave them up without attempting to defend them, and shortly after the main body of the Ghazee army appeared in sight and marched past our front at the distance of about a mile, so we had a very good view of them and could judge of their strength, which, I should say, was from 3500 to 4000 cavalry, and from 7000 to 8000 foot. Of the cavalry, many were but indifferently mounted, and many of the infantry had no firearms, and some few I think had but a pike. The enemy took up a position on some black stony hills to our right, forming their body into two lines, and remained there some time, fancying, I suppose, that we should attack them; and I only wish we had, for we should have got between them and the road they came, round the shoulder of the Baba Wullee range, and have cut off the retreat of the infantry; but by the Baba Wullee and Kotab E. Moorcha Passes, which are so difficult and narrow, it would have taken a whole day to get through them, particularly as they had built a wall four feet high to add to their strength since I had gone through in the morning. As for their cavalry, it was numerically so very much stronger than ours that they could always have taken any road they pleased had they kept in a body. The infantry could not have touched them, and they would have annihilated our cavalry had we presumed to charge them, as we could only muster altogether about 250. The Ghazees, finding we did not attack them, left their position and took post on some hills in our front some 400 yards off. Colonel Stacey only having orders to hold the cantonments, we amused ourselves till General Nott's arrival by firing and being fired at. On the General's arrival at the scene of action, accompanied by a wing of H M 41st Foot, 100 Poonah Horse, and four guns, we advanced to the attack in three columns and very soon succeeded in driving them from the hills. I, with my 150 men, followed in rear of the infantry, and seeing the Ghazees give way, and knowing they must pass through a village at the left base of the hills in retreating, I took my party there, and found it full of horse and foot mixed up together and more getting down the hills on the opposite side to that attacked by our infantry. Many of the enemy's infantry escaped by running into the houses and jumping down steep places. My horse was shot in this village (he died two days after), and in endeavouring to guard a blow aimed at me by a horseman, I got a slight scratch on the thigh from the point of my adversary's sword, as he hit so hard that he not only cut through my sword half an inch but made me drop my arm slightly. After clearing the streets of the village we turned to the right and joined the infantry who had completely cleared the hills. A party of their cavalry and infantry having taken up a position

now on the black hills to the right, we moved against them. The round shot soon touched them up, and finding we had cut off their retreat but by the Baba Wullee and Kotab E. Moorcha passes, infantry bolted for the former and the cavalry for the latter. Major Rawlinson pursued the cavalry and I the infantry. My party came among the fugitives at the entrance to the Pass, and succeeded in killing some. Two of these fellows (one armed with a gun and dagger, and the other with a sword and shield) rushed down the rocks at me, singing out, 'Lie Islam' for the religion of Islam. One of the rascals stabbed at me with his dagger; I guarded off his first blow: however, before I knew where he was, I found him with his dagger in my thigh, but before he could strike me again, he was struck himself¹. The enemy had got so strong a force of both horse and foot on the other side of the pass that I thought it would be imprudent to leave it to attack them, as I had only 150 men, and these could only have left the pass in single files, and the enemy, now perceiving that I was unsupported by infantry or guns, became the aggressors, and I was forced to send my men from the rear out of the Pass so as to have a clear road to bolt for myself and the few with me when obliged. It was, of course, most annoying, but what could we do? We had no firearms, and the Pass is only sufficiently wide just to allow a single horse to pass, and that with difficulty. Twenty-five Englishmen would hold it against any number of sabres! The time having come to leave the Pass we did so, and immediately the Ghazees brought their long matchlocks to bear upon us as we went down the slope of the hill, but fortunately with little effect. One man was shot through the back and died next morning, and only a few wounded. The Ghazees then planted their flag in the Pass, but the infantry and guns coming up soon drove them out, when they all dispersed and fled. Major Rawlinson's party succeeded in killing some of the Ghazee Horse, but the main body got off. A detachment of infantry and guns which had pursued some of the enemy round the shoulder of the Baba Wullee range also did some execution. All our different parties drove their respective opponents across the Urghundab when they ceased the pursuit. Thus ended our skirmish of the 29th May! Had we mustered 1200 cavalry instead of 300, many more Ghazees would have been sent to paradise. The tops of the houses and bastions of the town were crowded by our people,

¹ The following graphic account of this thrilling episode has been communicated by Sir N. F. F. Chamberlain, to whom it was related by his uncle, the hero of the adventure: "As he was riding up the very stony path one of the Afghans jumped off the rocks on to his horse, and then stabbed him in the thigh, as described. They both rolled off the horse, and when on the ground the man tried to stab him in the stomach with his dagger. My uncle flung his arms round him, and then seized the Afghan's biceps with his teeth, which caused him to drop the dagger. A trooper then came to his assistance and killed his assailant."

who were looking on at the engagement. We got back to our camp by 5 P.M., having only lost one man and two horses killed, and fourteen men and eleven horses wounded."

"The following is a letter which I received immediately after the fight, and will, I am sure, give you pleasure, particularly as it comes from a man who is sparing of his praise, and I am the only person who received any such letter on the occasion :—

"CANDAHAR, 29th May 1842

"Sir,—Major-General Nott has directed me to request you will intimate to the native officers and men of Captain Christie's Horse, under your command in to-day's engagement with the enemy, his high approbation of their conduct, which gave him much pleasure and satisfaction.—I have the honour, &c.,

J. P. RIPLEY,
Captain, Fort Adjutant."

Neville Chamberlain went before a medical board to examine and report upon his wounds. The following was their report : "The Board consider Lieutenant Chamberlain's wounds severe and dangerous, and recommend that a gratuity of twelve months' pay of his regimental rank be granted to him." Neville Chamberlain writes to his mother : "This will be about 600 [*sic*, ? 6000] rupees if ever I get it! My leg is now *nearly* as well as ever, but I am sorry to say my hand is injured for life. I can only grasp anything by the thumb and fore and middle finger; however, I can manage my reins, though I could not hold a pulling horse as I could once have done."

On the 20th of July, when General Nott had almost completed his arrangements for an immediate withdrawal, a letter from the Governor-General reached him which entirely changed his plan of operations. Lord Ellenborough wrote from Allahabad, July 4, 1842 :—

"Nothing has occurred to induce me to change my first opinion, that the measure commended by considerations of political and military prudence is to bring back the armies now in Affghanistan at the earliest period at which their retirement can be effected consistently with the health and efficiency of the troops, into positions wherein they may have easy and certain communication with India, and to this extent the instructions you have received remain unaltered, but the improved position of your army, with sufficient

means of carriage for so large a force as it is necessary to move in Afghanistan, induces me now to leave to your option the line by which you shall withdraw your troops from that country."

Lord Ellenborough desired that the General would, in forming his decision upon this most important question, attend to the following considerations: "The withdrawal in the direction of Quetta and Sukkur was an operation admitting of no doubt as to its success. The success of the move upon Ghuznee, Cabul, and Jellalabad would not mainly depend upon the courage of his army and upon his own ability in guiding it, but upon his being able to obtain provisions for the troops during the whole march, and forage for his animals, and that may be a matter of reasonable doubt." He reminded the General that it was not the superior courage of the Afghans, but want and the inclemency of the season which led to the destruction of the army at Cabul; "and you must feel, as I do, that the loss of another army, from whatever cause it might arise, might be fatal to our Government in India." The Governor-General added:—

"I do not undervalue the aid which our Government in India would receive from the successful execution of a march by your army through Ghuznee and Cabul over the scenes of our late disasters. I know all the effects it would have upon the minds of our soldiers, of our allies, or our enemies in Asia, and of our countrymen, and of all foreign nations in Europe. It is an object of just ambition, which no one more than myself would rejoice to see effected; but I see that failure in the attempt is certain and irretrievable ruin, and I would endeavour to inspire you with the necessary caution, and make you feel that, great as are the objects to be attained by success, the risk is great also."

Sir John Kaye, in what William Napier calls his cumbered and unfair compilation of the First Afghan War, has with much rhetoric and little judgment characterised this letter as evincing "jesuitical cunning or discreditable feebleness of will." Ellenborough had many faults, but "jesuitical cunning" and "feebleness of will" had no place among them. Lord Ellenborough's letter was

written at Allahabad, and it could not reach Candahar under nineteen days; and he could not direct a march on Ghuznee because such a march could only be justified by a conviction founded on a consideration of circumstances at the moment. "Absolute orders would then have been a folly," says William Napier; "a wide discretion was necessary, and this was given with a frank exposition of the difficulties and advantages of two operations presented for choice—that is, a safe but obscure retreat by the direct line on Scinde, or a dangerous but glorious circuit by Cabul. This choice was a fine compliment to a brave man, and the acceptance of the danger a guarantee for the necessary energy in the General." On the 26th of July Nott wrote to the Governor-General: "Having well considered the subject of your Lordship's letter of the 4th instant, having looked at the difficulties in every point of view, and reflected on the advantages which would attend a successful accomplishment of such a move, and the moral influence it would have throughout Asia, I have come to the determination to retire a portion of the army under my command *via* Ghuznee and Cabul." On the 10th of August Lord Ellenborough enclosed for her Majesty's perusal "the letter received yesterday from Major-General Nott, in which your Majesty will perceive the noble spirit of an old soldier, aware of all the difficulties he is about to encounter, but calculating upon surmounting them all by prudent daring, and resolved under all circumstances to maintain the honour of the British army."

General Nott determined that the Bombay infantry, two companies of Bengal artillery, three regiments belonging to Shah Shooja's force, and some details of the Irregular Horse under the command of General England, should march to India by Quetta. He intended to lead the remainder of the force to Cabul. Neville Chamberlain writes:—

"H.M. 41st, 42nd, companies 2, 16, 38, 42, 43 Bengal N.I., Shah Shuja 3rd Infantry Corps, Bombay Troop H A ditto, 9-pounder Fort Battery, both Europeans, Troops H.A. (natives), Bombay 3rd Light,

Cavalry, our corps, and 230 Skinner's Horse, move in a few days up the Cabul road, but where we go or what we are to do no one knows. The Bombay column moves at the same time down the Bolan to India. Crawford, I am grieved to say, is going down *via* Quetta in command of two of our troops. I was in hopes we should have gone through the campaign together after having been three and a half years under the same tent. We shall arrive at Ferozepore about the same time, unless either of us leave our bones in Affghanistan. It is said that we are going to Ghuznee, and that General Pollock moves on Cabul. There can be no doubt that before we leave the country we ought to march to both Ghuznee and Cabul, and prove to the world that we have the power to resume our old position in the country, and give it up of our own good will, and not from want of power to repossess it."

Brydon came into Jellalabad on the 18th of January. His tale of the disastrous defeat and massacre created much excitement, but the spirit was unsubdued. Captain Broadfoot felt it was a supreme moment, and he informed Sale that he must decide to defend Jellalabad to the last, or that night begin his march to Peshawur. Sale decided on defending the town, and at once wrote to the Commander-in-Chief informing him that, relying on his Excellency's promise to release the garrison as soon as possible, he intended to hold the town at all hazards. On the 21st Sale received the evil news of the defeat of Wild's Brigade and the fall of Ali Musjid. The hope of relief within a reasonable time was gone. Four days later there came a despatch from Shah Shooja, written in red ink by the clerk of the Cabinet. It ran as follows: "Let it be known to the high and exalted in dignity, renowned for valour and resolution, George Macgregor, Sahib Bahadoor, that some time since it came to the royal ear that you had agreed with these people to take your departure. Since that the illustrious Government has received no intimation of the subject. It is expedient that the above-named distinguished person should make known his present circumstances with dispatch, that they may be understood." The messenger, who was well known to Macgregor, also brought a private letter from Shah Shooja.

He declared: "The Afghans cannot carry on the government without me. The friendship and attachment which exist between me and the British Government has long been proclaimed to the world; it will now be clear as the sun at noon." If during the winter he had some treasure at his disposal, "by the blessing of God there is no power in this country that could prevail against government." He added: "Whenever my government is established I have no need of any one; everything will be according to my desire. Do not confide any of these sentiments to an Afghan. Hereafter God will do that for your good and mine which we wish. May God grant me this request. The bearer will make a private communication to you. Whenever I can get means and my government shall be established, these people will be obedient and submissive to me, and I will make them carry the very shoes of the English on their heads."

On the 27th of January 1842 a council of war was held, and, after a stormy debate, the following brief reply was sent: If Shah Shooja ordered it they would leave the country "with every mark of honour and favour, with their arms and cannon," provided Akbar Khan and his force were withdrawn to Cabul, that safe-conduct were guaranteed to the force on their return to India, and that important hostages were given. On the 28th of January the reply was sent. On the 8th of February the answer from Cabul came: "If you are sincere in your offers, let all the chief gentlemen put their seals." The council objected to attach their seals to the letter, and the following was sent in reply: "I have received your Majesty's letter, and submitted it before the general officer and the other senior officers at Jellalabad, but as they consider the great and essential question therein remained unanswered—viz., as to your Majesty no longer desiring our services in your kingdom, and such being indispensable, both as regards their own honour and duty to their country, they cannot enter into any arrangements without such declaration from your Majesty

being first expressed." The messenger was sent to Cabul, and the next day a *cossid* (messenger) came in from Pollock saying that the 3rd Dragoons, &c., are on the way to join him, and that his instructions are on no account to allow the garrison to be forced to make a disastrous retreat; "so we are not to be deserted, thank God!"¹ But Pollock did not come. On the 15th the white tents of Akbar Khan were seen on the farther side of the river, and about six miles from the walls. "At length," writes Havelock, "our redoubted enemy approaches." On the morning of the 19th Broadfoot was on the works, giving orders to strengthen the scarp, when, "for more than a minute the earth rolled like the waves of the sea." The parapets fell with a fearful crash. Huge breaches appeared in the walls. "Now is the time for Akbar," exclaimed Broadfoot. "At once the garrison set about with spade and pickaxe to clear away the rubbish and fill up the breaches. Frequent shocks were felt during the day, but by night the exertions of the officers and men had made the place proof against surprise, Broadfoot and his sappers being foremost in repairing the damage. We sleep fully accoutred at our alarm posts."² The journal continues: "Earthquakes daily for some time, and the enemy commenced a system of almost daily attack on our foragers and the fort itself. By the 28th February the defences had risen like magic, and in many places stronger than before." The enemy now established a vigorous blockade, and the garrison were kept in constant but successful skirmishes with them. On the 24th of March there was a skirmish on a somewhat large scale, and Captain Broadfoot, who with his sappers bore the brunt of it, was severely wounded in the hip. After this gallant affair the enemy for a day or two did not molest our foragers and working parties, and then they became continually bolder and took up the ground they lost. Provisions within the walls began to fail. The amount of grain in store had become so scant that the sepoys were

¹ Wade's Journal² Ibid

put on quarter allowance. The salted beef issued to the British soldiers was fast diminishing, and would not last beyond the 2nd of April. A letter came from Pollock that the 3rd Dragoons had not reached him: that it was advisable to await the arrival of the 31st, who could not reach Peshawur before the middle of April. Could Sale hold out till the 26th of April? The General replied that the privations and risks would be great, and "more than all this, we dread failure on your part in forcing the Pass."

Thus March wore away. For four months a handful of British troops had held a badly fortified town against disaster, against frequent attacks in the heart of an enemy's country—an enemy flushed with success. On the 1st of April the tide turned. In order to deprive the horses and beasts of burthen of their forage, the enemy sent their sheep to graze on the meadow lands near the fort. That morning the cavalry, suddenly issuing from the southern gate, drove in 480 of them, "a very pleasing addition to our commissariat resources."¹ Two days later a letter arrived from Pollock, giving the welcome news that he intended to advance without waiting for the arrival of the 31st. On the evening of the 5th of April a spy crept into our camp and informed Havelock that it was reported and believed in the enemy's camp that Pollock had attempted to force the Khyber Pass and had failed. A salute of twenty guns from Akbar's camp appeared to confirm the ill news. But Akbar's ruse had a different result from what he expected. The senior officer waited on Sale, and urged him to sally forth and make a vigorous attack on the enemy's lines. It was better to die cutting their way through them, than to wait till famine compelled them to surrender. Sale assented, and as evening approached he issued his written orders for a general attack on the enemy's camp the next morning. On the morning

¹ "When these were divided among the troops, the 35th Native Infantry said meat was not so necessary for them as for their white brethren, and requested that their share might be given to the 13th, between whom and themselves there existed a romantic friendship which ought not to be forgotten."—Wade's Journal.

of the 7th of April the troops passed out of the gates in three columns, attacked Akbar's camp, and "in a short time," says the despatch, "the enemy were dislodged from every part of their position, their cannon taken, and their camp involved in a general conflagration." In short, the defeat of Akbar Khan in open field, by the troops whom he had boasted of blockading, had been complete and signal. The victory of the 7th of April may be said to have decided the fate of Jellalabad and its "illustrious garrison." Three days later news reached them that the relieving army had advanced to the middle of the Khyber.

When Pollock reached Peshawur he found 1200 of the troops in hospital, and the number swiftly increased to 1900. The Sikh regiments, who were encamped besides him, were mutinous and untrustworthy. Urgent letters came from the garrison at Jellalabad imploring him to force the Khyber and relieve them. "And all India, native and European, was looking on with nerves intensely stretched, waiting for the triumph or the catastrophe that was impending. Yet Pollock dared to halt for two long months while he created an efficient army."¹ He visited the hospitals daily, spoke to the men, and cheered them by kind words. He also showed his active sympathy for them by supplying them with fur coats and gloves. By degrees the old soldier won the confidence of the British sepoy and the Sikh; but it was a difficult and delicate task. Day by day there drifted into the cantonments men with fingers and toes bitten off by the frost, and they told the sepoys the tale of the Cabul disaster. The maimed camp-followers were sent to their homes, and throughout India they spread the news that English prestige had perished, and thus the tares of the Indian Mutiny were sown.

Reinforcements had now been pressed up from the Punjab, and on the 5th of April, in the darkness which precedes the dawn, Pollock, about 8000 strong, marched

¹ Sir Herbert Edwardes.

from the Jumrood camping-ground towards the entrance of the Khyber. It was known "that the enemy had built a high, thick stone wall, in which were laid long branches of trees, projecting outwards many feet, thereby preventing approach." They hoped that Pollock would come upon it unawares, and they would smite him with a sudden and deadly fire, and throw his ranks into confusion. But the old artillery officer had studied the business of war, and he employed the same tactics by which Napoleon carried the defile of Newmarcki, and Soult forced the pass of Roncesvalles. He halted his centre column in front of the pass, with a battery drawn up opposite its mouth, to engage the enemy's attention, and when the dawn began to break on the hills, he sent his flank columns in skirmishing order to dislodge the enemy from the heights on each side till they won their way to the rear of the barricades. The flanking columns surprised the Afghan pickets, and from crag to crag the British soldier and the sepoy, fighting side by side, drove the enemy till the heights were won and the barrier below was taken in reverse. The Afghans, seeing that they had been out-manceuvred, rushed away from it to take up a position farther north of the pass. Pollock, with the centre column, moved up to the deserted barricade, and the engineers tore a passage through it. Then the centre column in the bed of the defile, and the two wings on the sides, again moved forward. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon the advance attained the neighbourhood of Ali Musjid. They found the fort deserted; it was reoccupied, and the camp established one and a half mile east of it.

On the 7th Pollock advanced two miles to Gurhee Lal Beg, a comparatively open valley six miles long and one and a half mile broad. It took him, however, two days to traverse it on account of his long convoy. On the 11th he marched through the last thirteen miles of the terrible defile of the Khyber. It was the first time it had ever been forced by arms, for Tamerlane and Nadir Shah, at the head of their enormous hosts, had bought a safe

passage through it from the Afridis. Four days later Pollock's column arrived within seven miles of Jellalabad, and several of the officers, so long pent up within its walls, rode over to their camps. On the 16th of April the relieving force set forth for Jellalabad, and the bands of the besieged met them on the road and played as it came up. The 13th struck up the old Jacobite air, "Oh! but ye've been lang o' coming." The walls of Jellalabad were manned by the garrison as they passed to their encamping ground, "and when the salute was fired and returned, a loud and thrilling cheer burst forth to welcome us, it was a most exciting scene. Rarely, indeed, have so many hearts beat happily together as throbbed at that moment." They saluted each other's tattered colours, which their bravery had carried through a great crisis.

During the summer and part of the autumn Pollock's force lay encamped on a sandy plain outside Jellalabad. The troops suffered from sickness, due to the want of shelter, of good food, and of good water. But for this inaction and the sufferings arising out of it, neither Pollock nor Ellenborough was to blame. Pollock had not sufficient baggage or carriage animals to be able to move on to Cabul, and he was authorised to procure carriage, and the Government of India exerted itself to the utmost to help him. Pollock, however, did not remain entirely inactive. In the middle of June he sent a brigade of European troops to punish the tribes who had possessed themselves of the property plundered from the Cabul force. Meanwhile Akbar Khan had entered into negotiations for the release of British prisoners. He desired that the English general should ensure to him and his followers an amnesty for the past, that he should guarantee the release of Dost Mahomed and his family, and that he should bind himself to leave the country directly the prisoners reached him. Pollock knew that absolute firmness was the best policy with Orientals. He sent to Akbar the verbal message, "Send in the English guns and captives to my camp, and

your father and family shall be at once set free. As for retiring from Afghanistan, I shall do so at my convenience." Mahomed Akbar then conveyed by the envoys a threat that he would send off every prisoner to Bokhara and sell them as slaves if the British force advanced from Jellalabad. "Tell him I advance our brigade from Jellalabad in a few days," said Pollock, "and his best chance is to send in all the ladies in proof that he is in earnest." Pollock had now received a supply of carriage almost sufficient to enable him to advance on Cabul, and he had got from Lord Ellenborough a copy of the despatch by which Nott was permitted to return to India *via* Ghuznee, Cabul, and Candahar, and a letter authorising him, if he thought proper, to advance on Cabul, in order to facilitate the movements of Nott. On the 20th of August Pollock, having heard from Nott that he intended to return to India *via* Cabul, advanced from Jellalabad, and three days later reached Gundamak, where the last stand had been made, and the vultures had not ceased to feed. Here he halted to concentrate his forces.

On the 3rd September Pollock was joined by Sale's Brigade, and on the 6th he started for Cabul. Two days later the first division of Pollock's army found the enemy occupying the heights commanding the Jugdulluk Pass. They were dislodged after a stubborn conflict. The gallant Sale led his old corps in person, and showed the same bravery that he did when attacking a stockade in Bermah. Pollock at once moved on in order to prevent the enemy from rallying their forces, and the division, dragging their guns over many rugged ascents, proceeded through the passes, and on the 12th of September camped at Teseen, where it was joined by the 2nd Division of the force under General M'Caskill, who had to fight their way against large bodies of the Ghilzyes. Soon after daylight on the 13th they left their camp in the little Teseen valley, which is bounded on all sides by hills. The exultant Afghans thought they had once more got the invaders in a death trap. Akbar had

come from Cabul with about 15,000 men, and they were posted along the face and on the summit of the Huft Kotul, the hill of seven ascents. The force moved along the road which passes over a shoulder of the Huft Kotul, and, on reaching a point where the pathway attains its extreme altitude, they were smitten by a storm of musketry. Swiftly the 13th to the right and the 2nd Queen's to the left spread over along their base and began to climb their steep sides. Up they went, firing and climbing. But there was not much firing, the Afghan stabbed and cut, the British thrust with the bayonet. Many a murderous contest took place. The steep heights of the seven passes were slowly won, and on reaching the level ground at the top of the Huft Kotul itself a body of Afghan horse was discovered. A loud call was made for the 3rd Dragoons, who dashed on at full speed up the pass in splendid style, but the Afghans were too far ahead to be overtaken, and escaped among the mountains to the left, leaving two 6-pounder guns in our possession which we recognised as those captured from our Cabul army. While the main body was slowly making its way up the pass Major Skinner of the 31st was moving with a force comprised of six companies from various regiments along the lofty ranges of the hills on the right of the road. Storming furiously he too made his way, and joined the main body at a point beyond the summit of the Huft Kotul. Seeing the battle lost Akbar Khan galloped off, and next morning was fifty miles away. Soon after darkness fell the British force encamped at Khoord Cabul, and after such a spell of work they deserved rest. The next day the British force marched unmolested through the savage Khoord Cabul pass of all the defiles leading on to the Cabul plain the one thickest piled with the skeletons of our dead. "They lay in heaps of fifties and hundreds, our gun wheels passing over and crushing the skulls and other bones of our late comrades at almost every yard for three, four, or five miles, indeed, the whole march from Guadamok to Cabul may be said to have been over the

bodies of the massacred army " On the 15th of September Pollock marched unopposed to Cabul and pitched his camp three miles to the east of the city on the old racecourse On the 16th of September Henry Lawrence writes "To-day we raised the blue flag on the Bala Hissar and looked at Futtah Jung seating himself on his throne Nott is to be in to-morrow or next day "

On the 7th of August the British forces evacuated Candahar in the most regular and orderly manner, without a shot being fired or an outrage committed. Discipline had been so well maintained, and Major Rawlinson had shown so much tact in the administration during our occupation, that there was no indication of ill will on the part of the citizens Three days later Nott's Brigade began its march on Cabul On the 17th Kalat-i-Ghulzye was reached, "having got on very well, no enemies and lots of supplies A few thieves used to keep us on the alert by firing into camp at night and cutting up any person who strayed from the force" On reaching Mookoor (27th August) they found the villages deserted "and no supplies brought in, so we were obliged to help ourselves" It was soon ascertained that Shumshoodan Khan had moved out of Ghuznee and was determined to dispute the further advance of the British force On the 28th of August they came into contact with the enemy Neville Chamberlain enters in his journal —

"28th August—On rear-guard. At daybreak the rascals began assembling and following us, keeping up a fire upon us which we, of course, returned. On Christie moving out and attacking a large body that showed themselves on our left, I charged those on our rear and cut up some, not having a basket-hilt to my sword, I got my forefinger and thumb cramped in four places, which has taken away the feeling from my finger The cavalry went out and got into a scrape, getting into the centre of the enemy's lines."

The scrape was a very severe one After the day's march had been completed, Captain Delamain, hearing that the foragers he had sent out to cut grass for his horses were being sabred by the enemy, rode off at once with all the

disposable horse to rescue them. He found it a false alarm, but he went on to reconnoitre, and coming upon a body of enemy's foot, he put them to flight. Riding after them in hot pursuit, he came suddenly on large masses of Afghan horse and foot posted on a low range of hills. The enemy's matchlocks opened upon him a galling fire. In vain a squadron of the 3rd Bombay Cavalry attempted to charge up the side of a hill. A hot fire checked them as they advanced, and a mass of the enemy's horse came down upon them with tremendous effect. Captain Reeves was shot near the foot of the hill. Captain Bury and Lieutenant Mackenzie gained the ridge, but were cut down by the Afghan horsemen. The troopers, seeing their officers fall, turned round and fled, and the scanty squadrons at the foot of the hill joined them in their flight. Nott, on hearing what was taking place, moved out with his whole force, and on reaching the ground found the enemy had disappeared, and "the cavalry still in a body, but having evidently suffered a defeat." As Major Rawlinson wrote to Onfrum, "It was a bad beginning." "At night," says Neville Chamberlain, "we buried the trunks of two officers, Reeves and Bury, that had been killed, their heads, arms, and legs having been taken off by the Ghasees as trophies."

The defeat of the cavalry gave no little encouragement to the Afghan force hanging on Nott's flank, but it was swiftly and amply redeemed. On the 30th of August Nott marched to Gorne in the Karabay valley, and attacked a fort which threatened his line of march. Shams-hooddeen came to its relief, and Nott with half his force turned the attack upon him with vigour. Neville Chamberlain gives us a clear account of what took place that afternoon —

"30th August — Marched to Gorne in the Karabay valley. All the forts manned and refused to give us any passage. The Ghasee army only a few miles from us under Shams-hooddeen Khan. They fired their guns to let us know where they were. General Nott sent word to the men in a fort a few hundred yards from our camp that he would give them until three o'clock to bring in supplies, and that if they were not forthcoming by that time he would go and knock

down their fort. No sign of supplies at three, so out we went and commenced battering away. The firing soon brought down Shumshooden and his army, who came to make us raise the siege. The General left a small party to act against the forts and took the rest of the force against the Ghasees, and, of course, the infantry soon drove them from their position, which was along a range of hills. The enemy, finding they could do nothing, soon fled, leaving one gun on the field and taking one with them, the General ordered Christie, with the few men he had present, to follow in pursuit, and endeavour to capture it. Well, on we went, and after going some distance came upon the track of this said gun and soon came in sight of it, and, of course, we were not long in coming alongside of it and cutting down the men and gunners. I must do the drivers the justice to say that never men tried harder to do their duty and carry a gun off. Even when they were cut down, the horses were so frightened that they still continued to gallop on, however I stopped that by cutting the traces of all the horses on one side, when, of course, they pulled the gun round, got entangled, and we succeeded in stopping them. Shumshooden, I should tell you, had bolted, agreeing, I fancy, with the old adage of 'He that fights and runs away, will live to fight another day.' It was, however, fortunate for us even so that it was getting dark, as we were some hundred men amidst some 4000 or 5000 Ghasee horsemen. Christie went back for infantry. We took the tents and a lot of baggage of the rebel force, besides their magazine, which we blew up, and a very pretty sight it was, it being quite dark. We got back to camp at ten P.M. The fort we had at first attacked remained untaken, however, its defenders evacuated it during the night. On Christie making his report to the General he said he would mention me in his dispatch, however, he did not, but why I do not know!"

Nott was no more molested. Neville Chamberlain writes on the 4th of September —

"From the 1st till to-day, no enemy. Arrived before Ghaznee. Pitched about four miles from the town. Saw the enemy under the walls of the fort.

"5th September.—Marched to the Cabul side of Ghaznee. Some 3000 or 4000 men stationed on a hill close outside the walls of the fort we attacked and drove into the town, the engineers selected a place for making the trenches. Got a 9-pounder on the hill and fired into the place. About 1 o'clock they opened upon us the big gun (96 pounder), and the practice was so good that they forced us to strike our tents and move the camp to Rossa. A working party and guard in the trenches all night.

"6th September.—I escorted the 18 pounders down to the battery at daybreak. On the day becoming light it was found that the place

had been deserted during the night. I rode in and assisted in firing a salute from the enemy's guns.

"*7th September*—Burning the town and mining the citadel, burst ing the celebrated brass gun, 'Zabbur-Jung,' and the other guns found in the place.

"*8th September*—Blowing up the citadel and bastions of the fort, and burning the town "

In the small village of Rosa, three miles east of Ghuznee, is the tomb of Mahmood of Ghuznee, the greatest sovereign of his time, and considered by the Mahomedans among the greatest of any age. In an oblong chamber with a mud cupola lies, beneath a marble stone wrought with Arabic inscriptions, the mortal remains of Sultan Mahmood, "the image breaker." The doors of the chamber were said to be the sandal wood doors of the far famed temple of Somnath, which, after having desecrated the beloved pagan shrine, and stripped it of its treasures, he was believed to have carried off as a trophy and a memorial of his triumph over idolatry in its most disgusting form. The story of Mahmood striking the idol of Somnath with his mace, and the jewels running over, is one of the mock pearls of history. The real object of worship at Somnath was not an image, but a simple cylinder of stone, a "lingam." It is described as five cubits high, two of which were set in the ground, and it was destroyed by a fire lighted round it to split the hardness of the stone.¹ Two of the pieces were sent to Ghuznee and inserted in the steps leading to the great mosque for the Faithful to tread beneath their feet. Lord Ellenborough wrote to General Nott, "You will bring away from the tomb of Mahmood of Ghuznee his club which hangs over it, and you will bring away the gates of his tomb, which are the gates of the temple of Somnath." It was Lord Ellenborough's intention to restore the latter to the shrine at Somnath. The mace had, however, been taken away by Lord Keane, and the gates were not, as Major Rawlinson discovered, the gates of the temple of Somnath. To take away the gates from a Mahomedan

¹ 'Cities of India,' by G. W. Forrest, p. 63.

mosque, and solemnly offer them as a gift to a pagan temple, was, as Macanlay said, morally a crime and politically a blunder, but the Governor General's orders were imperative, and they were removed. Neville Chamberlain writes —

"9th September — Burning the gates of the town, and bringing away the sandal wood gates of the tomb of Mahmood. It is not possible to describe the despair of the Moolas when they found out our intentions, they threw their turbans on the ground, rushed out of the place, and mounting their horses rode off to Cabul, declaring that God would deliver us into the hands of the Faithful, to be slaughtered for our impious attempt!"

The march to Cabul was resumed upon September 10, and Neville Chamberlain's journal serves to illustrate the route

"12th September — Reached Huftomys, the place where Captain Woodburn and his party were cut up. Busy burning the inside and blowing up the bastions of the fort from which he was shot. The whole night the rascally Ghazees kept up a heavy fire on the camp and pickets, they killed three of our men and wounded another, but they did not come off free, as we found two or three bodies in the morning

"13th September — At Shahkabad. After our arrival in camp I was sent back to the rear guard which was exchanging shots with the enemy. On our reaching the rear they moved up into the hills, when we treated them to the guns. The whole of the day they took up a position around us on the hills, and exchanged shots with the videttes. We expected to have been attacked at sunset, but they kept quiet all night. A party of cavalry sent towards the hills at dark got well peppered

"14th September — No sooner had the column moved off than down the rascals came on us, and followed us for seven or eight miles. I was in rear of all in command of a company of skirmishers and my own, so that I had all the fun to myself. I had eight men wounded, and how they did not hit more I cannot fancy as the balls flew pretty thick. This skirmishing is much more dangerous for a European officer with native soldiers than a stand up fight, as in the former you are a marked man, and in the latter you take your chance with the rest. The only way is to keep moving, and then you puzzle these fellows with their heavy long guns, but never go in a straight line. On returning to camp found the light infantry had been up the mountain in our front, skirmishing. Men lost on both sides. The Ghazees horse and foot all

round us. Towards evening opened the 18 pounders on the fellows on the hill in front which astonished a few of them, turned them on another party that had taken up their ground for the night a little too close to our left, also had the field guns out and played on the fellows in our rear. A beautiful moonlight night! The Ghasees commenced to amuse us again about 9 P.M., when we put an end to their sport by opening the 18 pounders on them, which had the effect of keeping them quiet all night. In the afternoon the sight was really very pretty. After the loud report of the 18 pounders, and the shell bursting among the enemy, you saw the smoke issue from the clefts in the rock in a hundred places, and heard the diminutive echo.

"15th September.—Marched to Mydan through a gorge in the hills which we had expected to find defended, but it was unoccupied (I forgot to mention that yesterday, 14th, the rear-guard was attacked, one of the guns breaking down destroyed it.) We kept the Ghasees to the hills and off the baggage by opening our field pieces among them. The light companies drove them from the hills round Mydan. After the rear had got well into the valley the rebels left us. Hardly a man to be seen all day. This is one of the most beautiful valleys in Afghanistan, but we left it a scene of desolation, the Hindustanecs being so compelled against the Afghans, they never spare anything they can destroy, and all the forts and places within reach were soon on fire, and it has been the same ever since we left Mookoor. Hardly a shot all night. We received the intelligence that General Pollock had taken Cabul without firing a shot. This accounts for the Ghasees having made themselves scarce, I fancy they also have heard the news.

"16th September.—Marched to Ungundh. Only a few shots fired at the rear guard on leaving Mydan. Sir R. Shakespeare and party passed *en route* to Bamocan. Heard that General Pollock had pitched his camp else on the other side of Cabul.

"17th September.—Marched to within five miles of Cabul, our camp pitched in a very pretty country in among forts."

Thus did the two British divisions meet at Cabul after having avenged on the theatre of their enactment our former disasters. But one great task had to be done. The captives had to be recovered. A few days after the Sabbath morning in January on which they had been consigned to Akbar, Lady Sale and her companions in misfortune, consisting of nine ladies, twenty gentlemen, and fourteen children, were

² So spelt in the old tables of routes—Mydan, Moklam, a *Hind*, from Persian *Middan*—an open space.—'Hobson Johnson,' by Colonel Henry Yule, R.E., C.B., and A. C. Burnett, C.I.E.

conducted to a fort at Tazeen. On the 14th of January they were conveyed over narrow winding mountain paths, across wide and rapid streams—the ladies carried behind the Afghan horsemen—to the fort at Buddesabad, forty miles distant from Jellalabad. Here three months were passed. The captives were not molested, but they led a life of considerable squalor and discomfort. When Akbar Khan was routed by the Jellalabad garrison, it was deemed advisable to remove them to a more distant asylum. They quitted Buddesabad under a strong escort, and, after a couple of days spent in Tazeen, most of the party were taken farther into the southern mountains. Towards the end of May the captives were moved up the pass to Mahomed Ali's fort, in the vicinity of Cabul. Here they led a life of comparative freedom. They were allowed to roam about a spacious garden, and they were suffered to bathe in the river. They were permitted to visit and receive visits from their friends, the hostages in the Bala Hissar. On the 23rd of August they were joined by the officers of the Ghuznee garrison,¹ who since the capitulation of the fort had suffered severe hardships. They were confined in a small room 18 feet by 13 feet. "In it there were ten of us, so you may imagine we had not much room to spare, indeed, when we lay down at night we exactly occupied the whole floor, and when we wanted to take a little exercise we were obliged to walk up and down (six paces) in turn. Few of us had a change of linen, and the consequence was we were soon swarming with vermin, the catching of which afforded an hour's employment every morning. I wore my solitary shirt for five weeks, till it became literally black and rotten. I am really surprised none of us contracted any loathsome disease from the state of filth we were compelled to live in."¹ When news reached these captives of the murder of Shah Shooja, "the severities of our confinement were redoubled. They shut and darkened the solitary window from which we

¹ Account, by Lieutenant Crawford of the 3rd Bombay N L., of the loss of Ghuznee and the imprisonment of himself and his brother officers.

had hitherto derived light and air, and they also kept the door of our room constantly closed, so that the air we breathed became perfectly pestiferous." On the 21st of April the Afghans tortured Colonel Palmer with a tent peg and rope. "We all witnessed it," says Lieutenant Crawford, "and it was something on the principle of the Scotch boot described in 'Old Mortality.' We were told we should each be tortured in our turn unless we gave up four lakhs of rupees, which the rascals swore we had buried, and in case we continued obstinate, they told us we should be blown from guns, beginning with the junior. This was a pleasant sort of life to lead, never being certain of that life for twenty four hours together." When, however, tidings reached Ghuznee of Pollock having forced the Khyber, their guards suddenly became very civil to them for a few days. On the 12th of May they were permitted for the first time to quit their prison room for *one hour*, and they were told that a similar kindness would be shown them *once a week*. "Even this we thought a great blessing, and used to count the days and hours to each succeeding Friday, anxiously expecting the hour when our guard would tell us we might breathe God's fresh air and look out on the green fields for the allotted period."¹ In the middle of June they were removed to another building, where they had three or four rooms to themselves, and a courtyard to walk in. Shumshoodeen came frequently to see them, and told them that they would shortly be set at liberty in exchange for Dost Mahomed. July passed and the middle of August came, and learning nothing definite regarding their release they began to despair. Then on the night of August 19, without any previous warning, they were hurried off to Cabul, and reached it in three days without meeting any adventure on the road. "We were taken direct to Mahomed Akbar's quarters in the Bala Hussar, and from him we met the kindest reception. I could not bring myself to believe that

¹ Account, by Lieutenant Crawford of the 3rd Bombay N I., of the loss of Ghuznee and the imprisonment of himself and his brother officers.

the stout, good humoured, open hearted looking young man, who was making such kind inquiries after our health, and how we had borne the fatigues of the journey, could be the murderer of Macnaghten and the leader of the massacres of our troops " Strong contrasts of good and evil are found in the character of half civilised men, and there are few contrasts more striking than those presented in the character of Akbar Khan He murdered with his own hand our envoy, he planned the treacherous massacre of an English force, but when Lieutenant Melville was brought in wounded, Mahomed Akbar "dressed his wounds with his own hands, applying burnt sage, and paid him every attention " The next morning Akbar sent the Ghuznee captives to the fort where the other prisoners were confined " We found our country men living in what appeared to us a small paradise "

They had, however, been only four or five days "in this elysium " when Akbar Khan, in pursuance of his threat that Pollock's advance should be the signal of the removal of the British prisoners to Turkestan, sent them away from Cabul under the charge of an irregular regiment, commanded by Saleh Mahomed, who, when serving in one of the Shah's regiments, had deserted to Dost Mahomed The men and women who were hale rode on horseback, the sick were carried in panniers on camels. They left Cabul on the evening of the 25th of August, and at daybreak on the 2nd of September they commenced the ascent of the Kulu mountain "The length of the ascent was about two miles, and the road very narrow and precipitous in many places The summit is 13,400 feet above the sea. The view of the north presented a boundless chaos of barren mountains, probably unequalled in wild terrific grandeur " ¹ The next day they reached Bamekan, and were lodged in the fort Lord occupied "The only accommodation it afforded was some miserable sheds which swarmed with bugs and fleas. They were divided among the ladies, while the men settled themselves as best they could in the open square " ²

¹ Lady Sale's 'Journal.'

² Lawrence's 'Forty-three Years in India.

A couple of days of intense suspense. Then in the very crisis of their fate, when an order had been brought to the commandant to take them off instantly to Khooloom, about forty miles from Balkh, Saleh Mahomed was bought over, and the prisoners took possession of the fort, and they hoisted the national flag. "The governor of the province not being favourable, we deposed him and set up another." Pottinger as Political Agent of Kohistan issued proclamations calling upon all the neighbouring chiefs to attend his durbar and receive dresses of honour. It was a curious and sudden change of affairs, mainly due to the British character and the courage and energy of Eldred Pottinger. On the 15th Pottinger received a note informing him of the defeat of Akbar Khan at Tarsen and Nott's advance from Ghuznee. He determined to set forth for Cabul at once. They left Bameean on the morning of the 16th, and the next day Pottinger received a letter from Sir Richmond Shakspear informing him that he was well on his way to meet him with 600 horse. On the 17th the party recrossed the Kulu mountain, and encamped at a fort three miles from its base. While there a body of horsemen were seen descending a pass on the farther side of the valley, as they approached nearer, the friendly banner of the Kuzalbash was recognised. A few minutes of infinite anxiety elapsed, "when Sir Richmond Shakspear galloped up to where we stood, bade us rejoice at our accomplished delivery, and dissipated every doubt." But all danger had not passed away. On the 19th they heard that the Pass of Suffed Khak was occupied by the Afghans, who intended to oppose them. Shakspear sent post haste an earnest request to the British officer who was reported to be advancing in that direction to occupy the pass. At break of day they resumed their march, and, while going through the lovely valley of Maidan, they met an officer, who told them the welcome news that General Sale's Brigade was only a few miles away. Soon afterwards, on approaching the town of Kot Ashroo, "a body

of H M 3rd Dragoons, with a squadron of the 1st Bengal Cavalry, burst suddenly upon our view, packeted in some adjacent fields." General Sale, accompanied by Henry Lawrence, had ridden forward with his cavalry to meet them, and had left his infantry to line the crest of the Suffed Khak. After ten weary anxious months of separation Sale met his brave wife and widowed daughter, and friends greeted friends from whom they had long been parted. After a short halt the party moved on towards the pass, whose heights they could see crowned with British bay onets. "These we found to be a part of the brave 13th Light Infantry, who, as the ladies successively ascended the hill, raised three hearty cheers to each of them,—sounds never to be forgotten, producing a thrill of ecstasy through the whole frame. The mountain guns, under Captain Backhouse, wound up the scene with a royal salute"¹ On the 21st of September, as Sale's Brigade with the rescued captives arrived at Pollock's camp, "again the artillery uttered its boisterous notes of welcome, and old friends crowded around us with warm congratulations. For the present our cup of joy was full."

"The ladies and children look lovely," wrote Henry Lawrence on the 23rd of September. "I trust that a move will be made to Loghur and Kohistan to effect the release of our native prisoners, who are there in hundreds." The chief of Loghur, Ameenoolah Shah, one of the most inveterate foes of the British, had collected a number of chiefs and their followers in the neighbourhood of Istahiffe, a town on the road to Cabul, northwards to Charekar, the

¹ 'Eyre's Journal,' p. 38a. Lady Sale writes: "When we arrived where the infantry were posted, they cheered all the captives as they passed them, and the men of the 15th pressed forward to welcome us individually. Most of the men had a little word of hearty congratulations to offer, each in his own style, on the restoration of his colonel's wife and daughter; and then my highly wrought feelings found the desired relief, and I could scarcely speak to thank the soldiers for their sympathy, whilst the long withheld tears now found their course. On arriving at the camp Captain Backhouse fired a royal salute from his mountain train of guns, and not only our old friends but all the officers in the party came to offer congratulations and welcome our return from captivity."—*A Journal of the Disasters in Afghanistan*, p. 436.

capital of Kohistan. It was in Kohistan that two British officers had been murdered and the Goorkha regiment of the Shah's massacred during the insurrection. It was therefore deemed necessary to despatch a force to take Istaliffe, to disperse the Afghan force, to rescue the native prisoners, and to inflict some signal punishment on those who had treacherously murdered our officers and men. The journal which Neville Chamberlain sent his mother affords us full and clear details of the punishment inflicted in the Kohistan, the capture and burning of Istaliffe, and the destruction of Charekar. It is perhaps the most graphic and candid diary that ever soldier penned. It describes some terrible scenes of blood, sickening to look on, and it shows how one of the bravest of men detested bloodshed. The young soldier's love for natural scenery is noticeable, and his descriptions of the country are admirable.

"*26th September*—A detachment from General Nott's force, consisting of the 2nd Infantry Brigade, one 9 pounder Foot Battery, two 18-pounders, and two Christie's Horse, and one brigade from General Pollock's, left Cabul for Kohistan this morning under General McCuskill. We marched one mile past the cantonments and encamped. They were a perfect waste, and where so much money had been spent not a house or barrack or tree left. Everything, like its unhappy tenants, destroyed and gone for ever, only here and there a trace of some gallant soldier might be distinguished in a small mound of earth which the Afghans, contrary to their custom, had suffered to remain undisturbed. What scenes of woe and misery were here enacted, and this desolate place is a type of our miserable policy. The destruction of our political influence is not more complete than of our cantonments. Twenty thousand men and fifteen crores of rupees have been swallowed up all in vain.

"*27th September*—Marched ten miles to the entrance of the Kohistan valley, arriving at our ground very late. Captain Bygrave came into camp, having been let loose by Akbar Khan on his hearing of the escape of the other prisoners. Captain B tells us they mean to fight us at Istaliffe.

"*28th September*—Marched towards Istaliffe, our road lying through a most beautiful country, sometimes through vineyards filled with the most luxurious grapes of all colours and kind, sometimes along the banks of a clear stream and through green fields. We pitched our camp opposite the place about three miles distant, a fine plain intervening. About three in the afternoon the General

and a party went to reconnoitre preparatory to an attack next morning. On our approach some horse and foot came into the plain to annoy us and prevent our going too close. The point of attack being determined on, we returned to camp, skirmishes following us. Had my request been listened to, and I had been allowed to charge, I think many of the footmen would have slept the sleep that knows no waking. We had a horse killed and a man or two hit. A quiet night and no firing.

"*29th September*—At daybreak formed two columns of attack and moved on the place. The cavalry were left in the plain to guard the baggage, as they would be useless among hills and gardens. Before I tell you any more it may be as well that I should endeavour to give you some description of Istaliffe. The town is built upon the spurs that run from the Hindoo Koosh range of mountains into the valley of Kohistan, so that when seen from the valley it appears half way into the skies. The ravines of the mountain are clothed with the most luxuriant vines, and many springs issuing from the rocks at the back of the town went their way into the plain, carrying with them fertility, gardens, orchards, magnificent trees, and here and there a water-mill and cottages adorn the foot of the mountain, and behind Istaliffe its summit towers almost perpendicularly. We could perceive the tracks by which one can pass into the countries towards Turkistan, but they must be very difficult of ascent. To continue my story. Of course we soon drove the enemy from the gardens, they attempted to defend the heights, but height after height was taken, and we found ourselves in the town. When we had nearly gained it we saw a quantity of figures dressed in white ascending the mountains, and taking them for Ghazees our guns opened on them, and I am sorry to say some fell, when we got a little closer we perceived they were women! Of course when we found our mistake the poor creatures were allowed to go unmolested, but they must have had a terrible night, poor innocent things, as it was very cold, and fancy what they must have suffered, so many thousand feet above us, without clothing or shelter! And some must have died, I think, from the mere exertion of walking, never having in their lives been farther than the garden attached to the harem. Fortunately there was some brushwood on the mountain, so that they were able to make fires, and when it became dark hundreds were to be seen dotted about, and at such a height that they appeared as if they were hanging in the air. The scene on entering the town is beyond description. Tents, baggage, things of all description lying about the streets, and the bodies of the unfortunate men who had delayed their departure too long, or who were too brave to fly and leave their wives and children to our mercy without first sacrificing their own lives in their defence. I suppose I need not tell you that no male above fourteen years

were spared, and some of the men (brutes except in form) wanted to wreak their vengeance on the women. Horses and cattle of all descriptions were to be seen about the place without owners, but they soon found claimants, for as soon as all visible enemies were disposed of the work of pillage commenced. I should tell you that the greatest part of the merchandises of Cabul and the harems of the principal chiefs had been removed to Istalife on hearing of our advance on the capital, as it had always been deemed impregnable by the Afghans, and they considered all their treasures safe here, and which accounts for the Ghazees fighting so badly, being at first over-confident, and when, to their consternation, they saw the fancied impregnable posts fall into our hands, they thought only how to provide for the safety of their families and carry off their valuables, instead of defending the town to the last.

"The scene of plunder was dreadful. Every house filled with soldiers, both European and native, and completely gutted. Furniture, clothes, merchandises of all sorts flung from windows into the streets (it being too long a process to bring them downstairs), and scrambled for by those below. On the bazaar being discovered it was soon taken possession of by hundreds: the confusion baffles description. The rich shops had a dozen owners who quarrelled about the distribution of its contents, while sales of the commoner kind were lying about unheeded. Some who had already made their ascent were returning towards camp, nearly blocking up the road by the immense loads they carried off, and certainly appeared more like hucksters than soldiers. Others, who had not been so fortunate as to find anything they fancied, were running to take the place of their luckier companions. It was curious to see their various tastes displayed in the selection of booty. Some took arms, some jewels, others books! Some, again, fancied silks and satins, shawls, &c., those who, I suppose, had a liking for ladies, possessed themselves of their clothes, of which there were a great quantity, tea and tobacco had great attractions with many, and more than one sweet toothed fellow might be seen labouring under a load of sugar and *bondons*! When the soldiers had satisfied themselves the camp followers were let loose into the place, and they completed the business of spoliation. The goods found in Istalife were valued at some two hundred thousand pounds, and a great deal of the property that had belonged to the unfortunate Cabul force was found in the town, the sight of which, relics of their comrades, exasperated the men to the highest pitch. Some soldiers were fortunate enough to find money to a large amount. A Captain Webster, wanting a bridle for his horse, bought one of a sepoy, which, on being cleaned, was found to have gold mountings of great value. The women and children that had been left behind were collected, placed under a guard, and taken to camp.

"The loss of the enemy was about 200 killed, ours very trifling

We lost a very nice young fellow of the name of Evans. It being reported to him that our own people were ill treating the women, he flew to their protection, when he was shot dead. His servant (a soldier) on seeing his master fall ran towards him, when he also fell to rise no more. A third went forward, but he also was struck to the ground by a severe wound. An ineffectual attempt was made to break open the house where the persons were concealed who did the deed, it was then set on fire. Whilst we were taking the town we saw a poor little chubby faced boy sitting on one side of the road crying fit to break his heart, the poor little fellow had been deserted, or in the hurry left by his parents, and fearing that he might get killed, several of us endeavoured to bring him away, but nothing could induce him to stir. No harm befell him, as on leaving the place I saw him in the same position, and crying as bitterly as ever. Poor little fellow, I can well fancy his despair! But all this time you may perhaps ask how I participated in the attack when I have told you that the cavalry were kept in the plain. The truth is that I was sent with orders to the infantry on their clearing the gardens, and when once among the fun I could not tear myself away from it. I got rid of my horse by getting a commissariat officer to mount him, so was then unencumbered, and free to go anywhere."

The young man then proceeds to relate how he rescued an Afghan maiden, and fell fiercely in love, and how his affections were, "as is too often the case, trifled with."

"On forcing open a large house in the town we found it contained merchandise of the most valuable description, which immediately fell a prey to my followers, a motley band, composed of men of all regiments and all colours—British, Hindoos, Mussulmans, Goorkas. My share of the booty of Istaliffe was a rifle that I found in one of the lower rooms of this house, and which I took at the time as a defensive weapon, and afterwards gave away to an officer who was killed by my side in the Khyber Pass. Most of the men, over whom I had no control, stopped below to plunder, but some of the less avaricious followed me to the upper apartments. On the roof, which was flat, were built some summer rooms facing into the courtyard. As I stepped on it, the first object that met my eyes was a woman in her walking dress, and veiled. I rushed towards her to prevent the men on the stairs close behind me from firing, as generally when any living object presented itself a dozen muskets were discharged. My ears were now assailed by the wailings of many women from the summer rooms. I caught hold of the poor girl, who was sobbing bitterly, and entreated her to go to the other women, and promised she should be safe, but she prayed and beseeched to be allowed to remain there, but as I knew if I consented it would be her ruin, I at length prevailed on her, by dint of promises and kind words, to rise and leave the

moment held its sway, for on watching their movements, I saw them busily engaged washing the white off their faces and arranging their hair! Now and then, when the loss of property came to their recollection, they would burst into tears again. You may picture to your self my uncomfortable and odd position. All reserve was thrown off by them, and they talked to me as freely as if I had been their husband! Their veils were thrown back, and this, in a Mussulman country where they are so strict about their women that they are never to be seen but in close veiled dresses, and speaking to a Penangge at any other time would have been death if seen by an Afghan, however, it must be owned that often in Cabul and Candahar, if one happened to meet a woman in any by street, she could seldom withstand the pleasure of throwing up the horrid veil and showing her pretty face! Well, imagine to yourself your humble servant with an infant in his arms, at the head of twenty or thirty fair ones, occasionally being called 'Aga Jan,'—my Lord, my Life, or the Lord of Life,—'not to walk so fast!' And thus we wended our way through the pretty gardens to camp."

Then the scene changes, and we are summoned back to a mass of horrors

"30th September.—Early in the morning I again went into the town, and what a scene of desolation presented itself. Furniture of all description, wearing apparel, provisions, books, arms, everything made by the hand of man and for his use, lay scattered and destroyed, trampled into the mud, soiled and broken. Here and there the crackling of fire was to be heard, and the smoke issuing from windows and crevices of the houses, told that the pillager, after sacking it of everything, had committed it to the flames. At one place my eyes were shocked at the sight of a poor woman lying dead, and a little infant of three or four months by her side still alive, but with both its little thighs pierced and mangled by a musket ball. The child was conveyed to camp, but death soon put an end to its sufferings. Farther on was another woman in torture from a wound, and she had been exposed to the cold of the night without any covering, she clasped a child in her arms, and her affection appeared only to be increased by the agonies she endured. She was placed in a doolie and sent into our camp, and our doctor attended her. Sitting outside a shop was a little girl of three or four years of age. The soldiers had given her some sheepskins to keep her warm during the night, and there she sat, with fruit piled on each side of her, apparently quite unconscious of what had happened, or what was passing around her, while scattered about the streets lay the bodies of old and young, rich and poor, who had fallen in the defence of their town. These horrible sights I myself saw, had I been able, or had I had the inclination to search the houses, I am afraid I

should have witnessed many more of the brutal acts and horrors of war. One poor slave girl, described as very beautiful, had been left concealed in the town, her hiding place was soon discovered, and the door burst upon, she told the intruders her story, and besought them not to approach, but on seeing they were deaf to her entreaties, she thrust a dagger through her bosom, and fell dead in a pool of her own blood. This I did not see myself, but I heard it from an officer. As you may suppose, I returned home to breakfast disgusted with myself, the world, and above all, with my cruel profession. In fact we are nothing but licensed assassins. All this day the sappers were employed in burning the town, and the soldiers and camp-followers in bringing away anything that had been left worth having. Our camp appeared more like a bazaar than anything else, its occupants being busily employed selling and bartering their spoil.

"*1st October*—As we were to march at 9 A.M., I again strolled by myself into the town. What a difference had forty-eight hours made here! Not ten houses remained standing, and no sound was to be heard but that of the smouldering fire, and the crashing of beams, and pillars falling, which told that the destructive element was still at work and resting for a time, only to break out with redoubled fury. As I looked from this scene of desolation into the beautiful valley beneath, I could not help comparing the work of man and his Creator, the one all peace, and harmony, and goodness, the other wickedness, and misery, and destruction. I wish it were possible for me to portray in words the sublimity of this spot which seemed made to shut out all the passions of our race. Imagine that you look down some 5000 feet on a most fertile valley studded with forts and villages, and these surrounded by gardens and orchards, vying with each other in beauty, and all bathed in an atmosphere so soft and radiant that the eyes delighted to dwell on it. A barrier of stupendous mountains closed the view on three sides. Along their base for many feet above the plain were scattered villages and gardens contending with the barren rock, until Nature assumed her sternest aspect, and I felt it difficult to say which was most beautiful of all, from the terraced and undulating vineyard which commenced at my feet, to the huge firs which towered so majestically into the sky. As I was returning to camp, sad and disheartened, I saw a poor emaciated old woman who had ventured to leave her hiding place thinking we had left, she was endeavouring to drag herself to a small stream to satisfy her thirst, perhaps of days! I filled her vessel for her, but all she said was, 'Cures on the Penngoes!' Well had we mented them! I got back just in time to fall in with my regiment, and we turned our backs on that, to me, ever to be remembered place Isaltife. I was on the advance guard, and chased some horsemen without success, but captured some horned cattle. In the distance we could distinctly see the

people hurrying off to the mountains with their property and families. We halted at about one o'clock, and escaped half way to Charekar. In the afternoon a very fine little boy, twelve or eighteen months of age, was brought into our camp by one of the men, who found it lying in a garden. One of the native officers adopted it, and he is still in the corps."

On the 2nd of October the force left Istaliffe, and, marching northward, reached Charekar at noon.

"I was on rear-guard duty, not a soul in the country to be seen. Passed on our road the fort of Lughman in which Rattray lived and was murdered. The engineers blew up the bastions and destroyed the houses and grounds. We were pitched close to the fort in which the Goorka corps was besieged, and the remains of its brave defenders were to be seen in the bleaching bones scattered about. This fort had been built contrary to all rules of fortification, being commanded by another within two hundred yards of it, and surrounded with garden walls and trenches, which afforded splendid cover to an enemy. Like most of our measures in that country, it appeared as if no precaution in case of a reverse had been dreamt of. The town of Charekar had been deserted, and all movable property taken away. The pioneers commenced their work of destruction, and the blaze from the houses lighted us during the whole night.

"3rd October.—Halted. Destroying the town and forts of Charekar. I went out with some other officers, and we drove home and gave to the soldiers all the cattle we found without owner. In the evening the sappers and two regiments were sent to destroy a very pretty village called Aaseane, a short distance off. It was the inhabitants of this place who were so inveterate against the Goorka corps, and who desecrated the graves of some officers who had been buried there. But one old priest was found in the place, and the sepoys made him pay the penalty of death. At night one could distinguish the forts and villages visited by us for miles round by the flames that rose high into the air and shed a glare on everything near them.

"4th October.—Turned our heads towards Cabul, halted for the day at Karubay. I was on rear guard. We could distinguish the miserable remains of Istaliffe, high upon the sides of the mountain, still smoking. The wounded woman we had brought away was still alive, so we made her over to a chief to be returned to her husband. The agony this poor woman suffered was beyond conception, and she would never allow her child to be taken from her, which must have added to it. All the other children and women were also returned to Istaliffe.

"5th October.—On rear-guard again. Marched eighteen miles through a lovely country, and pitched our tents on the Cabul side

of a range of hills that separated us from Kohistan. As you may well suppose, the valley of Kohistan being a fruit garden, we did ample justice to its produce! and what the men did not eat the cattle destroyed. Sometimes we marched over fields of grapes of all sorts that had been gathered and laid out to dry for raisins. The high walls that were built as a protection against cattle were very soon breached by the elephants. Just before leaving the old ground, I descried a woman walking towards us, she turned out to be the wife of a Goorka who had been killed, and had been taken into slavery. She had a child in her arms, and had managed to escape from confinement. We soon mounted her on a camel, and she reached Cabul all safe.

"6th October—Marched to the ground we had occupied near the remains of British folly and misrule, 'Centocamenta.' In the night some rascals, who had followed us from the Kohistan, fired upon our pickets and sentries.

"7th October—Rejoined General Nott's camp. In the evening rode over to General Pollock's camp and saw Captain Alexander. During our absence General Nott had changed his camp and pitched two miles from the Jellalabad side of Cabul, Pollock's being three miles farther off."

Pollock and Nott had now taught to the Afghans that England is powerful to avenge as well as to protect, and the time had come for the British army, in agreement with its orders, to return to India. The time had also come for the guilty city to receive its due punishment. It was determined to destroy the great bazaar where the mutilated body of the British envoy had been exposed to the insults of an Afghan mob. The work of destruction began upon the 7th of October. On the following day Neville Chamberlain writes "Soldiers and camp-followers from both camps plundering in the town. Here and there the smoke rising in black clouds showed that the firebrand had been applied to some chief's houses. In spite of guards, camp followers and soldiers had unfortunately made their way into the town." On the 9th of October he enters in his journal "Plundering as yesterday. Engineers engaged in blowing up the covered bazaar. Part of the town also on fire. I amused myself by sauntering about the town. Every house in the place that had been inhabited by the English had been pulled down and the foundations dug up. Poor Sir Alex

ander's house, where I had spent many a pleasant hour, was a heap of ruins." On the 6th of January 1842 the British force, as they marched out of the cantonments, saw the whole face of the sky red with flames, on the 12th of October 1843 the soldiers of Pollock and Nott's Brigade saw, as they left the ruins of the capitol, the whole face of the sky red with flames. It was the stern justice of revenge. Five hundred mutilated and crippled camp followers and soldiers of Elphinstone's force accompanied the march of Pollock's forces. Of the homeward march of the British army Neville Chamberlain's journal affords such full, clear, and interesting details, that it bears printing in integrity —

"12th October — Marched at five o'clock in the morning, and accompanied the Light Brigade, under General Sale, to Khoord Cabul, at which place we arrived at nine o'clock at night. We did not go by the regular road, but by a mountain pass. The infantry got to their ground at five o'clock, but we were obliged to dismount every man and make the horses scramble up the rocks. Several of them missed their footing and rolled over and over the slippery rocks, much to their detriment. My own noble Arab missed his footing, but he recovered himself, and only scraped a little hair off his legs. I would sooner have rolled down myself than that he should have been hurt! We arrived at our halting-place without a particle of baggage for ourselves or horses, and got nothing until next day at twelve o'clock. On leaving Cabul we found it bitterly cold. During the day we suffered from heat and thirst, no water being procurable, and at night it froze hard!

"13th October — Halted, and remained to guard the camp, whilst the infantry were crossing the heights to allow General Pollock's army to come through the pass unmolested. I rode through the pass, and the sight that presented itself was truly lamentable. The miserable remains of thousands of that doomed force lay scattered about in all kinds of positions and states of decomposition. The skeletons of men, women, and children, horses and camels, &c., heaped together in one confused mass. The Europeans would always be distinguished from the Indian by the colour of the hair, and the skull of the former was invariably battered in with stones. The woe and misery suffered in these passes must have been beyond all imagination.

"14th October — Halted again to allow General Nott's army to come through the pass. The corps sent out on foraging duty saw a few horsemen, whom I chased, but they got off to the hills. Found in a cave a quantity of the property that had been taken from the

Cabal force. After having loaded our camels we returned towards the camp. I remained behind with a few men to take care of an animal that had been badly laden, and could not travel so fast as the rest. On repassing through a gorge some ten or twelve Ghasees, who were waiting for our return, knowing that we must go back the road we came, opened a fire upon us, but with no effect, only wounding a horse. We stuck by our camel, notwithstanding the fellows were only some 150 or 200 feet above us, and taking most deliberate aim with their rifles rested on the rocks. The Feringee was of course the chief mark, but I puzzled them by sparing and holding to my horse, which made him proceed about and consequently present an unsteady mark. I consider I ran just as great a chance of losing my life on that occasion as ever I did, and I was thankful to have escaped. A man's life is much more in danger in a case like this than when he makes one of a large army!

"15th October.—Marched at 6 A.M. from Khoord Cabol, and arrived at Teseen at 2 P.M. Nearly the whole of the road was strewn with skeletons of men and animals. Any hollow in the rocks or caves in the hills were filled with mortal remains of the poor creatures who had crawled into them for shelter against the cold. Our gun-wheels ground to dust the bones of the dead, the pass being so narrow it was impossible to avoid them. In some places the Afghans, to add insult to all the misery they inflicted, had placed the skeletons in the arms one of the other, or sometimes sitting or standing against the rocks as if they were holding a consultation! The soldiers in retaliation, wherever they killed an Afghan, placed the skeleton of one of our poor fellows over him as a mark of victory or derision. Shortly after arriving at Teseen we were again sent out to forage, but without success, the forts being defended, and we returned home at dark, the enemy following us nearly back to camp, shouting and firing at us in defiance. This was very annoying to us, as we could do nothing to them among hills, and we ought never to have been sent unless the General was determined to carry everything through. He might have halted the next day, attacked the forts with guns and infantry, and destroyed them. The rear-guard did not get up till two o'clock in the morning. At eight fall it was attacked, and lost thirty men killed and the like number wounded, several of the camp-followers killed, and lots of baggage and grain walked off with. At 11 P.M. reinforcements were sent, and the enemy retreated. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and I walked about the camp listening to the booming of the guns and volleys of musketry. I know nothing more exciting than hearing firing and not being able to go to the scene of action.

"16th October.—The column moved at 6 A.M. I was on rear-guard and placed in rear of all, which was against all rules of war. The officer commanding the Infantry wished to have few casualties in his

own corps, and he did not care how many of my men were killed. Hot cavalry could do nothing, hemmed in by high mountains, the road a shingle, and in some places only a few yards wide. The only way we escaped so well was by never standing still, and always going in a zigzag direction. Fortunately few of the enemy followed us, or we should have got a proper peppering, but when, within a mile or so of the new ground, I was walking in rear of all with my orderly, rifle in hand, taking shots at the rascals, when my orderly's horse close by me, and from which I had been firing, was riddled through the neck. I had not gone many paces when I was struck myself. I spun round and fell to the ground, but soon got up again and staggered on in great pain, but I was determined the Afghans should not have even the satisfaction of thinking they had done for me. On putting my hand to my back I thought it was all over with me, but on getting into camp we found the ball had only penetrated the skin, and it tumbled out on the doctor touching it. It had struck me in the waist, close to the spine, and had raised an immense lump which made me, as you may suppose, rather stiff in the loins for some days. The cloak I am now wrapped up in saved my life. I had put it on in the morning when cold, and although the weather became warm I happened not to take it off. It hung loose, and I was thus saved for a future day.

"17th October.—Marched at six o'clock after going over a dreadful road for nine miles, pitched our camp at Kutta Sung. Rear-guard fired upon, and got into camp at 7 P.M. Not being able to move about, did not accompany a detachment that went to look for forage.

"18th October.—Marched at the same time as yesterday, over the same kind of road, and halted at Jugduluk. The battering guns and rear-guard not up till night. The cattle, not having had any forage since leaving Khoord-Cabul, dropped by hundreds, and it was necessary to abandon a great quantity of grain. At this place we saw the skeletons of the 44th Loo, as here fell most of that corps. From the time of our arriving at this place until evening we heard a heavy fire in the pass ahead of us, and with a glass one could distinctly see the sepoy on the heights. The rear-guard of the division, a march ahead of us, were severely handled by the Ghilzees. The enemy never now annoyed us at night, as we had pickets on every hill and height round the camp, and had they attempted to fire among the tents and followers, they would have got as much as they gave, the moon being full.

"19th October.—Marched at 3 A.M. Got through the pass by sunrise. Passed the remains of the barrier where the *sunni and shi* took place, and total annihilation of the Cabul force. The skeletons of the unfortunate officers, who fell a sacrifice to the imbecility of a general, strewed the road. The 18-pounders were burst at Jugduluk as the cattle could not drag them any farther, being completely done up for want of food and previous hard work. Pitched

our camp at Loukoub at 11 A.M. The rear-guard not in till night, it was attacked in the pass, and the Ghilzees followed it into camp.

"*30th October*—On rear guard. Remained in rear of all with a few men, and exchanged shots with the Ghilzees, who followed us nearly the whole way. They were too cunning to allow us to get amongst them, always having spies along the hills, who gave them warning of our approach, when they also took to the mountains. Before leaving the old ground (Loukoub) killed some of the enemy who came down from the hills. Arrived at Gundumuk at 8 P.M. The camp was pitched in a fine plain, the first we have seen since leaving Cabul. It was quite pleasing to the eye to see level ground again, and the horses were invigorated at the change from the desert mountain passes to their natural soil. About two miles from camp was the hill where the few officers and men that escaped death at the Jugduluk Pass were killed.

"*31st October*—Halted. The camp fired into, and some of the Ghilzees killed by our sentries.

"*1st October*—Marched at 3.34 A.M. Arrived at Noemla a little after sunrise. A beautiful garden in the valley, the scene of Shah Shooja's defeat some thirty years ago.

"*2nd October*—Left Noemla at 5 A.M. Arrived at Futehabad at 9 o'clock. The rear guard annoyed by the Ghazees in the early part of the night firing into camp. We have now left the hills completely, and are in a very pretty well cultivated country.

"*3rd October*—A short march to Sultanpore. Firing into camp until the moon rose.

"*4th October*—Marched at 4 A.M., got into Jellalabad at 9 A.M. Much pleased with the country, and found the fort much stronger than I had expected. General Pollock's army encamped here. The engineers employed mining the fort. I am sorry to have to say that daily, from the time of leaving Cabul, we have left the unfortunate sick camp-followers to be murdered by the Ghilzees, not having any means of conveying them. I have myself given my own charger and made the men dismount to bring on the poor creatures, but after they were so weak as not to be able to ride or hang on a horse, when, of course, I was obliged to abandon them to the knives of those merciless villains who gloried in cutting the throats of poor emaciated helpless beings. Every march we passed the bodies of those abandoned by the columns ahead of us. The loss in camels since leaving Cabul has also been immense. Every animal that fell was immediately shot to prevent his falling into the hands of the Ghazees.

"*5th October*—Halted. Went across the river with a troop: the ford a most difficult one, the water running a perfect sluice, and carrying down any camel that missed the ford. Came upon the Ghazees who were killing the camp-followers and stealing the camels. Recovered twenty two camels, and cut up nine Ghazees. The rest

of the marauders got off by either swimming the river or scaling the mountains. I did not follow them across the river, as it was so deep and rapid that I should have lost both men and horses in the attempt, and in the next place there was a thick jungle in which they could have hid themselves and taken us at advantage. How hardened and callous do we become when thus accustomed to witness death, and with what exultation do we witness the defeat and death of our enemies! Returned to camp at sunset.

"27th October — Halted. General Pollock's force marched towards Peshawar. In the afternoon went out on forage duty. Heavy rain all night, and the Ghilzees firing into camp.

"28th October — Halted. In the afternoon went with a troop on forage duty, chased some 300 footmen and a few horsemen across the river. Did not cross the river after them as the bank was two or three feet perpendicular, and when I got there only thirteen men were with me. Added to which some of the enemy, who had crossed over first, covered the retreat of the rest by opening a fire upon us from the opposite bank. I lost one man killed and two wounded, how more were not but I can hardly tell, as the breadth of the river only separated us, but they fired high, and showers of bullets went over our heads. You can well fancy my disappointment at not being able to get amongst them. Whilst we were standing on the bank waving our swords and hurrahing, the enemy were some in the water, some on the other bank, some carried down by the force of the current, and every one of them giving orders and bawling out at the top of his voice. On our moving off they shouted and flourished their swords and kept on firing at us. Returned to camp at sunset. Firing into camp all night, and heavy rain.

"29th October — Did not march early on account of the rain. Marched at 2 P.M. I was on rear-guard. Before starting rode out some distance by myself. Came suddenly upon three footmen in a ravine, drew my sword and went at them, they were taken by surprise, for the matches of their guns were not lighted. One threw himself down over a log, another hid himself, the third stood with his gun presented at me. I knocked him down, and I am grieved now to say, I killed him! He was a very fine young man of about my own age. I would give back any honour or reputation I have gained not to have committed that one act, although he would certainly have killed me had it been in his power. On remounting my horse, I perceived some ten or twelve horsemen galloping towards me, so made the best of my way back to camp. At my request the Lieutenant-colonel commanding allowed 120 of our cavalry to conceal themselves and await the arrival of the Ghilzees, who were collecting for the purpose of annoying the rear-guard. Lieutenant Graves and I posted our men behind an empty fort, and awaited their approach. We took them completely by surprise, as

they were scattered about the plain in knots of three or four men, and therefore fell an easy prey. On our dashing out among them they immediately flew towards the hills, but being nearly all footmen they had no chance of escape. No quarter was given, and we killed between 150 and 200 men. What exasperated our men was that these fellows had been cutting up every one who strayed from the camp, and had been nightly firing into us. Ceased the pursuit at sunset, and did not rejoin the rear guard until dark. The camp was pitched at Allee Bogan. A quiet night and no firing into camp.

"30th October—Marched at 4 A.M. Seven Jemalchees,¹ who crossed the river on a raft for the purpose of plunder, were cut up by our cavalry. The camp at Barukab.

"31st October—Marched ten miles to Budha. All the stacks and villages plundered and fired. Firing into camp at night.

"1st November—Marched eleven miles to Dehka, entered the Khyber Pass, found General M'Caskill's division halted there. No enemy to be seen, and a quiet night.

"and November—Halted for provisions, quiet as yesterday.

"3rd November—On rear-guard. Marched to Lundee Khana Christie's and my baggage, instead of halting, went on with the baggage of the division a march in advance. Christie's were plundered by the Khybernes, and I fell in with mine at last on the 6th.

"4th November—Marched to Ali Musjid. The infantry being left in the pass to guard the baggage, I was sent up with 200 dismounted men to bring down the guns from the fort. We saw in the pass the bodies of the men who had been killed the day before by the Khybernes, when they attacked the rear-guard of General M'Caskill's Division with complete success, capturing two of our guns. An officer, Nicholson, who had been a prisoner at Ghaznee, and expected to have met his brother at Ali Musjid, recognised him lying dead, stripped naked, and hacked to pieces in the middle of the road. Think what a horrible shock that must have been to him!

"5th November—Halted, as the rear-guard did not reach until sun rose, having been under arms for four-and-twenty hours and attacked all through the night. Hardly any baggage taken by the Khyberries.

"6th November—On rear-guard. Accompanied a company of infantry on the hills, and skirmished. One of the officers, Terry—who was with the party—was shot in the breast. The end of his hand kerchief was carved so by the ball, which saved his life for the moment. I endeavored to get out the ball by pulling the handkerchief, but it was so tight that no effort could move it, and, poor fellow, he died three days afterwards, although the ball had been extracted by removing part of the breast-bone. When sitting behind the ridge

¹ Jemalchees or Jemalchis. Men armed with jessals or long matchlocks, used by the Afghans.

of a hill with some soldiers, suddenly a stone fell among us, on running to see where it came from, I saw a Khyberne within a few paces of me, flourishing a long knife, and followed by thirty or forty others. I immediately gave the alarm, when we gave them a volley and they fled. All the heights, with the exception of those at the east of the pass, had been crowned by our troops, from one of these the Khyberne opened upon us on our passing beneath it. My horse was restive, and he not liking to be in the rear, I was riding a few paces in advance of the corps, the balls striking about me rather close. I turned round and said to an officer, 'Those fellows do not fire badly.' And true enough, for the moment afterwards I was struck. The ball hit me so hard that my friend answered, 'You are hit, old fellow,' but I needed not to be told to make me aware of it. The regiment galloped on to get from under the fire. I was obliged to dismount, or rather I half fell from my horse, and dragged and supported by my groom and a sepoy, I lay down behind a piece of rock which sheltered me from the fire, until after some time a doolie was brought for me and I was carried into camp at Jumrood. From the long faces of the doctors I fully made up my mind I was to lose my leg. The rear guard got into camp without losing a particle of baggage. The pain I suffered that night was so great that sleep was impossible.

"7th November—Marched to within two miles of Peshawur, suffering much pain.

"8th November—Halted. A few hours of sleep! Halted till 12th, when we marched to the Attock side of Peshawur. On the 15th November we left Peshawur for India. The whole of the road through the Punjab I was carried in a litter, and I was too ill to be amused or to see the country. Hundreds of men died during our march from fatigue and wounds. I used to pity the unfortunate wounded who were carried on camels for want of better conveyance, and were sometimes exposed for twelve or fourteen hours to the cold at night and to the heat of the sun during the day, and often it was not possible to dress their wounds for a day or two. Comparatively speaking I was well off, for my wound was dressed three times during the twenty-four hours! but I hope I shall never again go through what I then suffered. We, or rather General Nott's force, marched into Ferozepore on the 23rd December 1849, and we were received with all due honours by the Governor General and our brethren in arms. From that date my letter to you, written from this place, will have informed you of subsequent events and movements. I have now fulfilled my promise, although I fear I have given but a very poor outline of our doings since leaving Candahar, indeed, I feel how far it falls short of what it should have been in the hands of a good and amusing writer. The material is good, the author indifferent. My only excuse."

CHAPTER VI

Neville Chamberlain's appointment to the Governor-General's bodyguard, January 2, 1843—Sir Hugh Gough assumes command of the army in India—State of affairs at Gwalior—Neville Chamberlain meets Lord Ellenborough at Agra—Battle of Maharajpore—Battle of Puspalar—Neville Chamberlain's diary—Doctors order him to take leave—Serious operation—River voyage to Calcutta—Return to England—Walmer—Love of yachting—The *Ondine*—Return to Calcutta, December 1846—Military secretary to the Governor of Bombay—Appointed Hon. A.D.C. to the Governor-General—Journey from Poona to Indore—Second Sikh War—March through Central India—Appointed Major of Brigade, 4th Brigade of Cavalry

AT three-and twenty Neville Chamberlain left Afghanistan, having four years' experience of warfare, and already distinguished for the number and brilliancy of his military services. He had been foremost in many a brave fought contest, he had been six times wounded, and he had proved himself to be an able and dashing leader of light horse. It is his first campaign in the mountains and snows of Afghanistan which reveals the man and fascinates the imagination, and he always delighted to recall the joys of the life of a trooper in the field. Many years afterwards he wrote, "A horse and a sword were all that were needful, and one never gave a thought as to danger. Not that there was any levity in facing death, it was simply that one was possessed of a light heart to meet anything that came. There was nothing but God above and duty below." In his words and in his wars he always preserved a dash of antique chivalry. Charles Napier, who knew how to recognise genuine deeds of valour, called him "Cœur de Lion," and declared that he

had not believed in the old tales until Neville Chamberlain had made them come true¹ Outram wrote to Crawford "Your gallant brother is the most noble and bravest soldier who ever trod in Afghanistan, and than whom none bled more freely" William Nott, one of England's great military chiefs, brought particularly to the notice of the Governor-General Neville Chamberlain's deeds of valour, and Lord Ellenborough appointed him to his bodyguard "as a mark of his sense of his eminent services", and at a public dinner, given in honour of the victorious army, he said, "With Mayne² and Chamberlain in the bodyguard I would face the devil" "I have accepted the appointment," writes Neville Chamberlain to his mother on the 13th of January 1843, "and was in orders on the 2nd, so here I am a flashy Guardeman"

When the Marquess Wellesley was at Madras superintending the operations of the gallant army which achieved the conquest of Mysore, he was much struck with the stature and military bearing of the troopers of the Madras Cavalry They were the descendants of the northern horsemen who, under Hyder Ali, swept over the Carnatic Two years after Tippoo fell fighting gallantly in the gateway at Seringapatam, Captain Montgomery, commanding Governor General's bodyguard, reported to the military authorities at Madras "that the Governor General was desirous of completing from the regiments of the Madras Cavalry his corps of body guard," and represented that the Governor General "shall require 100 men, and none ought to be under 5 feet 6 inches high, or above 25 years of age" Captain Montgomery

¹ Sir C. Napier, writing about Crawford Chamberlain, said: "This lad's brother is the Chamberlayne who was with Black Charles at Acre, and the brother in the Irregular Horse is coming down the pass. He is the man who dashed singly among the Afghans near Candahar, cut three down, and came clear off, though his sword was broken. He had lost the use of one hand from an Afghan cut, but he smote a fellow's arm so clean off that after the fight it was found with the sword still grasped! Of this fact there is no doubt. Young Chamberlayne saw the arm picked up holding the sword, and all his men born saw it also; so did another officer, and they could hardly fabricate the story."

² Lieutenant Mayne had distinguished himself under General Pollock at Jellalabad

added, "I have not the smallest doubts but the officers of these regiments will have great pleasure in perceiving the preference his Excellency shows to the materials of which these corps are composed, and that they will in consequence send none but choice men to do duty about his Lordship's person." They sent none but choice men, and in physique there is no finer body of men than the Imperial Corps which watches over the safety of the ruler of the Indian Empire. Neville Chamberlain writes "The bodyguard, I may say, are Indian Life Guards, picked men from cavalry corps, and none are under six feet in height. They are, I fancy, the best mounted cavalry in the world. Every horse is valued at 1000 rupees, and all bays, the picked horses of ten regiments, and the remounts the finest colts from the studs. Our uniform is the same as the Light Dragoons, with the difference of silver instead of gold lace." Many months of dreadful suffering, borne with fortitude and even with gaiety, had to pass before Neville Chamberlain could join the corps of which he was justly proud. He writes to his mother on the 17th of October —

"I am sorry to say my leg is no better, and recovery seems far off. Leeches have been applied to keep down inflammation. On the 11th the wound was probed, and the surgeon says more bone has to come away. He endeavoured to remove some splinters of bone, but without success. The left hand little finger was amputated on the 7th instant, and by this I hope to get free use of my hand. The healing process is going on very well, and in another fortnight I hope there will be no more need of plaster—properly speaking the finger ought to have been removed at the time I was wounded, but it does not signify now as the pain and annoyance will be soon over. If you may me you would say that I was a fit member for Chelsea Hospital, with my right leg resting on a chair and my left hand on a pillow on the table."

A month later Neville Chamberlain, though on the sick list, left Simla and proceeded to Agra, where the bodyguard was awaiting the arrival of the Governor General. Rumours of war were in the air. The jolting of a palkee for twelve days did, as he says, his leg no good. "As for

the leg, the surgeon now attending me is trying a new plan—bandaging and injections of muriatic acid. Should these measures not succeed, he proposes seeing what the knife will do. Twelve months have now passed away since I was hit, and I must say it has not been a year of much pleasure." He adds —

"The Commander in Chief came in yesterday. Gwalior is said to be our destination, and some think that the Mahrattas will fight. I do not think they will as a body, but they may give trouble in detached bodies. I shall accompany the force, and should anything take place, I doubt not that, for the occasion, I shall manage to mount my horse! There will be emulation between me and the Jallalabad hero, Mayne."

On the 11th of August 1843 Sir Hugh Gough, who had fought at Talavera and "bright Barossa," and had brought to a successful close the Chinese Expedition of 1838-42, assumed command of the army in India. He was soon in the field. The state of affairs in the Mahratta Court of Gwalior had for some time demanded the serious attention of the Governor General. The Court and the officials were Mahrattas, but the kingdom of Scindia lay outside of Mahrattaland in the heart of the Indian Peninsula, and the great rock fortress of Gwalior had been from early times called the key of Hindustan. In no part of the Gwalior State do the Mahrattas form any large proportion of the inhabitants. There is no part of India where the tribes of Brahmans are so various and their numbers so great, and Jats and Rajputs have settled there in large numbers. On the 7th of February 1843 the reigning sovereign, Jankojee Scindia, died, leaving no children, and expressing no wish regarding the succession. The Maharaja's widow, Tara Ranee, a young girl of about twelve years of age, with the concurrence of the chiefs of the State and the army, adopted a lad, the nearest though a very distant relative of the late Maharaja, and the adoption was recognised by the British Government. The boy, who fourteen years later proved our faithful ally in

the Mutiny, was then about eight years of age. On his accession he assumed the title of Ali Jah Jyages Rao Scindia. As he was too young to administer the government it became necessary to appoint a regent. The girl queen was anxious that Dada Khaageewala, the hereditary keeper of the crown jewels, should be appointed, but Mama Sahib, maternal uncle of the deceased Maharaja, was, chiefly through the influence of the British Resident, selected for the post. It was a bad choice, because he had as Prime Minister in the previous reign proved himself weak and incapable. A Mahratta woman has brains and a will of her own, and the young queen proceeded at once to thwart and harass Mama Sahib. He tried to consolidate his power by betrothing the boy Maharaja to his own niece. Tara replied by dismissing him on her own authority, assuming the name of Regent. All real power fell into the hands of Dada, who gained over the army by his largesses, and swiftly showed himself to be hostile to the interests of the British Government. All officers of European origin, and holding military or civil appointments, were removed for no reason but that they were known to be friendly to the British Government, and others with opposite views were appointed in their places. An army of 30,000 men with a very numerous artillery, under the direction of a man who had obtained his post and could only retain it in despite of the British Government, lay within a few marches of the capital of the North-West Province. That army was mainly composed of Brahmans or Rajput regiments. There was the bond of race and unity of religion between them and our own native regiments, among whom a mutinous spirit had already become manifest. The Cabul disaster had damaged our prestige. The Sikh army of the Khalsa numbered 70,000 soldiers and 300 guns, and an alliance between the Gwalior army and the Khalsa army to establish Hindu supremacy in Hindustan was no remote possibility, for the Sikhs are what we are too apt to forget, a sect, an unorthodox sect, of Hindus. It was this

consideration, as the records of the time show, that made Lord Auckland and Lord Ellenborough hesitate about sending an avenging army to Cabul, and they became the best abused men of the day. Lord Ellenborough was aware of the actual treachery as well as the passive breach of treaty committed by the Sikhs during the Afghan war. They had attempted to corrupt our sepoys and detach them from our service. An invasion of the British provinces had often been vanishingly talked of in the Punjab, and it was the opinion of the most competent authorities in India that the Khalsa army, confident in its own strength, desirous of war and plunder, and under no discipline or control, might at any time cross the Sutlej. "It would be unpardonable," said Lord Ellenborough, "were we not to take every possible precaution against its hostility, and no precaution appears to be more necessary than that of rendering our rear and our communications secure by the re-establishment of a friendly government at Gwalior." It was well for India that Lord Ellenborough had reduced the power of the Gwalior army before the inevitable collision with the Sikh came.

The Governor General, having determined that an unfriendly government with an overgrown and mutinous army must not exist at Gwalior, ordered an army of observation, numbering about 12,000 men besides artillery, to form at Agra. The Commander in Chief proposed "That an army of 20,000 men should be collected, and that they should not all be gathered at Agra, but that they should be divided into two bodies, the right wing (under himself) to act from Agra, and the left (under Sir John Grey) from Bundelcund."

Sir Hugh Gough based his strategy upon the supposition that the Gwalior army was a mob without leaders, with the heads at variance. "I found," he wrote, "a well-disciplined, well-organised army, well led and truly gallant." On the 11th of December Lord Ellenborough reached Agra. Two days later Neville Chamberlain had an interview with him,

"and was very kindly received. He offered to give me political employ until my leg got well, and then I could rejoin the Bodyguard, or have some other appointment." Neville Chamberlain thanked his lordship, and told him he preferred remaining in the profession to which he belonged. Disabled by his wound, he was still determined to take a part in the coming fight. The 12th First Brigade had moved forward to Dholepore on the 12th, and "I do not think," Neville Chamberlain wrote, "the Mahrattas will give up without trying their strength." On the 13th Lord Ellenborough sent a letter to the Maharajah, announcing his march and his object. On the receipt of it the hostile minister was surrendered, "and he is now in our camp," wrote the Governor General to the Duke of Wellington on the 18th of December. "From the disposition evinced at Gwalior, I have now every expectation that our object will be effected without the actual use of force. The disbandment of a portion of the army is the only measure which appears to offer any difficulties, and much delicacy will be required in carrying it into effect." But it was impossible for Ellenborough ever to display delicacy or tact. Contrary to the entreaty and representation of the Gwalior durbar, and the warning of Colonel Sleeman, he crossed the Chumbul, which marks our frontier, and the army of exercise encamped at Hingonah on the Kohari river. It was an act of war. On the 25th of December 1843, a large body of Mahrattas marched out of Gwalior, and the next day they took up a strong position at a village called Chauda, on the Asun river, six miles from the British army. On the 28th of December Neville Chamberlain enters in his diary: "Enemy's position reconnoitred by Commander in Chief, at daylight, fourteen cannon shot fired at the party, but no damage done, during the day false alarm that our cattle at graze had been attacked. Everybody busy hurrahing up arms."

The Commander in Chief with the Quartermaster General reconnoitred as far as the village of Maharaipore, but it was

only occupied by a picket of infantry. Sir Hugh Gough now determined to make a threatening movement upon the left, and a direct attack upon the enemy's centre at Chaunda, while General Valiant, with Brigadier Creton's cavalry and horse artillery, turned their left. But the Gwalior army did not mean to fight with the river and its intricate ravines immediately behind them. During the night the Mahrattas moved to the village of Maharajpore, three miles in front of Chaunda, and strongly entrenched themselves. As the historian of the Bengal artillery remarks: "A line of vedettes and patrols three miles in advance of the Kohari river would have been of use here."¹

On the 28th orders were issued for an advance in three columns, preparatory to an attack on Chaunda. It was believed the Commander in Chief would halt or encamp at or near Maharajpore. No second reconnaissance was made on the morning of the 29th before the columns advanced. Grey daylight had not come when the left column, under Major General Leslie, started. At dawn the central column, under Major General Valiant, moved forward. Lord Ellenborough rode in the rear of the reserve battery.² As the advances to Gwalior had been regarded in the light of a military promenade, the wives of the chief officers had accompanied them, and the ladies, including the wife and daughter of the Commander in Chief, on elephants with a small escort rode behind the troops as they marched to Maharajpore. It has been said that they were to breakfast at Maharajpore that morning, but they soon came under fire. Brigadier Scott's brigade of cavalry,

¹ 'History of the Organisation, Equipment, and War Services of the Regiment of Bengal Artillery,' by Major-General F. W. Stubbs, III. 92.

² "His presence in the field was due to an accident. The evening before the action, when all hopes of a peaceful settlement had come to an end, Lord Ellenborough asked the Commander-in-Chief where he ought to remain, and he was told 'in rear of the reserve battery.' The advice was obeyed, but an unforeseen movement on the part of the enemy brought the reserve battery under fire at the very beginning of the advance, and with it the Governor-General, who was following in the gray dawn the movements of the guns."—'Life of Major-General Sir Henry Marles Darnley, K.C.S.I.,' by H. M. Darnley, C.B.L., p. 75.

with Lane's troop on the left, had got as far as the village of Jowra, south of Maharajpore, without any sign of the enemy. Lieutenant R. G. Simson with the 10th Light Cavalry went on to reconnoitre. Suddenly a battery opened upon him. "The sun, just rising above the horizon, was in the eyes of our men, and they could not see from whence the round shot came." The enemy's battery was at a well on the road to Chanda, Lane galloped his troop forward, and came into action. But as he was overmatched by the heavy metal of the Mahratta ordnance, and his men began to fall rapidly, he had to limber up and retire. Meanwhile the Mahratta guns had opened on the Commander in Chief as he approached Maharajpore with General Littler's one brigade. Sir Hugh Gough had expected to find a picket at Maharajpore. "I found," he wrote in his dispatch, "the Mahrattas had occupied this very strong position during the previous night, by seven regiments of infantry with their guns, which they entrenched, each corps having four guns, which opened on our advances. This obliged me in some measure to alter my disposition."¹ It was originally intended that Brigadier Stacey should lead the central attack on Chanda, and he was a little in rear to the right when the enemy opened fire from Maharajpore. Littler's Brigade was immediately opposite the village. Staff officers were sent post haste to bring up the field batteries.² Browne's

¹ "This was no surprise," states the biographer. "Sir Hugh had never doubted that the enemy would have to occupy Maharajpore as an outpost, and, in point of fact, Major-General Churchill, the Quartermaster-General of her Majesty's troops, had been fired at from Maharajpore on the previous day."—"The Life and Campaigns of Hugh, First Viscount Gough, Field Marshal," by Robert S. Satt, I. 344. But it was a surprise to find that the Mahrattas meant to fight the battle at the village, and if the scouting had been well done, and a real reconnaissance made before the troops advanced, the battle might have been won by the combination of arms with less loss of life. As Henry Smith wrote at the time: "In the late conflict no one gave our foe credit for half his daring or ability; hence our attack was not quite so scientifically powerful by a combination of the different arms as it might have been."

² "It was yet early, and the heavy guns were not far behind. Had they been placed in position and given a chance, the casualty roll at the end of the day would have been much smaller."—"History of the Organisation, Equipment, and War Services of the Regiment of Bengal Artillery," by Major General F. W. Stubbs, III. 95.

and Sanders' batteries soon arrived, and opened a hot fire on the enemy's position, but their light guns had but little effect on the heavy ordnance of the Mahrattas, protected by their entrenchments. Round and grape shot tore through our ranks. Gough, after signalling to General Vaisant, still at some distance to the right, to co-operate, ordered Littler to attack with his brigade. Littler gave the word to Wright, and H M 39th and the 56th Native Infantry advanced in double columns of sub divisions.¹ "I only saw the 39th a part of their way," wrote the Governor General. "nothing could be more beautiful than their advance." The column slowly and steadily plodded its way over the ploughed fields under a heavy cross-fire of cannon, and the enemy having got the range exactly, "every shot came plump into it."² Many a gallant fellow fell. When three or four hundred yards from the village, the order was given to deploy into line.³ No sooner was the formation completed than the enemy "commenced firing grape, canister, old iron, horse-shoes, &c, and anything they could cram in, and here we lost most of the men who fell. The sound of the shells

¹ 'My Service in the Indian Army and After,' by General Sir T. Luther Vaughan, G.C.B., p. 16.

² Sir Luther Vaughan states 300 or 400 yards, General Stokes 100 yards.

³ The biographer of Hugh Gough writes: "While this was being done (deploying into line), a round shot fell among the 56th Native Infantry and killed three men, causing the regiment to hang back for a moment. This was at once perceived by the chief himself, who rode up and said, 'For shame, men, look at your gallant comrades [the 39th]. The formation was at once completed, and both regiments advanced upon the enemy's guns.'—'The Life and Campaigns of Hugh, First Viscount Gough, Field-Marshal,' by Robert S. Sait, I. 345.

The biographer of Sir Henry Havelock writes: "The 56th Native Infantry, who had been brigaded with H M.'s 39th, were advancing on the enemy, but at so slow a pace as to exhaust the patience of Sir Hugh. 'Will no one get that sepoy regiment on?' he repeatedly exclaimed. Havelock offered his services, and, riding up, inquired the name of the corps. 'It is the 56th Native Infantry. I don't want its number,' replied he. 'What is the native name?' 'Lamboorun ke-pultrum, Lamborum's regiment.' He then took off his cap, and, placing himself in their front, addressed them by that name, and in a few complimentary and cheering words reminded them that they were fighting under the eye of the Commander-in-Chief. He then led them up to the batteries, and afterwards remarked that 'whereas it had been difficult to get them forward before, the difficulty now was to restrain their impetuosity.'—'Memoirs of Major-General Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B.,' by John Clark Marshman, p. 140.

was unmistakable even to a novice, and anything but pleasant " A hurricane of iron rent the air, but they stepped steadily to within fifty yards of the entrenchment, poured in a volley with a rush, and flung themselves upon the battery, bayoneting the brave gunners, who would not abandon their guns " The battery presented a most curious sight The guns, which were painted blue and red, were blackened with smoke, and at the foot of each lay ten or twelve men on whom the bayonet had left its deadly mark Behind the guns stood the Mahratta infantry They fought with the desperate valour of their race, but they were driven into the villages, and a bloody struggle ensued in the streets Meanwhile Valiant's Brigade, consisting of H M 's 40th, the 16th and the 2nd Native Infantry, advanced under a heavy fire from the enemy's guns on the east rear of the village They greatly suffered But they, too, on getting to close quarters, fired a volley, charged with the bayonet, and made their way into the village The key of the enemy's position had been captured, and Maharajpore was in flames "

Sir J Thackwell, with the Horse Artillery and Brigadier Careton's Cavalry, 16th Lancers, 1st Light Cavalry, and 4th Light Cavalry, came up with the infantry about half-past eight, and, moving forward, Captain Grant at once engaged one of the enemy's batteries Major Alexander's troops having joined Grant's, they "both advanced to within 300 yards of the enemy, and soon drove him from his guns, which were afterwards taken possession of by Valiant's Brigade, who had suffered from them as they advanced The two troops pushed forward at a slow canter, but they had not gone far when the Mahratta batteries at Chaunda, to the north of the village of Shikarpore, well concealed by the tall stalks of rye, opened a heavy cross-fire on them Alexander was ordered to attack the batteries at Shikarpore, Grant to proceed against those in front of Chaunda While Alexander was engaged in an unequal artillery duel, Valiant's Brigade arrived and took the battery by storm "

"During the advance," says Sir Hugh Gough, "Major General Valiant had to take, in succession, three strong entrenched positions, where the enemy defended their guns with frantic desperation—Her Majesty's 40th Regiment losing two successive commanding officers, Major Stopford and Captain Coddington, who fell wounded at the very muzzles of the guns, and capturing four regimental standards. This corps was ably and nobly supported by the 2nd Grenadiers, who captured two regimental standards, and by the 10th Grenadiers under Lieut. Colonels Hamilton and McLaren. Too much praise cannot be given to these three regiments."¹

In the meantime Grant, on approaching within 600 yards of the batteries at Chaunda, unlimbered and opened fire. For upwards of half an hour he fought singly a heavy battery of twelve guns. "So well chosen," wrote Brigadier Gordon in his official report, "was the enemy's position, that even on horseback I could only discern the muzzles of their guns, which in weight of metal, as well as in number, were very superior to the troops. Their fire was very accurate, and was maintained with smartness." At one time they got the range of Captain Grant's troop so exactly "that nearly every shot fell between the guns and waggons of the battery." Men and horses fell rapidly. An ammunition waggon was blown up. "More than once, however, the enemy were driven by our fire from their guns, but, being unsupported at the time, except by a weak troop of cavalry, no advantage of this could be taken, and he returned to his guns." General Littler now came up with Wright's Brigade, and the fire being very heavy, the men were ordered to lie down 300 yards behind the troops. As Grant's ammunition was fast becoming expended, Brigadier Gordon sent Captain Macdonald, D.A.A.G., to request General Littler to move up and support the guns. Prompt was the response. The remains of the two gallant regiments forming line took ground to the left, and, when clear of the guns, wheeled up.¹ Under a very severe fire, over very difficult ground, they advanced, "but,

¹ 'History of the Bengal Artillery,' by Major-General F. W. Stubbs, II. 98.

when within a short distance, again the rush of the 39th Regiment as before under Major Bray, gallantly supported by the 56th Regiment under Major Dick, carried every thing before them, and thus gained the entrenched main position of Chaunda."¹ The battle was now won, but the gallantry of the enemy's resistance "would not have been overcome but for our gallant old Peninsula comrades, the 39th and 40th Regiments, who carried everything before them, bayoneting the gunners at their guns to a man. These guns were most ably posted, each battery flanking and supporting the other by as heavy a cross fire of cannon as I ever saw, and grape like hail. Our leaders of brigades in the neighbourhood and in the villages had various opportunities of displaying heroism—Valiant, Wright, 39th, and my assistant, Major Barr, remarkably so,—and many gallant fellows fell in this noble performance of their duty."² Major Straubensee led the 39th out of action fewer by 216 officers and men than had mustered that morning at parade. Three thousand of the enemy lay dead on the field. "A more thorough devotedness to their cause no soldiers could evince, and the annals of their defeat, although an honour to us, can never be recorded as any disgrace to them."

On the 28th of December the troops under the command of General Grey, who had been directed to advance against Gwalior from the south, encountered another portion of the Mahratta army at Punniar, twelve miles from the capital. They were no less than 12,000 in number, and they occupied a strong position on a line of rugged heights overlooking the valley. It was from the fort of Mangon, nearly in their centre, that they opened a warm fire on our baggage. Some cavalry under Brigadier Harriott was at once sent to engage the enemy, but the ravines made the ground difficult for cavalry. Lieutenant Cox and Captain

¹ Gough's Despatch.

² 'The Autobiography of Lieutenant General Sir Harry Smith,' II. 133.

Bread soon turned out with four guns and engaged them. When they had sufficiently silenced the Mahratta guns, the 3rd Buffs and Sappers advanced against the enemy's right, forced it from height to height, and captured eleven of their guns. A wing of the 39th Native Infantry, having occupied the crest of a hill commanding the enemy's left, after pouring in a destructive fire, rushed down and captured a battery of two guns. Brigadier Yates and Major Earle successively commanding the 39th were both wounded. Then General Grey came up at the head of a brigade of infantry, composed of the 50th Queen's and the 50th and 58th Native Infantry. They were halted, and as soon as they loaded they attacked, with a loud cheer, the Mahratta left. After a short stiff struggle the remainder of the Mahratta guns were taken, and the battle won. The loss in the action amounted to 35 killed and 182 wounded.

On the 4th of January the victorious forces met beneath the rock fortress of Gwalior, which was taken possession of by the contingent forces commanded by British officers. On the 13th of January a treaty was concluded by which the Maharanee was handsomely pensioned but excluded from the government, and the administration vested in a Council of Regency, under the control of the British Resident, during the minority of the Maharaja, which was to end at eighteen. Lord Ellenborough behaved with scrupulous moderation towards the Gwalior State, and it was due to his moderation that Scindia rendered us admirable service in the crisis of the sepoy revolt. It was agreed that territory yielding eighteen lakhs a year should be ceded to the British Government for the maintenance of a contingent force. The Gwalior Contingent became a compact force of 10,000 men of all arms, composed of high-caste Brahmans and Rajputs, disciplined and trained by English officers. They owed no allegiance to the ruler of the Gwalior State, and, not being a part of the native army, they owed no allegiance to the British Government. During the Mutiny they proved our most formidable foes. The lesson is important.

Neville Chamberlain's diary contains an account of the fight of Maharajpore —

"I left Agra on the 16th December (1843), reached Dholepore on the 19th—I performing the marches in a buggy

"20th and 21st December — Halted, preparations made for crossing the Chumbal river Interviews between the Governor General and native rajahs.

"22nd December — Marched seven miles up the banks of the river to the ford!

"23rd December — Crossed the Chumbal by a good ford, three and a half feet depth of water Camp pitched six miles inland on the right bank at a place called Hangonah The whole force that had been moving by separate routes met and encamped together —about 16,000 men,—and I hear we have 60,000 camp-followers. We entered Scindia's territory to day

"24th to 26th December — Halted. In treaty with the Mahrattas, things begin to look warlike!

"27th December — Halted The Mahrattas will not give in to our terms! A report their army has taken up a position in our front, only distant a few miles.

"28th December — Enemy's position reconnoitred by Commander in-Chief at daylight, fourteen cannon shot fired at the party, but no damage done. During the day false alarm that our cattle at grass had been attacked. Everybody busy burning up arms.

"29th December — Marched in three columns at daybreak to attack the enemy, leaving a strong rear-guard to protect the baggage. I accompanied the centre column in a doolie (a litter carried by four men), booted and spurred, ready to mount my horse at the first shot. Reached the enemy's position at half past eight, and the moment we got within range of their guns they opened upon us, the second shot falling into the centre of the column. The cavalry division was on the right, so I went over to join them. The Mahratta position was well chosen and better defended. They fought like men, and defended their guns nobly! Their practice was admirable, and no guns could have been better served. Their loss must have been great they were annihilated to a man. The village of Maharajpore, which was their centre position, on being taken by our troops was set fire to, and the whole of its defendants perished in the flames. This act was resorted to on the Mahrattas shooting down our men from loopholes and refusing to surrender. Poor wretches! To escape the flames they mounted the roofs of the houses, and thus being exposed to the musketry were shot down. But to return. On my reaching the bodyguard, my own horse was a little in the rear, so I mounted the first spare trooper I could find! As bad luck would have it this brute was a determined runaway, and had thrown his rider before I mounted him. H.M. 16th Lancers

and ourselves were ordered to turn the enemy's left flank, and this we endeavoured to do by charging a battery that opened upon us from their left. We received the fire of the battery in our front, as well as that of another battery on our flank, which had before been concealed, and when within a few yards of their guns we were pot three about (ordered to retreat), from the impossibility of crossing a ravine that ran along and protected the front of the batteries.

"After our failure with the guns, H M. 16th Lancers and ourselves were drawn up within range, and we remained unemployed for the rest of the day. The batteries we failed at were stormed by the infantry and were the last taken. You may fancy how annoyed we all were as we remained from half past nine until near 5 P.M. on our horses, within range, and in sight of the Mahratta camp, totally unemployed, whilst the rest of the force was engaged. The only consolation we have is that it was our misfortune, and not our fault.

"In Afghanistan we never had many guns opposed to us, and this was the first time I had ever been under a heavy cannonade. No words can give an idea of the effect of a round shot striking a column, particularly when in movement, and you see three or four men and horses rolling on the ground together, and the rest so the rear galloping over their fallen comrades with as much concern as if they were so many clods of earth. Being very weak from never using my arms, and from continued confinement, the little strength that I had was soon exhausted by holding a hard mouthed horse with one hand and carrying a heavy sword in the other. Before we charged the battery the brute ran away with me twice, however I managed to bring him round to the regiment again, the third time, when the word 'About' was given my horse took me from the extreme right of our line of attack to the extreme left, carrying me through some of the enemy's infantry, who, as a matter of course, let fly at me *à la passion*. Fortunately the crops were high, and I was not seen or hit among them, and natives are not good flying shots. By the horse running away with me I saw more of the action than I should otherwise have done, so everything was for the best. My leg did not suffer by the ride, but I was so exhausted that, to have saved my life, I could not have raised my sword to have guarded a blow.

"Our cavalry was badly placed, and we were the most unsuccessful troops in the field. Our artillery did not commit as much havoc among the enemy's guns as might have been expected, but the fault did not lie with them, as they were ordered to fire at long ranges. Our infantry too the day. Hardly able to walk from exhaustion, and under a heavy fire, they steadily advanced across the plain, and stormed battery after battery, and position after position. The first shot was fired about 8.30 A.M. and the third and last position of the enemy was not captured until nearly 5 P.M. After the fight, the bodies of hundreds were lying in blackened heaps in

the village of Maharajpore, and in one or two others that had been set on fire. Every gun (with the exception of one) was captured, and amounted to about fifty. For hours and hours after the action had ceased, mines which the enemy had made all about the field kept blowing up, and thus many of our soldiers and quantities of the camp-followers were killed and burnt. The field hospital was a most sickening sight even to those accustomed to witness the horrors of a field of battle,—dead, dying, and wounded, all mixed together, and legs and arms flung outside of the tents after amputations.

"Our loss has been great, but not to be wondered at when the prowess of our enemy is taken into consideration. Major General Churchill received his mortal wound whilst leading the cavalry against the battery. Lieutenant-colonel Sanders, in storming a battery, was shot dead. In him the Company have lost one of their bravest and best officers. How he escaped in Afghanistan is a perfect miracle, as he was always the first in and the last out of action. I cannot say how I regret his death—he had just attained honours and distinctions, and a few years more would have placed him at the top of his profession. Lieutenant Newton, 16th B N I, fell under five wounds the first a sword-cut across the stomach (from a man who feigned dead) whilst endeavouring to save the life of a wounded Mahratta. After this cut he still continued with his corps, and marched along holding up his intestines with his hands.

"At sunset the volleys of the funeral parties proclaimed that the last office was being performed over the remains of the poor fellows who had fallen during the day.

"30th December.—So stiff from yesterday's exertions that I can hardly move. More mines blowing up. Marched at 11 A.M. Our division left to take care of the wounded and the captured guns. The Mahratta Queen Regent sends in her submission.

"31st December.—Halted. Fort of Gwalior in sight. The Queen and Rajah come to the Governor-General.

"1st January 1844.—Halted. Another officer dead of his wounds. Heard that General Grey had fought the Mahrattas and beaten them.

"2nd January.—Marched. On the alert all night.

"3rd January.—Marched. Pitched our camp out of gun shot of the fort of Gwalior. False alarm at 3 P.M. Proved to be our troops.

"4th January.—General Grey's division joined us. The fort of Gwalior given over to us.

"5th January.—More men and an officer die of their wounds. In the morning rode to the Mahratta camp on an elephant. Met with great civility from the Mahrattas.

"6th January.—Everything said to be settled. Halted till 1st. Terms of treaty settled. Mahrattas delivered up their arms and guns."

Neville Chamberlain could not resist the temptation to visit the scene of action, and he writes to his sister on the 15th —

"On the 19th January I, with several other officers, rode over the field of battle, and we came to the conclusion that all the batteries should have been captured by our cavalry. A more beautiful plain for cavalry movements cannot be conceived. If instead of sitting idly on our horses and being a target for the enemy's artillery, we had been made use of, the life of many a brave soldier would have been spared, and in all probability that of the brave Sanfiers!

"We particularly examined the ravine that stopped our charge, and you may fancy how annoyed we were to find that it might have been turned had we gone 100 or 300 yards to our left. The river at the rear of the enemy's position might have been crossed at fifty places, and we could therefore have intercepted all retreat towards Gwalior.

"The bodies of the enemy were still unburned, and after a month's exposure to the sun presented a most horrible spectacle—hundreds of vultures, kites, and crows were fattening."

On the 3rd of February Neville Chamberlain returned to Agra. After the battle of Maharajpore he had his wound well examined. "It was proposed to lay the leg open, but this cannot be done, as they say that bone encircles the orifice from top to bottom. Undiluted nitric and muriatic acids have been applied, and have had the effect of corroding a piece of diseased bone. Patience is still preached to me." The doctors told him he must return to the hills, and hinted that when he had in some measure recovered his strength an operation would have to be performed. It was a heavy trial. He wrote to his sister "The body guard has been increased to three squadrons, and I trust that next cold season we may try our strength against the Lion of the Punjab. Could I but join and do my duty, but being again obliged to go to the hills with no prospect of getting well is enough to break one's spirits. Days, weeks, and months pass without any sign of improvement." There was, however, one consolation: his brother Crawford, who was now second in command of the 9th Cavalry, had, owing to repeated attacks of the fever which he had

contracted in Sind, been compelled to take sick leave, and the two brothers were once again going to live together at the hill station of Mussoorie.

On the 20th of February Neville Chamberlain left Agra and set forth on his march to Saharanpore. He writes "I reached Meerut on the 2nd, coming on by quiet marches, and now I am half-way to Saharanpore, where I hope to meet Crawford." He gives his sister "an outline of my day's march," and the young regimental officer surveys the country and the people with the eye of an artist and the delight of a cultivated and active intellect. If "there be any old fort near or any place celebrated in Indian history," he cannot resist visiting it.

"You must not fancy I have no amusements besides my books, for I take delight in Nature. My tent is now pitched in a grove of mangoes trees. A few fields off they are busy cutting up the sugar cane. Close by the reapers are busy with their sickles among the barley. Doves are cooing on all sides. 'Spite's' enemies, the squirrels, are hopping and chattering about. Within a stone's throw of my tent door is a tank to which people and cattle are continually going to bathe or drink. Early in the morning strings of women come to fill their earthen and brass vessels with water. Then come the Hindoos to bathe, who are so scrupulously clean, and they remain long in the water reciting their prayers. In contrast with them the Mahomedan, who is far from particular about his person, sits at the water's edge, dips in his hands, rubs them once over his face, and considers his toilette finished. The poor bullocks, as they are taken out of the carts, rush into the water to slake their thirst. When once a buffalo gets in it is difficult to get him out, and all you can see is the tip of his nose and horns. Horses, goats, and sheep, all take their share, so I have an opportunity of watching the ways of quadrupeds as well as bipeds. I have written a lot of nonsense, but I will make amends when I meet Crawford."

About noon on the 21st of March Crawford rode into Saharanpore. "He was looking pretty well, everything considered. We had so much to say, so many questions to ask each other, that we did not close our eyes until completely worn out with fatigue." On the 28th the two brothers reached their house at Mussoorie, some 7500 feet above the level of the sea. Below them lay the rich

valley of the Doon, and on the west, over a swelling sea of mountains, they saw the Himalaya peaks—the range of snow Dr Murray, the surgeon at Landour, a military depôt for sick officers and men near Mussoorie, was considered a first rate operator, "and ties an artery as easily as he would his cravat" After examining Neville Chamberlain's wounded leg, he told him that nothing but an operation would remove the diseased bone A few weeks later the operation was performed Crawford wrote "The operation took ten minutes, and the surgeons say they never knew a man to bear torment like poor Neville did, not a muscle of his face altered He refused to take chloroform"

On the 25th of May Neville wrote to his mother, "I shall not be long a prisoner", and all went well for some time, and he was able to stand a horse for half an hour and "shoot pretty well off an elephant" Then the wound suddenly reopened, and he wrote to his mother in November "All my hopes have been destroyed, and I am as great a cripple as ever I had hoped to be using my leg again Fate has ordained otherwise, and I must not murmur" He adds "I have now made up my mind either to go to England or try what a sea voyage can do for me The hills I have tried for two years and they have proved inefficacious In justice to myself I must try a change to England, the Cape, or the China sea This point shall be decided by the Calcutta doctors" As Crawford could not shake off the Sind fever, and the doctors declared his only chance of recovery lay in a sea voyage, he determined to take leave to the Cape, and go down with Neville to Calcutta. On the 10th of December 1844, thirty two miles from Meerut, they embarked on board a country boat which they had chartered to take them to Calcutta, and on the 6th of February they arrived off the ghats or landing places of the great city

At Calcutta at the last moment Neville Chamberlain was unwilling to return to England, for he believed that there

would soon again be hard and glorious work in the profession dignified by danger. He wrote to his mother "Do not think me selfish when I tell you I regret being obliged to leave India. War may be declared with the Sikhs any day. Only fancy my wasting my time in England when I should be on horseback! But what can I do? Fortune does not favour me. The Sikhs will prove an enemy worthy to meet. The Government will be anxious to defer war till October or November, but the Sikhs will not consult our wishes on the subject." In November the Sikh army crossed the Sutlej. Neville Chamberlain had an interview with the Governor General, who urged on him "the necessity of going home, and on my requesting to be relieved from my appointment, he said I should go back to the bodyguard on my return, and thus without any kind of solicitation on my part." The good advice was not thrown away. Neville took his passage in the *Glandersagh*, 700 tons, trading to the port of Liverpool. "The captain is a rough Scotsman of immense stature, and evidently finished his education in the Highlands before railroads were in vogue. He is civil, and has the reputation of being a good navigator, so I daresay we shall get on very well."

On the 18th of February the brothers parted, Crawford setting sail for the Cape. He was deeply anxious to accompany Neville, but he was poor, and he did not wish to forfeit the important post he had won by his services, and in the days of the East India Company an officer on leave who did not proceed west of the Cape did not forfeit his Indian pay nor his appointment. On the 26th of April 1845 Crawford writes to his mother "I have had more fever and ague since landing, and am altogether in the blue devils, feeling an alien, and all *are* strangers to me. I went to see the *beau monde* of the Cape at the races, and was rather pleased with the appearance of the Dutch ladies. I fear my heart would be mortally wounded by one of these Dutch sirens! therefore I shall fly, and court the ostriches

and lions. I even think of going away to New South Wales." Crawford's heart was mortally wounded by a Dutch siren. In November 1845 he married Miss Elizabeth de Wet, and she proved a devoted and faithful companion.

On February 20, 1845, Neville Chamberlain left Calcutta. Sailing down the tortuous and difficult course of the Hooghly was a long and anxious matter, and Neville's homeward voyage had not an auspicious beginning. On the 1st of March he writes —

"From below DIAMOND HARBOUR.

"We are now awaiting the flood-tide to take us over the Majapore flats. Unfortunately we have no doctor, and cholera has shown itself among the crew, one man died and two more have been seized. Our boatswain was very nearly gone. It is brought on from drinking, and eating too much fruit, and exposure to the sun. When we get out to sea we shall get all right. We are registered 647 tons, and all hands included do not muster more than twenty six men, so we cannot afford to lose any of our crew. We are very deeply laden, drawing nineteen feet, and we can hardly reach Liverpool before July. Shu is a fine strong craft for a merchantman, and we shall not go down without a struggle for it. I have a fair stock of books—Byron, Pope, Milton, and last, though not least, Shakespeare will be a good stand by, but—after all my manœuvring, we have a lady on board! the wife of a Captain Finlay, 39th Foot, and he is also of our party. My wound still keeps closed. Captain Finlay told me this morning that after seven years' absence the first thing his mother said (turning to his sister), 'How horribly ugly he has grown!' A nice reception, and one I do not anticipate however ugly you may think me. Now dear, dear Larry, one long adieu."

Of the homeward voyage we know little. The *Glandarragh* justified her reputation as a strong sea craft, but shu was undermanned, and the crew mutinied, and there were stormy scenes, and Neville had to act as mediator between the captain and his men. He was deprived of the peace and rest which he hoped to enjoy on board ship, and the benefit from the homeward voyage was not so great as he expected.

In the course of July Neville Chamberlain reached Liverpool, and he proceeded at once to London to consult Cooper Key, the great surgeon of the day. It was characteristic of the man that he did not let his family know of his

arrival, as he wished to save his mother and sisters mental distress in case the leg had to be amputated. But there was no need of the surgeon's special service. He was told that time alone was wanted to cure the wound. He heard the decision with a sense of unutterable relief, for his sufferings had been cruel, and he hastened to Clifton where a large family party was gathered "to welcome Neville, and listen to all he had to tell us, though he was shy of talking of himself even to us."

In the spring of 1846 Lady Chamberlain left Clifton and rented a house at Walmer, as sea air was recommended for Neville. His patience and cheerfulness never failed, but to be shut up in a house, his sister writes, was a sore trial. He proceeded to build himself a small boat just big enough to hold two, "and it lay on the beach at our garden gate." Neville Chamberlain soon became as expert a sailor as he was a rider. In sailing, as in riding, he was, however, too venturesome. The old Deal boatmen used to shake their heads when he launched his tiny craft through the surf, and they used to watch through their glasses to see "what strange thing the young gentleman would do next." The strange thing the young gentleman did was to set off in her to Calais. The sisters watched the tiny white speck till it was lost to sight, and for two or three days there was no news of the boat and its crew. Then the boatman returned, and said that as he had a wife and child he was not going to lose his life crossing the Channel again in that cockle shell, and he had therefore left Neville at Calais, who was determined to sail back. Deserted by his boatman, the captain had to find another crew. It was no easy task. He was a marked man for the official eye. He had forgotten his French and spoke Persian to the French police, and this created an irritating and deep suspicion. He had no passport which would have revealed the nationality of the young gentleman who spoke a strange tongue. He had no licence for his boat, and they absolutely refused to believe that he had

crossed the Channel in the small boat lying under the wheels of a paddle-boat. Days passed in negotiations. At last Neville managed to procure a licence (*Ondine* $\frac{1}{2}$ of a ton), and he set sail for Walmer. He had managed to persuade a Frenchman to accompany him, but he was not a sailor and only of use in bailing out the seas. Neville had no compass, and he guided the *Ondine* by the sun and the track of passing ships. On the evening of the third day "he struck the beach at our garden gate." The Duke of Wellington, who was residing at Walmer Castle, where he dispensed a generous hospitality to the naval and military officers within reach, was much delighted with the adventure, and "he made William [the sailor brother] tell it over and over." Many a day did the *Ondine* scud away, brushing the foam behind her into the open sea, and in the evening the brave boat, guided by her master's hand, was seen returning home. One day the *Ondine* that had so faithfully carried her master through storm and sunshine did not return home. A coasting vessel seeing a solitary man far away from land in a tiny boat regarded him as a shipwrecked mariner, and bore down upon him. The little *Ondine* was capsized and sank to the bottom. Neville by clutching a rope saved himself, and appeared on deck deeply wrathful at the loss of his companion. The hours spent with her on the free sea had so improved his health that he decided to return at once to India, though he had enjoyed only half his leave. In October 1846 he left Walmer. A sister's loving hand has drawn a portrait of him at this time, and his comrades, the few who have not stolen away to join the majority, say it is a true likeness. "He was now in his twenty seventh year—tall and handsome, with a slight and graceful figure and a charming face full of purpose, a determined mouth and kind blue eyes, a union of strength and gentleness, and most genuine modesty and simplicity in his person and that was very winning. It was hard to part with—hard to lose his dear companionship."

On his arrival at Calcutta in December 1846 Neville Chamberlain found Crawford and his wife had arrived there from the Cape, and were waiting at the landing-place to welcome him. Crawford, having taken leave to the Cape, retained his old appointment (second in command of the 9th Bengal Cavalry), but Neville, on reporting himself, was sorely disappointed to find that instead of being reappointed to the bodyguard, as the Governor General had promised, he was offered the adjutancy of the 14th Irregular Cavalry. "I accepted, but made it known I was disappointed. Immediately I recovered the partial use of my leg I had started for India, seventeen months before the expiration of my leave, and under the expectation of joining the bodyguard." A consolation, however, came to him opportunely in the shape of the following note —

"MY DEAR CHAMBERLAIN,—I should be glad if it is acceptable to you to be Military Secretary to the new Bombay Governor. It can be arranged I do not doubt to release you here, so as to enable you to accompany me. The salary (1000 Rs. consolidated) is not much for so responsible an office, but you need not be at great expense there, and I promise to let you go to the fore whenever there is more fighting among your old friends in the North West —
Yours sincerely,
GEORGE CLIFK.

"CALCUTTA, 28/4 Dec 1846"

Neville Chamberlain writes from the *s.s. Hindistan*, about sixty miles from Madras, 13th January 1847. "I am truly thankful and gratified by this offer, which I of course accepted, and I hope he will not have cause to regret having selected me. As for him, he is a most perfect gentleman, and universally liked and respected. My acquaintance was originally through Sir Henry Fane. I became personally acquainted at Simla in 1843. He joined the *Hindistan* steamer at Suez coming from Europe, we were thus thrown together again, and were fellow passengers as far as Calcutta."

As Military Secretary Neville Chamberlain had an opportunity of gaining an insight into administrative and clerical work. But he had held the office for little more than a year,

when Mr Clerk, finding his health failing, applied to be relieved. On May 7 the coast and ship batteries announced George Clerk's departure. "All ranks and classes regretted it." Before leaving Bombay, the ex-governor had exerted himself to obtain a suitable post for his Military Secretary. Lord Dalhousie responded to his appeal by making Neville Chamberlain an Honorary A.D.C. The Governor General wrote :—

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE, BARRACKPORE,
April 13th, 1848.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter, in which you express a strong desire that your Military Secretary, Lieutenant Chamberlain, should be appointed one of the honorary A.D.C.'s. Mr Chamberlain's distinguished conduct in the service fully qualifies him for receiving a public recognition of it. Hitherto, there has been only one officer under the rank of major who has been named honorary A.D.C., and he was a captain. Mr C. is only a lieutenant, and I should have felt that circumstance to be a bar to his appointment in almost any case. But I entertain so strong a desire to gratify any wish you may express, and to prove my sense of your claims on the service from which, to my deep regret, you are about to retire, that I at once accede to your proposal, and will gazette Mr C. on your leaving the Government of Bombay. You are probably aware that the appointment is purely honorary, and does not give allowances, or attach the holder to the personal staff.—Believe me, dear sir, yours very truly,
"DALHOUSIE."

Sir Willoughby Cotton, the Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay army, and Lord Falkland, the new Governor, both proposed that Neville Chamberlain should join their personal staff, but he declined. "Nothing would induce me to serve upon any man's personal staff," he wrote, "other than in the field." Mr Hamilton, the Resident at Indore, had written to George Clerk that, there being a prospect of an officer being employed under him, he had written to Mr Courtney, the Governor General's Private Secretary, to put Neville Chamberlain's name before his lordship, "and I write this that you may communicate the fact to him, though I know not whether the Governor General will consent. If C. comes through Indore after leaving you, he will be ready to take up the appoint

ment if the Governor General consents" Neville Chamberlain, therefore, determined to rejoin his regiment at Agra, and Indore. On the 20th of August 1848 he writes from Indore —

"I left Poona on horseback the 2nd July, and I got here on the 20th of this month, the distance about 440 miles, so you see I did not hurry myself. My object in not going the usual route was to enable me to see Ahmednagar, Aurangabad, Rosa, Ellora, Adjunta, Boorhampoor, Asanungbar, and Mahesur (the Cave Temple), and well have I been repaid for my trouble my plan was to make long marches, and then halt two or three days wherever there was any thing worth visiting. So well pleased have I been that, although my establishment was on too small a scale to admit of my having much comfort, still I would gladly go over the ground again for one more peep at the Caves of Ellora and Adjunta."

Neville Chamberlain had been two months at the Indore Residency,—“like an English seat at home surrounded by park like ground,”—deeply engaged in mastering Hindustani and Persian, when his studies had to be abandoned by the rapid progress in the Punjab of the political distemper which was so soon to culminate in war. Before leaving Bombay he had heard of the murder of two political officers at Mooltan, and the tidings which now reached him convinced him that a second war with the Sikhs was imminent, and he wrote to the Adjutant General of the army —

"MY DEAR COLONEL GRANT,—I feel that I am trespassing on your kindness in addressing you, particularly when the object of my letter is to solicit other employment than that which the C. 15-C. so kindly lately conferred on me.

"My excuse must be my desire to be employed in the active duties of my profession, and, if I argue rightly, the day is not far distant when the Punjab will offer a field for military aspirants. Should any troops take the field I pray to be allowed to accompany them, and I shall ever feel deeply indebted to his lordship if he will accede to this request. I am ready and willing to serve *in any capacity*, and the boon of being allowed to do duty with any regiment actively employed would be received with joy and gratitude. It was my misfortune not to have partaken in the last Sutlej campaign. Active service is the only recompense I now can ever hope for, and I feel assured his Excellency will grant me, when the time arrives, the

opportunity dear to a soldier. I left England before half my leave had expired, under the expectation of British interference being speedily required in the Punjab, and in the hope of participating in the inevitable struggle. With your assistance I hope not to be disappointed, and feeling convinced that you will excuse my troubling you with a subject that is of such importance to my future career —
I remain,
N C"

Neville Chamberlain intended to await a reply at Indore, but a few days after the letter had been sent the papers announced that the Sikh force at Mooltan had joined the rebels, and the siege of the city by our troops had been abandoned. "This open declaration of Sikh feeling quite settled my determination." His host procured him camels for his baggage, and on the evening of the 22nd of September he set forth on his journey. He has recorded his march through Central India in a letter to his mother, and his descriptions, so fresh and vivid, reveal to us the state of India sixty years ago. In order to save expense he took no tent. Between Agra and Indore small rest houses had been erected for the shelter of the traveller, at distances from twenty five to thirty miles, and he marched from bungalow to bungalow. As it was necessary that his horses should reach Agra fresh and in good condition he had to ride at a foot's pace, and he was generally ten hours in the saddle before completing his daily journey. He started while the sun was at its hottest, and he began his march when it was about to set. "The Pleiades rise about 8 P.M., and seeing them tells me I have performed a third of my journey. Aldebaran, Orion, Sirius, each greet me in their turn, and the bright morning star is to me as it was to the shepherds of old. Latterly the moon has kept me company for a portion of the night, and when she has quitted me on her travels westward, I have charged her to bless your sleep with heavenly dreams. Two years ago, this very full moon, we had heavenly nights at Walmer." Of a calm night he heard from afar the couriers who carried the post from Indore to Agra. "You hear them by the clanking of the chains or bells attached to the end of their

sticks, on which they hang the wallet. These balls are meant to frighten the wild beasts, and they appear to have the effect, for few runners are killed. The road leads through many *agerah*-looking places, and when quite alone, travelling as I did by night, I adopted the system of shrieking and uttering sounds anything but harmonious. Most of his journey after leaving Indore was through Scindia's territories, and he writes —

"It is fortunate that Lord Ellenborough drew his back teeth or we might ere this have felt them, when our faces were turned towards the Punjab. Had Lord E. seen the valley of Ramnuggur, I think he would have drawn more and recommended a new set. Lately few Europeans have passed up this road, and I hear from the natives that the disaffected, and their name is legion, assign as a reason for this feeling our having been beaten by the Sikhs! No rain has fallen in the districts about Agra, and a famine must be the result. The road for days past has swarmed with men, women, and children, with their cattle, flocking towards Malwa in search of employment and food. It is a pitiable sight to see the old, the lame, and the blind, driven from their homes by remorseless famina. The van is led by the stalwart carrying the younger children, and little infants, of may be a few hours in this world of woe, carried in circular baskets on their mothers' heads, and to protect them from the sun they attach three sticks, over which they throw a cloth. Children are carried in all manner of ways—tied to the back, across the hips, and sometimes seated on the head. The rear is brought up by the infirm and those sinking down into the sear and yellow leaf, and four or five young men carry the arms that have been handed down to them for generations. Notwithstanding all this toil and misery they seemed reconciled to their hard fate, and when questioned say it is the will of God! At night-time when I come upon them they are asleep, forgetting all their sorrows, or else singing to their tom-toms."

On the 20th of October Neville Chamberlain writes from Agra. —

"My hopes have been realised. I have been appointed Major of Brigade, 4th Brigade of Cavalry. The brigade is composed of three regiments Irregular Cavalry, and the 9th is one, so that Crawford and I will again meet in the field. I am delighted, and I am making all preparations for the campaign. The good news reached me yesterday, that, together with my friend Dr Murray's good advice, has completely set me up, for I was suffering in health! I have still 300 miles to march before I can find myself at Ferozapore, but long ere this reaches you I hope we shall be in the heart of the Punjab."

CHAPTER VII

Recall of Lord Ellenborough—Sir Arthur Hardinge assumes the office of Governor General—The First Sikh War, 1845—Battle of Moodkee—Battle of Ferozshah—Battle of Sobroon—The Treaty of Lahore—Lord Hardinge leaves India—Lord Dalhousie assumes office of Governor General, January 12, 1848—Moolraj Diwan of Multan—Sir Frederick Currie appointed Resident at Lahore—Sends a small force to depose Moolraj—Murder of Vans Agnew and Anderson—Herbert Edwardes' victory at Rhydree—Successful victory at Suddoosht, June 18, 1848—The plot at Lahore—The Ranees in secret communication with Cabel, Candahar, and Cashmere—Sends emissaries to inflame the religious passions of our native troops—The Ranees deported to Benares—British force despatched from Lahore by Resident—Sher Singh joins Moolraj—His father, Chuttee Singh, raises the standard of rebellion—The Sikh nation in arms—The "Army of the Punjab" formed, October 13, 1848—British advances to Ramnuggur—Cavalry skirmish—Colonel W. Havelock's gallant charge and death—Death of Brigadier-General Cureton—Engagement at Sadoolshere—Letter from Neville Chamberlain—Retreat of the Sikhs to Kummool—Battle of Chillianwalla, January 13, 1849—Neville and Crawford Chamberlain make their way to the front—Letter from Neville Chamberlain—Camp Chillianwalla—Battle of Coufema, February 21, 1849—Complete rout of the Sikhs—Gilbert's pursuing column—Letter from Neville Chamberlain—Surrender of the Sikh army—Pursuit of the Afghans—Neville Chamberlain and Nicholson ride together to the entrance of the Rhyder Pass.

In June 1844 the Court of Directors, distrusting his erratic genius and disliking his love of theatrical display, recalled the Governor General, Lord Ellenborough. His successor was Sir Arthur Hardinge, who had turned the tide at the battle of Albuera, and had lost his arm at Ligny. Besides being a brave and distinguished soldier, he possessed the experience of a Cabinet Minister, and by his tact and judgment had won the confidence of the Duke of Wellington and Sir

Robert Peel. He had not the imagination which makes a great statesman, but he had two of the qualities which make a great administrator,—sound sagacity and excellent habits of business. At the beginning of his rule a momentous question arose, as complicate and intricate as any a British statesman had ever to face in India. The Cabinet and the Court of Directors had had enough of war. The short and brilliant Gwalior campaign was darkened and eclipsed by the Afghan campaign. The moral sense of the British nation had been touched by the annexation of Sind. Before he left England Sir Arthur Hardinge had been solemnly enjoined to maintain peace. Peace was essential to those measures on which he was engaged during the first year of his administration for moral and material development. But on our northern frontier lay the Panjab, seething with a brave and turbulent soldiery, wild with religious ardour, suspicious of its own rulers, more suspicious of our proceedings. The object of the Governor General was to adopt such measures as would insure us against aggression without endangering the preservation of peace. He quietly and unostentatiously massed on the Sutlej, and at the station immediately below it, an army of 40,000 men. The force was too large for crushing disorderly irruption; it was not sufficient to check or repel invasion. The Sikh Durbars expended large sums on secret service, and the information they received of the movements of our troops gave rise naturally to suspicion and apprehension. They were confirmed by the Governor bringing to Ferozepore the famous bridge of boats. The Private Secretary to the Governor General wrote: "Sixty boats, built at Bombay, have just been conveyed into the Indus to serve as river flotilla, and also as a bridge of boats. They are of equal dimensions, each carrying a gun, two grappling irons with strong chains, and 100 men, the sixty boats would therefore, for short distances, such as the passage of a river, carry 6000 infantry at one trip. Each boat has its separate proportion of timber ready for the flooring

of a bridge of boats, and capable of being laid down in two or three hours." The Private Secretary adds "It is not desirable that the purpose to which these boats can be applied should unnecessarily transpire. The Governor-General does not desire to create alarm, which might be prejudicial to the Maharajah's government." The purposes to which these boats could be applied were bound to transpire, and so to confirm the belief throughout the Punjab that the British intended to avail themselves of the distractions to the State to annex it, as they had annexed Sind. The patriotism of the Sikhs was aroused. The Durbar complained of the presence of the bridge of boats, and of the conduct of Major Broadfoot, who was now the Governor-General's agent on the North West Frontier. Broadfoot claimed that the territory belonging to the Lahore government beyond the Sutlej was as much under his "jurisdiction" as any protected State, and by his interference he treated it as a protected State. The Sikh Durbar asserted its right to send their own guards across the Sutlej to their own territory. Then the inevitable collision came. On the 11th of December the Punjab Sikh armies crossed in force the Sutlej by various fords, and took up an extended position at Ferozeshah, about half way between Ferozepore and the village of Moodkee.

The crossing of the Sutlej in force was, however, an act of war, for Ranojeet had stipulated by treaty that he would "never maintain in the territory occupied by him on the left bank of the Sutlej more troops than are necessary for the internal duties of their territory." The English Government had, according to their wont, undervalued the strength, the discipline, and the courage of their enemy, and according to a well-established custom had not made adequate preparations for war. They had collected regiments and guns, but food and ammunition and carriage and hospital stores were all behind, and remained to be collected. At Moodkee took place the first engagement. After a sharp contest the Sikhs were compelled to retreat. The victory

was dearly bought. The total loss was 215 of all ranks killed and 237 wounded. Then followed the battle of Ferozeshah, "a bloody bull-dog fight," one of the most furious contests ever fought in India. The enemy retired in perfect order across the Sutlej, and we had neither sufficient troops nor ammunition to follow them. For nearly a month the army of the Sutlej lay idle, awaiting the siege-train from Delhi. The Sikhs again crossed the river and threatened Ludhiana. Sir Harry Smith was sent to dislodge them, and won the glorious victory of Aliwal. "On the 7th of February the long train of heavy guns, dragged by stately elephants, entered the camp. On the 10th of February Sir Hugh Gough won the well-planned and well fought victory of Sobraon, which broke and scattered the Khalsa army. On the 20th of February 1846 the British entered as masters of Lahore."

The Governor General refused to recognise that the bold policy of annexation, however difficult, was our best chance of future peace and safety. He again took the fatal middle course. He did not annex the Punjab, but he took the trans Sutlej territory, the Doab below the Beas, one of the fairest provinces of the kingdom, whose loss was bitterly resented by the Khalsa. Lord Hardinge levied a heavy fine to meet the expenditure of the war, but as two thirds of the pecuniary indemnity could not be paid by the Lahore government, territory was taken instead of money, and Cashmere and the hill States, from the Beas to the Indus, were cut off from the Punjab proper, and transferred, as a separate kingdom, to the Jammu Raja Ghulab Singh, who was regarded by the Sikhs as a traitor, for a high price. Lord Hardinge established a Regency with treaty stipulations intended to secure the controlling influence of the British over the Punjab without their taking upon themselves the responsibility of administration. The arrangement was bound to be as ineffectual as our occupation of Afghanistan, and for the same causes. We had not first established our power, and we had proclaimed our sojourn to be temporary.

"India," wrote Charles Napier, "has lost much blood and money, and the tragedy must be enacted before a year or two hence." It was enacted before three years had passed.

After a reign of three and a half years, on the 18th January 1848, Lord Hardinge left India, honoured by his countrymen as a brave successful soldier who had governed the continent with firmness and equity, and beloved by his native subjects on account of the measures he had adopted for the reduction of the salt duty, for the improvement of the productive resources of the country, and for the promotion of education. The Empire was in profound peace, and the Governor General, on the eve of his departure, assured his successor, Lord Dalhousie, that, so far as he could see, "it would not be necessary to fire a gun in India for seven years." Four months had not passed when the new ruler heard in Calcutta of the tragedy at Mooltan. Moolraj, the governor of the district and town of that name, was greatly concerned at his people being allowed the right of appeal to Lahore, and at the prospect of the introduction, under a thin disguise, of British administration into his territory. His father, one of Rnnjeet Singh's ablest administrators, had created a semi-independent kingdom, and to maintain his independence had spent the revenues of his province in strengthening his capital, a place of great natural strength. Diwan Moolraj was, as John Lawrence said, "a ruler of the old school, and so long as he paid his revenues he considered the province as his own to make the best of." He was no doubt "grasping and avaricious," but John Lawrence describes him as "a popular governor, perhaps the most so in the Punjab with one exception." In November 1847 Moolraj went to Lahore and explained to John Lawrence, who was in temporary charge of the Punjab, his desire to resign the charge of the Mooltan province. His request was refused.

In March Sir Frederick Currie, who knew very little of the Punjab and the Sikhs, was appointed Acting Resident in place of John Lawrence, who was familiar with the land

and the people Moolraj now again tendered his resignation, and it was immediately accepted. Sir Frederick Currie determined to send a Sikh Sirdar who should represent the Durbar, and at once take over the province from Moolraj. Sirdar Khan Singh was nominated Diwan, and Sir Frederick Currie selected Mr Vane Agnew, a civilian, and Lieutenant Anderson, to accompany him to Mooltan. The troops sent with them consisted of "the Goorkha regiment (upwards of 600), a troop of horse artillery, and 500 or 600 cavalry, regular and irregular."¹ "The chief object," says John Lawrence, "was forming an escort, but ultimately they were to have supplied the place of a portion of the Mooltan troops, some of which were to come to Lahore, some to remain, some to be reduced. The Mooltan troops no doubt understood that some of them would be disbanded." It never seemed to have struck any one in authority that to replace in a wild district a popular Khatri ruler by a Sikh Sirdar, and for two British officers to take possession of his capital, might lead to trouble. The officers went by water and the escort by land, and the former never saw the men on whom their protection depended till they reached Mooltan on the 18th of April. Early in the morning of the following day the two British officers and Sirdar Khan Singh accompanied Moolraj into the fort of Mooltan, received the keys, and installed two companies of their own Goorkhas in possession. "If ever clouds foretold a thunderstorm, the fate of the British officers was assuredly foreshadowed in the dark looks and mutterings of Moolraj's soldiers." As the party passed forth and entered the bridge over the ditch, a soldier standing on it struck Agnew with his spear and knocked him off his horse. Agnew jumped up and struck his assailant with his riding stick. The man

¹ Sir William Lee Warner writes, "The Sirdar set out for Mooltan with an escort of some 500." Mr Bosworth Smith, in his 'Life of Lord Lawrence,' writes, "Supported by a mixed force of 900 Sikhs and Ghoorkhas." Munro, in his 'History of British India,' writes, "With an escort of 350 troops and a few guns." Herbert Edwards states, "The Sikh escort consisted of about 1400 men," and that is the number given by John Lawrence.

threw away his spear, and rushing in with his sword inflicted two severe wounds. He would have slain Vans Agnew on the spot if a Sikh trooper of the escort had not knocked him into a ditch. Moolraj, forcing his horse through the crowd, rode off to his garden house. Anderson was surrounded and felled to the ground. The two wounded Englishmen were brought back to the Eedgah, a spacious Mahomedan building, surrounded by a wall, where they had encamped. Agnew at once wrote a letter for help, and despatched it by a *hossid*. During the night he had the six guns mounted and prepared for defence. The next morning the guns of the fort opened on the Eedgah. After one round alone had been fired in return from the six guns, the Lahore artillerymen refused to serve them. Then the troops—horse, foot, and artillery—went over to the enemy. All had deserted by the evening except Sirdar Khan Singh and some eight or ten faithful Sikhs. As the sun set and cable night was swiftly falling, the two wounded Englishmen heard a distant murmur which grew louder and louder. It was a wild multitude "baying in full cry for blood," approaching the Eedgah. Sirdar Khan Singh begged of Agnew to be allowed to wave a sheet and sue for mercy. Then Agnew spoke great words. "The time for mercy is gone, let none be asked for. They can kill us two if they like, but we are not the last of the English: thousands of Englishmen will come down here when we are gone, and annihilate Moolraj and his soldiers and his fort." The crowd found beneath the lofty dome the two wounded Englishmen—Anderson too badly wounded to move, Agnew sitting by his bedside holding his hand. A Musabee Sikh, so horribly crippled, it is said by old wounds, that he had the appearance of "an imp more than mortal man," dashed forward, and it was over. The two bodies were dragged outside, and all night they lay beneath the bright eastern stars.

On the 18th of June Edwardes, a young lieutenant who had seen only one campaign, attacked at Kinyerees with his ill-disciplined and badly armed force the army of Moolraj,

commanded by the chief in person. The order to charge was given. "Men," says Edwardes, "whom I had enlisted only a few months ago, shook their swords with a will, and rushed upon the rebel cavalry with the most desperate and resolute valour. The fight was hand to hand for five minutes, and the opposing guns were pouring grape into each other almost within speaking distance"¹. At length Moolraj's army gave way. After his victory Herbert Edwardes continued his advance against Mooltan. He once more encountered Moolraj at Suddoosām, routed him, and drove him within the walls of his fortress. "Now is the time to strike," he wrote to Sir Frederick Currie, "it is painful to see that I have got to the end of my tether." Before he advanced he had written "All we require are a few heavy guns, a mortar battery, as many sappers and miners as you can spare, and Major Napier to plan our operations." But the impetuous young subaltern had not discovered the extent and strength of the fortifications of the great southern stronghold.

On the 10th of July news of the victory of Suddoosām reached Sir Frederick Currie. He had now begun to realise the full gravity of the situation. He had discovered in May that the Ranee, and the chiefs of the Durbar with the exception of two, were deep in a plot for our destruction. But the intrigues of the Ranee were not bounded by the Punjab. She was in secret communication with Cabul, Candahar, and Cashmere. She strove to unite the Princes of Rajputana and the Mahratta chiefs in a Hindu confederacy against the English. She roused the patriotic zeal of the Sikh troops in the Durbar army. She sent emissaries to inflame the religious passions of the native troops by informing them of the riots which had taken place at Lahore, owing to the killing of a cow by a European soldier. It was a trifling incident in itself, but it reminds us of the danger which besets our rule. Currie had the Ranee conveyed across the

¹ 'Sepoy General—Wellington to Roberts (Sir Herbert Edwardes),' by G. W. Forrest.

Sutlej, and she was sent a prisoner to Benares. Day by day, however, there came to him evil tidings from the districts. When he heard of Edwardes' victories, he clutched at the idea that he might bring the spreading revolt to a close by a decisive blow. He therefore, in opposition to the opinions of the Governor General and the Commander-in-Chief, availing himself of the powers vested in him, directed Major General W. S. Whish, C.B., commanding at Lahore, to arrange for the despatch of a second-class siege-train, and march with the movable column from Lahore and Ferozepore to Mooltan. Lord Gough, however, suggested that the force should consist of two brigades of infantry (each containing a British regiment), one brigade of Native Cavalry, three companies Sappers, and two companies Pioneers, two troops of Horse Artillery, and four companies of Foot Artillery with a siege-train. On the 22nd of July a Proclamation was issued to the people of the Punjab, and, in order to avoid any appearance of divided counsels, the Commander in Chief directed (G.O.C.C., Aug. 4) the formation of a force under Major General Whish to co-operate with a force under Sher Singh. This force marched in two columns, the one from Lahore and the other from Ferozepore, and reached Mooltan in the month of August. But the siege train, which was carried most of its way by water, did not arrive till the 4th of September. Mooltan was summoned, and two attacks followed on the 9th and 10th of the same month. Two days later Sher Singh went over with his whole army to the side of the Diwan of Mooltan. His father, Chutter Singh, an old influential Sikh chief, was governor of the wild and turbulent district of Hazara, lying between the territories of the Maharajah of Cashmere and the Indus, and like other old leading Sardars, was much dissatisfied at the loss of power and influence by the administration of the Punjab by zealous British officers.¹ At the end of August he openly raised the standard of rebellion, "devoting his head to God and his arms to Khalsa," and he called upon his son to do the same at Mooltan. The son

¹ 'Forty three Years in India,' by Lieutenant-General Sir George Lawrence.

delayed doing so, because he and Moolraj were anxious that the strength of the force at Lahore should be weakened by the withdrawal of the two brigades. They considered Mooltan with its 30,000 men, its guns and its fortifications, impregnable. So far their strategy succeeded that for three months the siege had to be suspended, and our troops lay idle before Mooltan. Sher Singh departed with his troops northwards unmolested, and from the Manjha, or middle-land, the central portion of the plain between the rivers Beas and Ravi, the true home of the Sikh, the people flocked in thousands to his standard. The whole Sikh nation was now up in arms, and had combined with their hereditary enemies, the Afghans, in an alliance for our destruction.

On the 13th October 1848 the first general order was issued forming the "Army of the Punjab," and troops were moved rapidly to the front. On the end of November Brigadier General Cureton with the cavalry brigade reached Lahore and crossed the Ravi in support of the brigade which held the bridge-head on the right bank of that river. It arrived just in time. Sher Singh's advance troops had threatened Lahore, which was weakly held by a force under General Colin Campbell. The force now advanced to Saharan, ten miles from Ramnuggur, a village on a range of sand-hills running close to the left bank of the Chenab. Opposite to Ramnuggur, on the right bank, Sher Singh with his main force had taken up a strong position. He had boats on the river and the command of a ford, and he was reported to have crossed several battalions. On the 16th of November the Commander-in-Chief left Lahore and joined the army. It was a grave misfortune that the civil power had prevented him from making full preparations for a campaign which the previous collision with the Sikhs had shown must be most arduous. On the 17th of November Colin Campbell enters in his journal "Received orders from the Commander in Chief not to disturb Sher Singh should he cross over from the right to the left, or this bank of the river." Two days later he enters in his journal "Lord Gough gave Cureton

and myself permission to attack some Infantry said to be on the left bank of the Chenab. On my way from headquarters settled with Cureton to move the following morning without beat of drum or sound of bugle. Early next morning the force advanced on Ramnuggur. Gough's object was to reconnoitre the Sikh position, and to ascertain the best method of crossing the Chenab. He had not the least idea of fighting a battle.¹ The country was a perfect bowling green, some portions cultivated, and as the soil was light and dry it was difficult to move the guns through it. The horses were already tired when they reached Ramnuggur. On approaching the town, detachments of the enemy were seen retiring towards the river, which at that season of the year contracts to a comparatively narrow channel, exposing several dry watercourses and sandy flats. The cavalry and horse artillery now went forward at an increased pace, and after passing over a short stretch of hard ground they reached the edge of a steep descent into the wide islands of heavy sand. Down it they plunged and opened fire from the bottom at the retreating foe. A staff-officer then conveyed the order to them that the guns were to be advanced to the water's edge. They made their way through the soft sand to the margin of the stream and unlimbered. Immediately above them rose the high bank on the opposite side. A flash ran along the brown earth, and there was heard a tremendous thunder-clap, and a stream of projectiles poured down on them from the Sikh batteries. The British guns replied with a few rounds of shot, shell, and shrapnel, but they could have little effect on guns well entrenched and well concealed. The order was given to lumber up and to retire to a better position. In attempting to surmount

¹ Sir J. Tennant (then Brigadier-General J. Tennant), then commanding Artillery Division Staff, wrote: "No general can be blamed for the conduct of others when his plans are not carried out. As far as I know, Lord Gough is nearly blameless for the affair at Ramnuggur, where poor Cureton was killed. He had been informed that the Sikh army was *in force* on our side of the Chenab at Ramnuggur, and thought it necessary to look out with a strong detachment, chiefly cavalry. So little idea had he of battle that the main army was left behind in camp, and he, I believe, meant to return to it to breakfast."

a sandhill one of the guns and two ammunition waggoos stuck. Every effort was made to move them. Colin Campbell, who had come down at the moment the artillery was retiring, dismounted in order to assist. But all attempts to move them were in vain. The fire of the enemy grew more intense, and the order was given to abandon them. Lieutenant Clifford went down and spiked the gun.

Some distance below the spot where the gun had to be abandoned ran a long bank called "the Green Island," which the retreating waters had left high and dry, although there were still some stagnant pools around it. When the Horse Artillery first came into action a squadron of the 3rd Light Dragoons, under Lieutenant H. A. Ouvry, was sent to clear the left bank of the river.¹ Between the Green Island and the river, "this squadron," says Thackwell, "swept the sandy plain with such extraordinary rapidity, and cleared aside all obstacles with such irresistible impetuosity, that the enemy neither opened fire on them nor offered any formidable opposition." When the enemy saw the Horse Artillery retiring, they raised a loud shout of triumph, and large numbers of horse and foot recrossed the river. Cureton now gave his consent to "another body" of the enemy being attacked by the 14th. At this moment the Commander in Chief arrived. He had been watching the reconnaissance from the top of a high summer-house of Runjeet Singh, "which overlooked the plain and the river banks, three miles from the latter," and when he heard the news of the loss of the guns he rode forward, and after a considerable time met Cureton, who commanded the reconnaissance. "He was at the time in front of the 14th Light Dragoons, and not under fire." After hearing that Cureton had given his consent to another charge, Lord Gough rode up to Colonel Will Hovell and said, "If you see a favourable opportunity of charging,

¹ General Stobie writes: "When the Horse Artillery first were coming into action, Lord Gough ordered a squadron of the 3rd Light Dragoons to clear the left side of the river." Lord Gough was at the time three miles from the river.

charge" "The gallant old colonel," remarks one who was present, "soon made the opportunity"¹ "And so it was," writes Henry Havelock in a passage which well bears comparison with any in Napier's noble pages, "for not many minutes after, Will Havelock, 'happy as a lover,' sitting as firmly in the saddle as when he overleaped the abbatis on the Bidasson, placed himself in front of his cherished dragoons, and remarking, 'We now shall soon see whether we can clear our front of those fellows or not,' boldly led them forward to the onset. All who beheld it have spoken with admiration of the steadiness and the gallantry of this glorious gallop. The Sikhs made a show of standing the charge, à *grand ferme*, and some of them must have stood well, for sabre cuts were exchanged with effect. Captain Gall, while grasping a standard, had his right hand cut through by the stroke of a Sikh, which he delivered with the hissing sound of an English pavior driving home a stone. Young Fitzgerald's skull was cleft to the brain by another blow from one of the enemy, but the mass of the Sikhs opened out right and left, and gave way before their victors."

Cureton, as he watched the progress of Havelock's charge, exclaimed, "That is not the body of horse I meant to have been attacked," and riding to the front he was shot by a Sikh, concealed in a nullah, through the breast. So fell the best cavalry soldier in the army. He had, when a wild lad fleeing from his creditors, enlisted in the 14th Dragoons, and in the Peninsula, by many brave deeds, he had won his commission.

Lord Gough also saw that Will Havelock was charging away from the body of the Sikh cavalry he had been allowed to attack, and sent Major Tucker to warn him, but Havelock went at such a pace that he could not be overtaken. Havelock's first charge broke the Sikhs. But he was not content with his success. Again the trumpet

¹ "Havelock, leading the 14th and supported by the 5th L.C., dashed on"—
"History of the Bengal Artillery," by General F. W. Staib, III. 189.

of the 14th Dragoons sounded, and overturning all that opposed them, onward in the direction of the Green Island they took their course: the bank was cleared. The six guns from the opposite bank, as well as those which had been brought over in haste to the number of eight, opened upon the dragoons. "There was a descent of some eight feet into the flat, but Havelock, disregarding all opposition and all difficulties, and riding well ahead of his men, exclaimed, as he leapt down the declivity, 'Follow me, my brave lads, and never heed those cannon shots.' These were the last words he was ever heard to utter." It has never been known exactly how Will Havelock fell. Probably his charger was struck down by a cannon shot, and then he would have to contend against fearful odds. In fact, his orderly has related that he saw him lying in the nullah with several dead Sikhs around him, and that, being wounded himself, he could not go to his colonel's aid. Another dragoon beheld him contending against several of the enemy. After this bold charge the gallant 14th were withdrawn. Twenty-six were killed or missing, and fifty-nine were wounded. They showed on that day the same reckless gallantry they had displayed on many a Peninsula field. For the fall of Curzon and Havelock, and for the loss of a gun, the facts clearly show that Lord Gough was not to blame. Before the campaign of 1848-49, as before the Boer War, the Government had neglected to make a military survey of the country, and our ignorance of the ground on which our army was to operate was profound. In the campaign of 1848-49, as in the Boer War, we had to gain our information at the cost of soldiers' lives, and the credit of our arms.

Lord Gough had attained two main objects by his reconnaissance in force: he had not only ascertained the nature of the ground, but he had driven the enemy from the left bank of the Chenab. He now determined to cross the "dark river." He wanted to deprive the enemy of the supplies to be gained from the rich cultivated land on the

right bank. He wanted to attack and defeat Sher Singh before he crossed the Jhelum and joined his father, Chutter Singh, who had a large Sikh force, or his father joined him. On the 26th of November Lord Gough wrote "I am now making my combination for a flank movement, passing the river several miles above the enemy's position, and turning in, but the river is so difficult, and my information so defective, whilst the enemy with his numerous irregulars, both cavalry and infantry, watch everything like a ford, that I shall have to await the arrival of some heavy guns (which I expect the day after to-morrow) in order to clear the opposite bank where the detached force is to cross."¹ While Lord Gough was awaiting the arrival of the heavy guns, inspections of the fords were made by the engineers. On the 30th the heavy guns arrived. The next morning Major General Sir J. Thackwell, a Peninsula veteran, moved off with his force, consisting of 8000 horse, foot, and artillery, with thirty field pieces and two heavy guns, and after marching thirteen miles they arrived near the spot where the ford of Rannee Khanko Patan was said to be situated. The Chenab at this point was divided into four separate channels, and the Assistant Quartermaster-General, after examining a wrong passage, pronounced it impracticable.² The enemy were also seen watching the river. Sir Joseph Thackwell therefore moved, according to his instruction, to the ford of Wasirabad, some thirteen miles farther, where John Nicholson with his Pathan Horse had collected seventeen boats. At about 7.30 or 8 P.M. the head of the column reached the bank of the river. By the exertion of Baird Smith of the Engineers, who afterwards played so conspicuous a part in the siege of Delhi, a brigade, portion of the force, got over that

¹ 'The Life and Campaigns of Hugh, First Viscount Gough,' by Robert S. Rait, II, 183, 189.

² "Thackwell never found the real ford. He did not employ the boatmen whom the Commander-in-Chief had provided to point out the precise locality; they had been sent on some other errand." Lord Gough to his son, March 18, 1849.—'The Life and Campaigns of Hugh, First Viscount Gough,' by R. S. Rait, II, 196.

evening and passed "that bitterly cold and dark night without food or fuel" By noon the next day the whole force was across At 2 P M on Sunday, the 2nd December, they marched ten miles through a highly cultivated country, and only halted long after dark

When Lord Gough ascertained on the 2nd December that Thackwell's force had crossed the Chenab and was in movement, he opened a heavy cannonade on the Sikh position opposite Ramnuggur The guns of the enemy which guarded the ford were so well concealed from view, and the river was so wide, that although the practice of our artillery was admirable we could not silence them But their fire gradually slackened and ceased Lord Gough, anxious to ascertain the strength of the enemy's position, called for a volunteer to swim across the stream and reconnoitre If the enemy had not evacuated their position death awaited him Neville Chamberlain instantly volunteered, and getting together some troopers of the 9th Lancers he swam across, and on reaching the opposite bank he waved his cap as a signal that the entrenchments by the river bank had been abandoned On his return he found Lord Gough awaiting him, and the gallant old chief called him "the bravest of the brave"¹ During the night the Commander in Chief continued to push forward his breastworks as well as his batteries, and thus secured the ford "This advance," remarked Havelock, "by successive lodgments, whereby the mastery of the river was transferred from the hands of the Sikhs to those of the British, and the ford hermetically sealed, is to be regarded as a very splendid military operation" At daylight on the 3rd, Lord Gough sent Godby's Brigade of infantry six miles up the river to effect a junction with Thackwell, but the ford proved more impassable than he was led to expect Lord Gough also sent a message to Thackwell, expressing a wish that when he covered the

¹ Neville Chamberlain's sister writes: "Lord Gough told me this story when I met him in London at his daughter's house, and was quite agitated in telling it; and Neville was not less so when I made him tell it years after"

crossing of Godby's Brigade he should await their junction, except the enemy attempted to retreat. Thackwell moved forth with his force at 6 A.M., and it was about noon when he got the Chief's message. He immediately ordered the troops to halt, and rode off to the ford. Colin Campbell directed that four villages, surrounded with fields of tall sugar cane, should be occupied by a company of infantry. When General Thackwell returned to the troops he ordered these companies to rejoin their corps. The enemy were now seen advancing in large bodies of cavalry and infantry, and as the sugar cane fields in front of the villages would afford admirable cover for their infantry, it was deemed advisable to retire a couple of hundred paces, so as to be out of musketry fire from that cover¹. They retired accordingly "in very perfect order," and the infantry deployed in line in front of the village of Sadoolapore. The enemy took possession of the villages and opened a heavy artillery fire from some twenty or twenty five pieces of artillery, while they attempted to turn our flanks by large bodies of cavalry. Captain Warner's troop was sent to the extreme left, and came into action under a heavy fire of jungle and guns.² "He poured in grape among the huge mass with great effect," wrote an eye witness, "and away they skedaddled, much faster than they came." On the right, Major Christie's troop, supported by the 3rd Dragoons, drove the enemy back in every direction. At the villages the action lasted nearly four hours, artillery against artillery, and the enemy, beaten at all points, retired. It was now fast growing dark, and Thackwell postponed "the attack upon their flank and rear as he was directed" until the following morning. "He had profited by experience," says Henry Havelock, "and would not, amid the shades of night, precipitate his brave troops, broken and wearied, into a labyrinth of tents, waggon, and tumbrils, among exploding

¹ 'The Life of Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde,' by Lieutenant-General Shadwell, C.B., I. 192.

² 'History of the Bengal Artillery,' by Major General F. W. Staib, III. 192.

mines and expense magazines." About midnight the Sikhs began to retire from their entrenched position, and the next morning when Thackwell put his troops in motion they were eleven miles from the Chenab in full retreat on the Jhelum. Sir W. Gilbert was sent by Lord Gough to co-operate with Thackwell, who encamped at Helar.¹

"Thus," wrote Havelock, "were the Sikhs dislodged from the banks of the Chenab. The British career in India has been attended with such great and wonderful successes, as entirely to vitiate the judgment of the European community. Nothing but a grand victory wherever there is collision with the enemy will satisfy a public mind so marvellously spoiled by good fortune. How best war is not a romance, but always matter of nice calculation, of fluctuating chances, a picture not seldom crowded with vicissitudes, and oftentimes a season of patient waiting for small advantages. So the passage of the Chenab to the politicians of India was a great disappointment. But it may be predicted that the deliberate judgment of those who have meditated much on military operations will be widely different from this crude condemnation."²

On the 15th of December 1848 Neville Chamberlain wrote to his sister from Camp Ramnagur —

"CAMP RAMNAGUR, 15th December 1848.

"MY DEAR HARRIET,—We hold both banks of the Chenab, and the enemy are strongly posted on the Jhelum, about thirty miles from this. Mooltan is the thorn in our side, and the moment that place

¹ Hoshiar or Helar in despatches.

² Sir William Lee Warner, in 'The Life of the Marquis of Dalhousie,' writes: "As, however, we shall now see, his plans miscarried, and his second engagement, known as the 'Battle of Sadulpur,' was, in the eyes of the Governor-General, only 'a blundered concern.'" On the other hand, in a letter from the Secretary with the Governor-General to the Adjutant General of the army, Ferozepore, January 31, 1849, we have the following: "His lordship begs to congratulate the Commander-in-Chief on the success of the measures which he adapted for effecting the passage of the Chenab, and to convey to him the assurance of his satisfaction with, and his best thanks for, the judicious arrangements by which he was enabled, with comparatively little loss, to carry into execution his plans for the passage of that difficult river, and for compelling the retreat of the Sikh army from the formidable position which they occupied on its further bank after they had been engaged and beaten back by the forces under Major-General Sir Joseph Thackwell. The result of his Excellency's movements in driving the Sikh army from their entrenchments and forcing them to retire on the other extremity of the Doab, was of much importance."

falls we shall advance. Should the Diwan Moolraj, however, hold out for a month, the enemy in our front must move, as their commissariat arrangements will never admit of their feeding so large a body of men for so long a period. We find it difficult enough to support our men and cattle, even with the resources of India at our command, so what must they not feel without a treasury and without a commissariat? Most of my prognostications have now been verified, and my belief is that Attok *must* also fall now that the *Mahomedans* will demand its surrender. Should I live I expect to see Peshawar ere May day, and nothing more possible than that I may renew my acquaintance with the Dost's sons. Moolraj is not a fighting man by caste, and I should not be surprised to hear that he had left the fort the moment he thought the breach practicable, and ranked himself in the list of our enemy in the front. What does Lord Hardinge now say regarding the Punjab policy? You will be glad to hear I have not thrown away the few opportunities placed in my way, and the C-in-C. has said he would give me the first regiment which fell vacant.

NEVILLE."

On the 18th of December Lord Gough crossed the Chenab, taking up a position near Heldar. Sher Singh had occupied a very strong position covered by jungle. He was superior in artillery, and the Sikhs had proved that it was no easy matter to turn them out of an entrenched position. The responsibility for not following the defeated enemy from the 4th December to the sand rests with the Governor General, who had somewhat injudiciously interfered with the military movements of the Commander in Chief, on whom the entire responsibility of the campaign should have rested, he, without being on the spot, laid on him an injunction not to advance beyond the banks of the Chenab. On the 22nd of December Lord Dalhousie wrote to the Secret Committee: "I have therefore acquainted his Excellency that if he can satisfy his own judgment regarding the state of his own supplies and supports and communication, if the intelligence he may receive and the reconnaissances he may be able to make shall satisfy him that the enemy may be attacked with success, with such a force as he may have safely disposable and without a heavy loss,—in such case I should be happy indeed to see a blow struck that would destroy the enemy, add honours to the

British arms, and avert the prospect of a protracted and costly war." By this time the enemy had entrenched himself in a strong position close to the Jhelum, and as he was superior in artillery, Lord Gough decided to await the fall of Mooltan and the release of his column there before he struck a decisive blow. On the 3rd of January Attok fell, on the 7th Lord Dalhousie announced the successful assault on the city of Mooltan, and the Governor-General wrote "It would give me no less pleasure to announce a similar blow struck by you on the Jhelum. The destruction of that army, the ruin of the troops, and the capture of the guns concurrently with the fall of Mooltan, would conclude the business in the main. I shall be heartily glad to hear of your having felt yourself in a condition to attack Sher Singh with success." The Governor-General, after preventing the Commander-in Chief from attacking whilst Sher Singh was retiring before the British army, now pressed on the Commander-in Chief the desirability of attacking before the reinforcements arrived, and he did so in a manner that placed the responsibility on the Commander in Chief. Attok had now fallen, as Neville Chamberlain had prophesied, and Chuttur Singh was marching to reinforce his son. Gough, therefore, determined to accede to the Governor General's desire, and attack the enemy. Lord Gough, loyal to the army he commanded, never revealed the strongest reason which led him to attack before his reinforcements arrived. Sikh emissaries had been inflaming the religious passions of our sepoys, and there was grave doubt how long their loyalty and discipline would stand the strain.

On the 12th of January the army advanced to Dinghi, a small town situated at a distance of eight or nine miles from the heights of Russool, where the Sikh forces, under the personal command of Sher Singh, were posted. From Russool their position extended to Moong, amidst precipitous ravines strengthened by field works. Behind their position flowed the Jhelum, in front of it was a dense

jungle At Moong their main force was concentrated, and half a mile from their entrenchment at this point flowed the river, spanned by a bridge of boats At Russoul the entrenchments were the strongest "The village of Russoul was in the middle of the Khalsea camp, separated from the front chain of Sikh batteries by one ravine of extraordinary depth of several hundred feet The only means of communication with this village was by a narrow wooden bridge, which would not admit of the transit of a horse. Had our army directed its attacks against this naturally formidable entrenchment, the enemy, in the event of their being driven from their front batteries, would have retreated across the ravine and destroyed the bridge"¹ At Russoul the enemy also rested upon a broad pass Thus they had on their extreme right a pass, and on their extreme left a bridge which afforded means for a rapid and unpursued retreat In front of Moong and from Russoul to Dinghi there was a dense jungle, more trees than bushes From the centre to the extreme left through Moong the enemy's position was occupied by irregular troops, from the centre to the extreme right by the regular army On the 11th of January Lord Gough wrote to the Governor General "It is my intention to penetrate the centre of their line, cutting off the regular from the irregular portion of their forces" The following day he enters in his diary "Marched to Dugree (sic) Made arrangements for attacking the enemy at Russoul, Lullianwalla, Futteh Shah ke Chuck, Lucknoewalla, and Mong, except I find it more convenient to halt at Chillianwalla" His spleen, as he informs us in his despatch, stated the enemy had the great body of his force at Lucknoewalla

On the morning of the 13th the force advanced in the direction towards Russoul, which was ten miles away Lord Gough, however, made a considerable detour to his right, "partly to distract the enemy's attention, but principally to get as clear as I could of the enemy's jungle, on which it

¹ 'Narrative of the Second Sikh War,' by Edward Joseph Thackerell, p. 122

would appear the enemy mainly relied "1 After a short halt at 10 to refresh the men, the army again moved forward in columns of brigades, the cavalry on the flanks and the artillery in the intervals Lord Gough had in the morning ordered the Chief Engineer and Henry Marlon Durand to push along the road towards Russool, reconnoitring along the road This they did till they arrived within a short distance of the enemy's position on the hill in front of Russool They returned to the Commander in Chief at the village of Umrao, and informed him that the road was clear upon Russool Lord Gough, however, had advanced but a little distance from Umrao, when some villagers confirmed the intelligence that he had received from spies that the Sikhs were at Chillianwalla. He again sent the senior Engineer and Henry Durand with orders to feel up to the village of Chillianwalla, and to see whether it was occupied. "We accordingly did so, and soon returned reporting cavalry and infantry in position on a mound in front of the village "2 Lord Gough now carried out his intention of halting at Chillianwalla and reconnoitring He brought up his right, and his line soon faced Chillianwalla and beyond it to the villages of Lohanwalla, where he had been told Sher Singh's main regular force was stationed, and Moong the centre of the irregular force Lord Gough has been often criticised for turning away from the direct road, and has been accused of altering his original project of attack but he always intended to halt at Chillianwalla if he found it more convenient If he had marched on to Russool he would have found the Sikhs in front of him in a strongly fortified position, and his left flank and rear would have been turned by the enemy concealed in the jungle

On approaching the village of Chillianwalla, the strong picket of the enemy's cavalry and infantry, which the

¹ From his Excellency the Commander in Chief to the Right Honourable the Governor-General of India, dated Headquarters Camp, Chillianwalla, January 16, 1849.

² 'Life of Major-General Sir Henry Marlon Durand, K.C.S.I., C.B.', by H. M. Durand, I. 116.

engineers had observed, retired from the mound after a few rounds from our light guns. About 2 o'clock the light companies of the 49th and Bengal Fusiliers took possession of the little eminence, and from it was seen an extensive plain, scrubby and scarred by ravines, flanked on the east by the sandy hills of Russool, on the west by the dense jungle of Moong. Immediately below is the village of Chillianwalla, and to front of it is a belt of rather dense low jungle, not forest, but a mixture of thorny mimosa bushes and wild caper. Beyond the green jungle the glitter of the Sikh arms shone in the mid-day eastern sun. The Sikhs had during the night moved out of their several entrenched positions, and were drawn up in line from Futteh Shah ke Chock¹ to Russool. But it was impossible, owing to the jungle, to catch a sight of their guns or discover their exact formation. Gough, however, swiftly decided that he could not turn their flank, which rested on the dense jungle at Moong, and upon the hills and ravines near Russool, "without detaching a force to a distance, this I considered both inexpedient and dangerous." The day being so far advanced, he decided upon taking up a position in rear of the village in order to reconnoitre. The clever critic of war who is always with us, has blamed him for retiring the bulk of his army, but there was no water for his men and animals except at Chillianwalla. He had been obliged to come from Umrao for this reason, and he was obliged to stay. The Quartermaster-General was taking ground for the encampment when the enemy advanced some horse artillery and opened a fire on the skirmishers in front of the village. Report says that some of the balls came bounding near the old Chief, and roused his Irish temperament,—no bad quality for a soldier, as England knows to her gain. But the tale is a mere myth, such as the winds often generate in a camp, and put down as a fact. Gough was at the time on a house-top at Chillianwalla,

¹ Some military writers say "Moong," which was another village immediately behind.

out of range of the enemy's fire. He immediately ordered the heavy guns to be advanced in front of the village. They opened fire, which was hailed by a burst of cannon shot revealing the position of the enemy's guns. Gough now knew he was in the presence of an entire army who intended to fight. If he did not attack, they would probably advance their guns so as to reach his encampment during the night. The fight would no doubt be a stubborn one, but it must be fought before darkness fell. At once he drew up his forces in order of battle. The heavy guns were in the centre, immediately in front of the village of Chillianwalla. On the right was Mountain's F Brigade, next Godby's Brigade (the two formed of Walter Gilbert's Division), three troops of Horse Artillery under Grant, flanked by Pope's Brigade of Cavalry, "which I strengthened by the 14th Dragoons, well aware that the enemy was strong upon his left." Pope's Brigade was not in a straight line with the force, but at a slight acute angle, so that its direction crossed the line of fire of the guns.¹ On the left of the centre was Pennycuik's Brigade, next Hoggan's Brigade (formerly Colin Campbell's Division), three troops of Horse Artillery under Briand, flanked by White's Brigade of Cavalry. The field batteries were with the infantry divisions. The Third Brigade of Campbell's Division, consisting of three native regiments under Brigadier Penny, were placed in reserve. Lieutenant-Colonel Lano was detached with four of his own guns, two squadrons of the 9th Lancers, and two of the 6th Lancers, to keep in check the enemy's cavalry, who were threatening our right rear. When the British troops were formed into line, the heavy guns, supported by two field batteries, maintained a heavy

¹ "The Quartermaster General at once went forward to mark out the camp; but they had scarcely begun when the enemy's shot came howling in among them, and it was clear we should have to fight. But an alteration of front was necessary. The left had to be brought up, and line was formed from the right Horse Artillery, Pope's brigade of cavalry not changing front, so that its direction crossed the line of fire of the guns. This throws some light on the events that followed."—"History of the Bengal Artillery," by Major-General F. W. Staible, R.A., III. 199.

fire on the enemy's centre, to which their batteries replied. During this artillery duel Lord Gough bade the men lie down, and addressed a few words to them as he rode down the line. The enemy's fire began to slacken, and he gave the order for the left division to advance. Colin Campbell, on receiving the order, rode up to the 24th, who were in the centre of Pennycuik's Brigade, and briefly addressed them. "There must be no firing, the bayonet must do the work."¹ He then ordered Major Mowatt to advance his battery, No. 5, in line with the skirmishers whom Brigadier Pennycuik had, by his orders, thrown out to cover that brigade, and to "open his fire as soon as he could get a good sight of the enemy."² This Mowatt did. But the impetuous Pennycuik, as brave and ardent a soldier as ever lived, led his brigade at such a rapid rate that they soon outstripped the guns, and rendered them almost useless. As the three regiments entered the wood, the line formation became exceedingly disordered and broken, "the companies in many places being obliged to reduce their front to sections." When the Sikhs saw the brigade enter the jungle, they opened a concentrated fire from fifteen or eighteen guns upon them. The round shot came tearing through the wood, and the storm of grape

¹ 'History of the Bengal Artillery,' III. 200.

"The cannonade had scarcely lasted half an hour when a staff officer in breathless haste rode up to Brigadier-General Campbell and ordered him to carry the guns in his front without delay at the point of the bayonet."—"Narrative of the Second Sikh War," by Edward Thackerell. Sir Henry Durand has shown that Thackerell's book is not always a trustworthy authority. Cf. Ralli's 'Life of Gough,' II. 224.

Seven officers belonging to the Native Infantry regiment who were present, write: "We could see no distance to our front. Our light companies were ordered to skirmish, but not to fire. They might have knocked over many of the enemy, who were among the bushes and up in trees taking our distance, had it not been for this extraordinary order. We received this order from Brigadier Pennycuik, with the remark that everything must be done by the bayonet."—"Life of Major-General Sir Henry Durand," by H. M. Durand, II. 91.

The charge brought against Colin Campbell that Pennycuik led his brigade into action with unloaded muskets he regarded as "almost too puerile to require contradiction."—"Life of Lord Clyde," by Lieutenant General Shadwell, I. 210.

The seven officers write "After about an hour's halt the brigade deployed into line and loaded."

² 'Life of Lord Clyde,' by Lieutenant General Shadwell, I. 210.

patrolled among the trees. But no foe was seen. They pressed forward through the woody difficulties at a rapid rate, and the 24th outstripped their native comrades. The 24th emerged from the jungle, and they saw before them the enemy's battery on a mound. On each side of the guns large hodies of regular infantry, big long bearded men clad in red coats, were formed, and a body of cavalry directly in the rear, covered by the Sikh infantry. Every gun was turned on them and belched forth round shot and grape. Six hundred yards to be traversed—most of it swamp. The 24th plunged forward, and many fell smitten by the showers of grape. They reached the guns, disordered and blown. The Sikhs with their tulwars rushed upon the British bayonets and were driven back. The guns were being spiked, when from the infantry on both flanks there came a destructive fire, and the remains of a gallant regiment fell back. The 24th went into action over 1000 strong, and lost 220 killed and 325 wounded, amongst whom were 13 officers killed and 11 wounded, 4 of the slain being field officers. Brigadier Pennycuik, who was also senior colonel of the 24th, was shot down near the guns. A private of the grenadier company attempted to carry him off in his arms, but being hard pressed by the Sikhs, and seeing that his colonel was dead, he abandoned the corpse. The son of the brigadier, a soldier only sixteen years of age, stood over his father's corpse and defended it till he was hacked to death. The gallant Brookes, who had assumed command of the regiment a few days before the battle, was among the killed. He had lately landed from England, and leaving his young bride he travelled day and night to reach the army. He had often expressed a wish that he might take part in what he called "the glorious battles of India."

After Colin Campbell had given the order for Pennycuik's Brigade to advance, he joined Hoggan's Brigade, for it had been arranged with him and Pennycuik that he should remain with the left. Campbell considered this arrangement

advisable, "as he could discern faintly in the distance that the enemy's right very much outflanked the British left, and the nature of the ground fought upon was such as to render it impossible that any commander could superintend the attack of more than one brigade." As Colin Campbell took care to regulate the rate of march of the centre or directing regiment (H M 61st), so that all could keep up, the left brigade, consisting of H M 61st in the centre, 36th N I on the right, and 46th N I on the left, emerged from the wood in a very tolerable line, but there was no battery. No 10 battery, which should have remained with them, had been directed by a staff officer to proceed farther to the left, to keep down the fire of some Sikh guns in that direction. Colin Campbell on leaving the jungle found the enemy posted on an open space on a slight rise. Immediately in front of the 61st was a large body of cavalry, then opposite to the 36th N I a large body of infantry, to their right four guns which had played on them during their advance. "The 61st moved gallantly and steadily on the cavalry in their front, which steadily and slowly retired." To advance firing in line was a manoeuvre which Colin Campbell had learned from his old commanding officer, Sir John Cameron, who had reduced it to a system in the 9th Regiment during the Peninsular War. As the 61st approached the ground where the cavalry had stood, he gave the order to fire. The Sikh horsemen scampered away at great speed. At this time the 36th charged the Sikh infantry, and were driven back. "The Sikhs at once pushed forward two of their guns," says Colin Campbell, "to within twenty five or thirty yards of the right flank of the 61st and opened grape, while their infantry was completely in rear of the right of the 61st." The moment was critical. Then Colin Campbell's coolness and thorough knowledge of the mechanism of battle were conspicuous. He immediately made the two right companies of the 61st change front to the right, and ordering the remainder of the regiment to form rapidly in the same direction, he placed himself at the head of the two companies, charged

the two guns, and captured them. They then opened fire on the flank of the enemy in pursuit of the 36th N I and compelled them to desist and retreat. The remainder of the 61st had now formed upon the two right companies, but in vain. Colin Campbell and the officers of the 36th tried to get the 36 N I to re-form upon the 61st. "The men were all talking together,—many firing in the air, and all in confusion"¹. It was at this juncture, while the confusion due to the sepoy was at its height, that the enemy brought forward two more guns and fresh infantry, and having again formed, the whole opened fire. Nothing to be done but advance and charge. Colin Campbell, again placing himself at the head of the 61st, gave the word and they advanced, again the word was given, and they rushed into the throat of the guns. The gunners sold their lives hand to hand. A tough tussle, and the guns were taken. Colin Campbell himself got a sword cut in his arm from a Sikh artilleryman, but he had not time to mind it. He continued to lead his brigade along the line of the enemy's position, pouring in volleys of musketry, and taking their guns at the point of the bayonet. The enemy's cavalry threatened his troops in their flank and rear, and they had to face about and drive them off. Thirteen guns were spiked, but they had no force to protect or to remove them, and only the three last were taken from the field. Immediately after this capture they met Mountain's Brigade coming from the opposite direction. Away on the left flank White's cavalry brigade, consisting of the 8th and 5th Native Cavalry and the 3rd Light Dragoons, supported by Brind's three troops of Horse Artillery, had advanced at the same time as Campbell's Division. They soon came under a heavy fire of round shot. Brind went forward, and in about half an hour silenced the enemy's battery. As the Sikh line out-flanked our line, and bodies of Sikh cavalry were threatening

¹ Journal of Colin Campbell, 13th January. This incident is not mentioned in Colin Campbell's official dispatch. No one cared to mention at the time the treacherous conduct of some of the native regiments. Some fought with great gallantry.

our left, Thackwell ordered a squadron of the 3rd Dragoons, supported by five troops of the 5th Cavalry, to charge them. A matchlock fire was opened on them as they advanced, the native cavalry in vain attempted to penetrate the dense mass before them, but in spite of the efforts of their officers they retired in confusion. They, however, soon rallied and took up their place in the line. The three troops of the 3rd Dragoons, led by Unett, Stisted, and Macqueen, with a bold rush rode through the mass and swept on till they reached the Sikh position. A battery opened grape upon them. Wheeling about, they cut their way back. "Intense was our anxiety," says an eyewitness, "about the fate of the 3rd Light Dragoons. At length they emerged covered with glory. Two officers were wounded—the gallant Unett and Stisted,—and the loss among the men amounted to forty-six killed and wounded. Such gallantry deserves to be handed down to posterity."¹ Soon after Colonel Brind was ordered to the right, where a hard fight was going on, with his guns, and was followed by Brigadier White with the cavalry.

When the order for the line to advance was given, Gilbert's Division on the right of the heavy guns went forward. The left brigade (No. 4), consisting of the 56th N I, 30th N I, and H M 29th, headed by their gallant leader, Brigadier Mountain, forced their way through the close wood screen. On appearing in the open they were greeted with a warm artillery fire. The regiments had got separated, but the detached bodies, though unsupported by artillery, swept on with the shells, ploughing gaps in their ranks towards the enemy's entrenchment. The 56th N I, led by Bamfield, their commander, remarkable "for his heroic valour in the field," reached the guns before them, but after a desperate struggle were borne back by superior numbers. They had 8 officers and 322 men killed and wounded in the bitter fight. Among those struck

¹ MS. statement by Major Wheatley, commanding 5th L.C.—'History of the Bengal Artillery,' by Major General F. W. Stebbins, III. 207

down was their gallant colonel, who fell mortally wounded in the arms of his son of the same corps. The 30th N I kept well to the front, and they too suffered in that terrible advance. Eleven officers and 285 men killed and wounded. The 29th, no better regiment on the field, did get into contact with the enemy, bayoneted them and captured twelve guns. Mountain now received orders from Gough to wheel to the left to reinforce Campbell's Brigade, which could now be seen advancing towards them through the smoke.

Next to Mountain's Brigade was No. 17 Field Battery under Captain Dawes, then came the 31st Native Infantry on its right, the 2nd European Regiment forming No. 3 Brigade under Brigadier Godby. When the signal was given they plunged into the jungle in line with a deafening cheer. "On we went at a rapid double," says a subaltern who was present,—"dashing through the bushes, and bounding over every impediment, faster rolled the musketry—crash upon crash the cannon poured forth its deadly contents." On gaining an open space in the jungle they saw the enemy's line. "'Charge!' rang the word through our ranks, and the men bounded forward like angry bull-dogs, pouring in a murderous fire." Onward they went. "The Sikhs fired a last volley, wavered, and then turned and fled. Pursuit in a jungle like that was useless, where we could not see twenty yards before us, so we halted and began to collect our wounded, when all of a sudden a fire was opened upon us in our rear. A large body of the enemy had turned our flank in the jungle, and got between us and the rest of the troops, another party was on our left, and we found ourselves with one light field battery completely surrounded and alone in the field." The word was given "Right-about-face," and the 2nd Europeans advanced, the rear in front, steadily loading and firing as they went. "Then was shown how the spirit of the infantry depends greatly on the staunchness of the artillery. Captain Dawes' battery was the saving of us—as the cavalry

were bearing down the Brigadier shouted, 'A shower of grape in there,' and every gun was turned on them, the men working as coolly as on parade, and a salvo was poured in that sent horse and man head over heels in heaps. If it had not been for that battery we should have been cut up to a man"¹. The enemy kept moving about the bushes, firing a deadly volley, and then disappeared. At last General Gilbert rode up to Major Steele commanding the 2nd Europeans, and said, "Well Major, how are you? Do you think you are near enough to charge?" "By all means," said Steele. "Well then, let us see how you can do it! Men of the 2nd Europeans, prepare to charge—Charge!" "And on we went with a stunning cheer." The Sikhs met them sword in hand, and with desperate courage attempted to break through their line. "But it was no go, and after a short struggle we swept them before us, and remained masters of the field." The splendid courage of the 2nd Europeans had redeemed the error made by Brigadier Pope in the movement of his cavalry brigade, which led to Gilbert's flank being exposed and Godby's Brigade being surrounded.

Brigadier Pope, who commanded the 2nd Cavalry Brigade, had at an early period of his military career proved himself to be a man of great personal courage, but when he was appointed to command a cavalry brigade on service, he was suffering from such bodily infirmities as to be incapable of mounting his horse without difficulty. It must be remembered, moreover, that he had never in peace had any experience in handling a large body of cavalry.

¹ "The conduct of Dawes and his battery is much admired. He was with Gilbert's Division, and wherever the enemy showed himself, front or flank, Dawes' guns were sure to be at the right point and at the right moment. Dawes was struck in the leg by a grape-shot but would not dismount for fear, as he told me, that if he once was off his horse he might not be able to remount. When I saw him, he was standing giving his orders and conducting his duty as if nothing was the matter. I spoke with him a good quarter of an hour before I found out that he was wounded, and then only in consequence of a message from the doctor which made me ask the question whether he were hit."—*Life of Sir Henry Darnley*, by H. M. Darnley, C.S.I., I. 120.

Before the commencement of the battle he detached Lieutenant-Colonel Lane with eight guns, two squadrons of the 9th Lancers, and two of the 6th Light Cavalry, to watch some Sikh horsemen which had advanced in front of Russool, and might have threatened our flank¹. When the right division began to advance the order was given to the troopers, who had been standing to the horses in column, to mount and deploy two squadrons of the 9th Lancers, under Major Hope Grant, on the extreme left, then three squadrons of native cavalry in the centre, with four squadrons of the 14th Light Dragoons on the extreme left of the brigade. Swords having been drawn, the command was given to trot, and Pope, at the head of his old regiment, the 6th Light Cavalry, led his nine squadrons in one line, without a skirmisher or scout in front or a man in support or reserve in rear, through broken ground covered with jungle. By the Native Cavalry in the centre the other squadrons were ordered to dress and regulate their place, but owing to the thickness of the jungle they could see little for themselves and had to conform to the movements. The trot dwindled to a walk, and then came to a dead halt. Pope had led his line in front of the troops of Horse Artillery between him and Sir Walter's Division, and they were unable to fire. When the line was halted the officers were some fifty yards in front of their men. Suddenly some Sikh horsemen appeared coming out of the jungle, and they were ordered back to their places. The men, seeing their officers galloping back, wavered, and some rascal calling out "Threes about," away they all went². The order was distinctly heard by the Lancers, and they turned round. The order

¹ General Stubbs says the enemy's cavalry had advanced, and were threatening our right and rear. With regard to Lane's detachment, he adds: "They were of essential service in that position, covering the flank, though they took no active part in the battle."

² *History of the Bengal Artillery*, by Major General F. W. Stubbs, III. 205. General Stubbs adds: "I had the pleasure of knowing many of the 14th at Lahore very shortly afterwards. They were ready to repeat the Ramnaggar charge, and would not have excused themselves by throwing blame on others."

was heard by the Dragoons, and they turned round. Not unnaturally the Dragoons thought they were falling into some ambush, for only a few weeks before they had lost in a miserable ambush their colonel and many a brave comrade. The whole line of cavalry now fell back. In the excessive dust and in the jungle the men of different regiments got mingled, and it was impossible for the officers to make their commands heard. "The enemy's cavalry now came about us in great numbers, and fastened like hornets upon any poor fellow they could pick out, waiting for their opportunities behind trees and bushes, whereby many of our men became an easy prey to an enemy expert in the use of the sword." Brigadier Pope was cut down by a Sikh horseman, and his fall increased the confusion. Thus, acting singly or in concert, our horsemen retired, and the 14th Dragoons being the nearest to their guns' reach, rode into them, closely followed by the Sikh horsemen. The gunners could neither lumber up nor fire. Those in the teams were cut down. Major Christie received several sword and spear wounds. Major Hayshe, in front of his troop, was attacked by two Sikh horsemen, one of his assailants was killed by his faithful valorous sergeant-major, and Major Stewart hlew the other "out of the saddle *en passant* by a snap pistol shot in the breast"¹. The halt and rally were sounded, and the English horsemen, Lancers and Dragoons, having formed up behind the guns that were able to be moved, Christie's four guns and two of Hayshe's were left on the ground. Soon after the cavalry "were found in an open space like a ploughed field in the jungle, facing to the front, where Lord Gough and staff shortly after rode by and were re-

¹ "Being immediately attacked by another Sikh, sword in hand, the Major had not time to return his pistol (a long single-barrelled, old fashioned 'home pistol'), but guarded with the barrel, from which the native's sabre glanced off, inflicting a slight cut inside the right arm, and Stewart came into camp bleeding profusely, but not seriously. His antagonist, fortunately, did not renew the attack, but rode away into the jungle."—"Historical Record of the 14th (King) Hussars," by Colonel Henry Blackburn, p. 577

ceived with carried swords" This misfortune which befell the cavalry at Chillianwalla has been the theme of much discussion, and the incident has been grossly exaggerated. It is one of those events with which the military history of cavalry action is replete. An incompetent cavalry leader placed a small body of cavalry in front of his guns on ground where they could neither move their horses nor see their foe. They were suddenly attacked. A native traitor shouted "Threes about," and the whole line obeyed what was considered an order from a responsible officer. There was no stampede. They rode slowly to the rear fighting a reckless foe who attacked them from every bush. When they reached the guns, their first rallying point, they rallied. Some few men continued their retreat till they reached the field hospital, but they belonged to every corps. Thus we have traced the facts, after careful collation of the contemporary narratives with the official records, up to their source. For the first few days after the action there was a strong feeling against the 14th Dragoons, and this found expression in the press. But "the day after the action a court of inquiry into the conduct of the 14th Dragoons was held by General Thackerell with closed doors, and from what transpired the result was most satisfactory to that much abused but brave body of men." They had won a reputation for reckless gallantry in the Peninsula, six weeks before Chillianwalla they had showed at Ramnuggur their ancient dash and valour, and more lately they not once nor twice displayed in Central India the old spirit which led two weak squadrons to attack the French rear near a narrow way at Douro, and fight their way back with great loss.

Lord Gough had accompanied Gilbert's Division in their advance, and from a small opening in the jungle had conducted the operations in different parts of the field. Henry Lawrence and John Nicholson were among those who carried orders that day from the Commander in Chief to the Commanders of Divisions. Grave were the

tidings they brought. The Native Cavalry on the extreme left had refused to charge. An impassable swamp had checked the advance of a brigade, which had to retire with heavy loss. At that moment there emerged from the jungle, artillery, spare horses, several limbers, and some guns. With them, supported on his horse by one of his sergeants, his right hand grasping his sword, hanging powerlessly down, came Major Christie. A number of the enemy's cavalry followed them. Colonel Grant drew up two of the guns, unlimbered, and a few shot sent the Sikh troopers back into the jungle. Gough now rode through the dense jungle and joined Campbell, who, with a considerable part of both divisions, was separated from the rest of the force by a mile of difficult ground. The delicate question arose whether the force with Campbell should remain on the field it occupied. The night was dark, the wood was thick, "and I respectfully suggested to his lordship," says Colin Campbell, "that the safest and most prudent course would be to unite his force and get it together in one body." The answer to the suggestion was forcible. "I'll be d—d if I move till my wounded are all safe." However, Gough yielded his more impetuous noble opinion to the sentiments of his more prudent commander. After the wounded who were lying near the captured Sikh guns had been, with one single exception, removed, the bugles and trumpets sounded the retirement. It was impossible, owing to the darkness, to discover and remove the wounded that lay in the wood. The guns we had captured and our own had also to be abandoned. "D—d if we ain't a deserting the guns," said a British soldier as he trudged along in the dark. "Suppose we shall have to take them again. So many poor fellows killed for nothin'." Two of our guns were afterwards rescued by the gallantry of Colin Cookworthy, a subaltern of Major Christie's troop. After he reached the camp at Chulhanwalla, he took the limbers of his division, and returned to the spot in the

jungle where our guns had been left. The six guns were there, but he had only sufficient limbers to bring away two. It was the last of the many deeds of valour and devotion which illuminated the stern conflict at Chillianwalla. It has been called a doubtful victory, because the Sikhs, though driven from the field of battle, retained their strong position among the ravines of Moong Russool. The fruits of the victory were, however, not doubtful. The British soldier fought "like devils," and so impressed his brave foe with his courage that the two hours of deadly strife led to the crowning victory of Gujarat. During these two hours Gough's loss amounted to killed—22 European officers, 16 native officers and 564 men, wounded—67 European officers, 27 native officers, 1 warrant officer, and 1536 men. There were 13 officers of the 24th buried in one grave. Two days after the strife died the gallant Christie. The survivors of the troop went to the chaplain and requested that he should be buried in the same grave with those he had so bravely commanded and led, and he rests with the men who were so fond and proud of their valiant commander.

During the battle of Chillianwalla the Irregular Cavalry was attached to Hearsay's Brigade which was protecting the baggage. But both Neville and Crawford Chamberlain managed to make their way to the front, and helped to rally some of the fugitives when Pennycuik's Brigade was driven back and the English cavalry thrown into confusion. In his letter, dated Camp Chillianwalla, 22nd January 1849, to his sister, he states with characteristic modesty, "Thank God, neither Crawford nor I have lost reputation from having been brought into the field." Neville Chamberlain's letter is a contemporary account of considerable importance —

"CAMP CHILLIANWALLA,
Left Bank of Jhelum, opposite Russool,
22nd January 1849.

"MY DEAREST HARRIET,—Since my last letter we have made another move in the game with the Sikh rebels, but I regret to

say the change of position has cost us dearly. I have not the power of detailing our actions for the last month, but I will endeavor to give you an outline, and let you know how we now stand. Ever since we crossed the Chenab the Sikhs have been encamped within a few miles of this ground, at a place called Moog, their rear resting on the Jhelum. Our camp has been in the open cultivated part of the Doab, nearer the Chenab—a belt of jungle which runs parallel and close to the Jhelum separating the two armies. It being found impossible to feed our cattle at, or near, our old camp of Januka, the camp was moved some six or seven miles up the Doab to Lupoore. After remaining at Lupoore three days, and finding that forage was very difficult to be procured, we moved to Dingee. Dingee is a large village, and from its position commands the open country of the upper portion of the Doab. Up to the time of our move northward the enemy had commanded the supplies of the upper Doab, so our move to Dingee was of the greatest importance.

"I believe that our works on the banks of the Chenab for the protection of our bridge was the cause of our not sooner seizing Dingee. We could not have left our bridge available, our communications to the rear being of the highest importance. Day by day now for months past have we been looking for the fall of Mooltan, and after the town was captured the Engineers led us to expect that the fort would immediately follow, this belief has of course had great influence on the Chief's plans, the release of 16,000 men and many guns being a serious consideration. From what the Commander-in-Chief heard of the Sikh position, it would appear that he determined upon attacking Sher Singh, and we moved from Dingee early on the morning of the 13th instant. After marching for about three miles the column halted, and bread was served out to the European portion of the troops. We again moved on, and upon the head of the column reaching a village called Chulhan walla (from which our camp takes its name), it was fired upon by the Sikhs. The enemy had an entrenchment on a mound close to this village, to which they had placed a couple of guns and men. At 11.30 A.M. our 18 pounders opened with shrapnel on this entrenchment, and the Sikhs were shortly obliged to abandon this post, as likewise the village itself, with the loss of a few men. The country about here is flat, of a sandy soil, and covered with patches of high bushes, and a few trees of larger growth spring up here and there, the whole of the land near the river must, in some former day, have been cultivated, as the jungle does not become thick until you have quitted the river some three miles. The nature of the jungle here is in fact such as to afford excellent shelter to light troops, prevents the regular advance of a line, and greatly annuls the advantages which would be gained by a disciplined army over a disorganised foe in any other ground.

"After the Commander-in-Chief had driven the enemy from the entrenchment and village, he determined upon encamping upon our present ground, and the site was being marked out by the Quarter master General and Camp Colormen, when they were fired upon by the enemy's guns, posted some little distance from us in the jungle. It had been Lord Gough's plan to attack the Sikhs the following day, but this was a challenge his Irish blood could not stand, the line was formed, and the action commenced at 1.30 P.M. Sunset saw us in possession of many of the Sikh guns, and of all their positions, and it found them retreating from all points towards Moong and Ruaseool. At dusk it was thought advisable to order the line to retire towards Chillianwalla, for the protection of the baggage, which had been twice threatened, and for the purpose of bivouacking the troops in a more concentrated position. Of the battle I shall say little, but I believe I speak the truth in saying that a most signal victory, and ignominious defeat, were alternately cast into the scales on that day: the first was lost by the misconduct of some, and the latter was averted by the bravery of the many. No field in India has, I believe, ever been more severely contested. Guns were captured, spiked, taken again by the Sikhs, and retaken by us.

"Had we had but two hours more daylight all our errors might have been retrieved, but night coming on we were unable to follow up a vanquished foe, and the cruel murders of our wounded must be punished at some future date. Nothing but death will satisfy the appetite of these bloodthirsty tyrants for slaughter, I trust the day is not far distant when they shall be made to pay the penalty of their barbarity. I hope I never was unmerciful, and I believed I never could become so, but after witnessing the sights I saw on that day the heart becomes steeled. Imagine hundreds of wounded men backed into unrightly objects, and a child, a poor drummer boy, dragged from a litter, and in his wounded helpless state thrown into the air, to be cut at as he fell.

"But enough of these horrors so degrading to the name of man whether he be white or black. Had we taken possession and brought into camp all the pieces of cannon captured, our victory would have been more substantial, but this we omitted to do, and the consequence is that with the exception of twelve cannon, the enemy removed the rest during the night. From the misconduct of the 14th Dragoons we lost four of our Horse Artillery guns, and these, with some captured standards, compensate the enemy in a measure for their defeat. The Irregular Cavalry Brigade was protecting the baggage, but being close upon the scene of action, both Crawford and I managed to find ourselves towards the front. To add to our discomfort it began to rain on the night of the 13th, but towards morning we got a fire and solaced ourselves with tea.

"In the battle of the 13th it must be said that the Sikhs had

every advantage. They outnumbered us six or seven times, out-flanked us, chose their own position, and had to be attacked in a jungle which it was impossible to reconnoitre. On more than one occasion the rear rank had to be faced about whilst the line was advancing to the attack of guns, and up to the last moment, in one portion of the field, the shot were being thrown over our heads, and falling in our front towards the people opposed to us. That we were handled to the greatest advantage is not for me to decide, but I hope that Lord Gough's life may be spared, for a braver man never sat a horse: the troops like him, he does not fear responsibility, and if personal example is of any avail, we have but victory or death as our goal.

"Of Sir Joseph Thackwell I cannot say much, as I believe him to be far less fitted for command than our present chief. During the night of the 13th the Sikhs fired guns from their position at Ruasool (a village on a hill three miles to our front) to collect their scattered troops, and on this ground they prepared to withstand our second attack. What with our severe loss, want of food, and exposure to the cold and rain of the previous night, it was decided not to attack, and on this occasion discretion was certainly the better part of valour! A portion of the column had been moved towards Ruasool, but this demonstration was converted into a reconnoitring party, and by noon our camp was pitched, in the shape of a hollow oblong, so as to offer a front on all faces. Nothing could be more miserable than the weather during the 14th, 15th, and 16th,—the rain being accompanied by bursts of bleak cold wind that rushed upon us from the snows of the Pir Pingali Range. On the 16th I accompanied Crawford's regiment reconnoitring towards Moong, but the ground was so bad that our horses were useless, and after looking at some of the Sikh pickets we returned to camp. The evening of the 16th was devoted to burying our dead, but these were too numerous and too distant to be all brought in: 190 men of the 24th Foot were consigned to mother earth on the 17th,—a party of the 9th Irregulars being sent to protect the people employed to dig the pits. The Sikh dead are scattered far and wide, and afford a rare harvest to the village dogs, kites, and jackals. This system is very horrible, but with such fiends for enemies, the heart becomes hardened.

"You must know that prior to a general action all ranks of our enemies take intoxicating drugs to arm them, and on the last occasion I saw a Sikh gunner stretched dead on the breast of his back with so English pint bottle fastened to his wrist. The Sikhs are all collected on the hill in our front, and ever since the 14th have been busy in strengthening their position by throwing up field-works. We have also been protecting our front by entrenchments, not that I believe they will dare to attack us, but a few feet of earth enables a few to do the work of many.

"Our pickets are not far distant from each other, and strange to say they do not often annoy our videttes."

"The jungle that surrounded us on the 13th is fast disappearing, and the scene of action bears not the slightest resemblance to what it did those few days ago. I believe we remain upon our oars till reinforced, when I trust we shall be able to totally annihilate the lion in his den, in which case he is only welding his own chains, as the wall made by his own hand will prevent his escaping. Thank God, neither Crawford nor I have lost reputation from having been brought into the field."

"The day Sir Henry Lawrence joined our camp he recognised me, and told me of his having written to ask the Bombay Governor to allow Charlie to be sent up to this part of the world, and before he left for Lahore he told me he wished to obtain my services, when I of course said that I was willing to undertake any work the Governor might give me. It is said that our brigade is to be actively employed on the next occasion, when I trust the Irregulars will do their work well, and in that case both Crawford and I may expect brevet promotion on attaining our companies. Latterly I have had two steps, but I never look to rising by the misfortunes of my seniors. What stories I shall have to tell you of this campaign should it be my lot to see its conclusion! Many things cannot be written which require a winter evening, and as my wants are few, I hope ere many years have passed to be with you at the tea table again. The *des* must be a *mes pas now*, and my ambition will be fulfilled when the day arrives which finds you all welcoming my return from the day's cruise. You know old bilious Indians (old cunes) require petting! Crawford will add a line. NEVILLE."

The day after the battle the army encamped in the immediate vicinity of Chillianwalla. Lord Gough, rejecting the advice of the Governor General's Political Agent to again attack the enemy in his strongly entrenched position, determined to await the result of the final assault on Mooltan and the reinforcements which would become available on the reduction of that fortress. On the 22nd of January 1849 Mooltan fell, Moolraj surrendered, and the besieging force forthwith commenced its march to join the army of the Punjab. Three days later there was a rumour in the British camp that the fortress had been taken, the next day the glad tidings were confirmed. The Sikh leader now sought to entice the Chief into a battle by demonstration.

On the 30th a patrol under Crawford had a sharp engage-

ment with a body of the enemy's cavalry killed sixteen of them, and took several prisoners. The next day the General Orders conveyed a warm eulogium to Crawford and his men.

"Lieutenant Chamberlain slew two of the enemy with his own hand, receiving a slight wound himself, and his energy and gallantry were, as usual, most conspicuous, and merit the best commendation of his Excellency. Lieutenant Chamberlain speaks in high terms of the conduct of the party he commanded on this occasion, and especially of the gallantry evinced by Ally Bukah, sower of the first troop, and the Commander in Chief is persuaded that other parties sent on the important duty of protecting the carriage cattle of the army, will emulate the activity, conduct, and courage which has now so deservedly elicited his Lordship's applause."

The enemy heard day by day of the approach of the Mooltan force, and they renewed their efforts to bring on a fight. They threatened Gough's line of communication by way of Singh, but these were well guarded. On the 8th of February about 4000 of them advanced, and at 900 yards tried to work round our flank, but, finding the guns there, retired. A man with a bundle of fireworks was captured, who said he intended to have blown up our powder in park. On the 11th the enemy made another great attempt to bring on action. "The enemy," wrote Lord Gough to the Governor General, "yesterday came forward, apparently with the whole of the force he had at and in the neighbourhood of Khoree, with the evident view of drawing men out of their encampment, in order that a strong force he had concealed amongst the jungle towards Moong might have an opportunity of attacking my camp." The enemy, finding that Gough would not be drawn out, withdrew into their camp. That night a noise was heard both from Russool and from Khoree. When day broke no tents were to be seen on the heights of Russool, and by the afternoon the Sikhs had entirely abandoned their works, and our officers galloped from their camp to see them. During the day the sick and wounded were sent to Ramnaggur under an escort, and for the first time during the campaign a

capture of camels, about eighty in number, was effected "Neville Chamberlain," writes a correspondent, "seeing the animals, obtained Lord Gough's permission to attempt their seizure with a part of his Lordship's escort. He charged the Sikh guard, who fled at once, leaving the camels a fair prize."

On the night of the 13th of February reports were brought in by a spy that 400 infantry and 4000 cavalry had actually marched from the neighbourhood of Khoree to Gujerat, and that the report in the bazaar of the enemy was that the whole were to march to Gujerat. The bazaar gossip proved correct. At four o'clock in the morning, just as the moon rose, Sher Singh's whole army marched to Gujerat and took up a position between the fortified town and a ford on the Chenab above Wazirabad. This movement had been anticipated by Gough, and it was one he wished, because he desired that the defeat which he was preparing for them should be, owing to the loss of their magnificent guns, which they could not convey across, or even to the river, a crushing and signal disaster. He would not attack them on the line of march, because he wished to fight them after he had received the reinforcement for which he had so long and patiently waited. Sher Singh's aim was to make a dash for the Chenab, cross it, and gain the open road to Lahore. But Gough knew that his position rendered the unimpeded passage of the river almost an impossibility. He also knew that Whish must now be very near. Having sent orders to him to push up a detachment to Wazirabad, Gough, on the morning of the 15th, left his encampment, and his whole force in a single column of route marched through the jungle, which was in many places very thick, to Lassoorie, a distance of twelve miles. He was now nearer to forming a junction with Whish, and nearer to the Chenab. Sher Singh, on reaching the river, had found it guarded, and with Gough close to him he dare not force a passage across.

Whish had anticipated the Chief's orders on the 13th

of February,—he had, by forced marches, reached Ramnuggur¹ On hearing that the Sikh army was in full march on the Chenab, he—the next day without waiting for orders—pushed on four 18-pounder guns and some irregular horse up the bank of the river On the 15th a force of foot, horse, and guns, under Colonel Byrne, were sent in the same direction After a march of twenty four miles they reached Wazirabad in the evening, and great was their joy in finding that the enemy had not crossed On the 16th, having discovered there was no risk of a collision with the enemy, Gough turning slightly towards the east, marched seven miles to Sadoolapore He had expected reinforcements to join him there The next day, keeping almost parallel with the river, he advanced north west towards Gujerat, after marching seven miles he halted near Ishara, and was joined by a part of his reinforcements On the 18th he made another march of seven miles, and halted at Kussagh within three miles of the enemy, where he was joined by General Whish with one brigade of infantry and ten horse artillery guns On the 19th Gough halted to allow Brigadier-General Dundas with the Bombay Division, including two European regiments (her Majesty's 60th and Bombay Fusiliers), detachment of Sind Horse, and a troop and battery of artillery (twelve guns) to join him "This division," writes Sir Colin Campbell, "has marched upwards of sixty miles in the last three days" On the 20th of February Gough made another movement to Shadiwal in battle order, and a short space now divided the two armies "We have not fought yet," wrote a British subaltern, "but there is little doubt but that we shall engage to-morrow—and then won't there be a smash! We marched at one o'clock to-day, and have moved up close, so as to go at them fresh in the

¹ "Orders were here received to push on, so Captain Anderson and 4-5 H.A. accomplished a march of forty miles. He made nineteen miles in the morning, rested during the day, went on at night, chiefly at a trot, reaching Ramnuggur before morning"—'History of the Bengal Artillery,' by Major-General F W Stubbs, III. 214.

morning and have lots of time to complete the victory " Gough, who has too often been regarded merely as a fiery old soldier, had shown during his enforced halt at Chillianwalla clear intelligence and firmness of purpose, and now that his strategy had been covered with success, he resolved not to strike the blow till the Bombay troops had rested, and he had ample time to make it decisive. He, however, took advantage of the halt to have a careful reconnoissance made of the enemy's position. It was ascertained that their camp encircled the town of Gujerat, built on a slight knoll rising from a vast plain, covered with low green luxuriant crops and studded with a few villages surrounded by trees. Their right was behind the Diwara, a dry sandy-bedded nullah of some breadth, which, after passing round the northern and western faces of the town, makes a sudden bend at nearly a right angle, and runs in a southerly direction to Shadiwal. Their centre occupied a large village known as the Barra (Great) Kalra, which they loopholed and fortified, and a hamlet called the Kot Kalra, and their left rested on the fortified village of Chota (Little) Kalra, where a deep narrow nullah ran from the east of the town to Chenab. These two dry river-beds, covering the town on the right and left, had led the Sikhs to regard Gujerat as a place of great strategic importance. But the ground between them for the space of three miles was well calculated for the operations of all arms, and presented no great physical obstacle to the movements of heavy guns. Gough determined to make his advance in that direction. His aim was to pierce the enemy's centre and left, so as to throw it on the right, and then with the aid of his left wing annihilate it. He would use the parallel order and direct attack, and as he now had for the first time ample artillery, the assaults should be prepared by his heavy guns.

On the 21st of February the troops took up their positions at daylight. The Diwara, or dry nullah, bisected

the British ground. Major General Walter Gilbert's Division, consisting of Mountain's and Penny's Brigades, occupied the ground immediately on the right of the nullah. Harvey's Brigade of Whish's Division formed the continuation of the line, with Markham's Brigade in reserve. The heavy guns were on the right and left of Mountain's Brigade, with Captain Dawes' Field Battery in the centre of it. Three troops of horse artillery were to be in the intervals between the other brigades and two troops in reserve. Lockwood's and Hearsey's Cavalry Brigades with their troops of horse artillery protected the right flank. On the left of the nullah, extending westward in a line, were Colin Campbell's Division, supported by two light field batteries and the Bombay Column under Dundas, supported by a troop of Bombay Horse Artillery. White's Brigade of Cavalry and the Sind Horse, under the command of Sir Joseph Thackwell, supported by two troops of horse artillery, guarded the left flank, and kept in check large bodies of Sikh and Afghan cavalry. By seven o'clock, more than twenty battalions of infantry, some ten regiments of cavalry, and upwards of seventy guns were drawn up in a superb line. The colours of the uniforms were as rich and varied as those of a painted window, and the bayonets and swords glittered in the morning sun low but clear, and the pennons of the Lancers waved in the breeze. The air was crisp and cold, for a winter morning in the Punjab is like an early spring morning in England, except that the sky is more blue and cloudless. On the other side of the green plain could be seen the towers of Gujerat, and in the far distance the Cashmere mountains, and beyond them the snow clad battlements of the Himalayas. In front of Gujerat was collected the Sikh host.

A century had not passed since Clive, one steamy morning in July, had laid the foundation of our Empire in a mango grove in Bengal, and the time had now come to decide whether the bounds of that Empire should extend to the

base of the northern hills. The last struggle for complete dominion in India was about to take place.

At half past seven the order was given, and the whole line advanced "with the precision of a parade movement."¹ When the centre reached Hariawala village on the nullah, the enemy, seeing the elephants who drew the heavy guns, opened at a very long distance. The heavy guns taking up ground began to respond, but the distance was too great for their fire to have any effect, and the British line again went forward. When it had gone about a quarter of a mile, the enemy opened on it from the whole of their front. "The round shot flew about us," says an officer of the and Europeans, "and ploughed up the ground in all directions. Five or six men were knocked down in as many seconds, when we were ordered to lie down, and the artillery advanced about 200 yards to the front." Between the two brigades of heavy guns, Dawes' Field Battery took up a place and came into action. Then the heavy batteries opened, "and the roar of more than a hundred pieces of artillery shook the very earth, pitching round shot and shells into the enemy from less than 300 yards, they returning our fire with great spirit and precision."

Behind the heavy guns the Commander-in-Chief and his staff watched the artillery duel.² The cannonade, says Gough, "was the most magnificent I ever witnessed, and as terrible in its effect." An hour, and the enemy's fire began to slacken and their centre and left to withdraw behind the two villages, Barra (Great) Kalra and Kot Kalra. Penny's Brigade was ordered to advance another 100 yards and then lie down. A company from each regiment in the brigade was sent up to the front to support Major Fordyce's 9-pounder troop attached to them. "All this time the fire was very hot on us, carrying off three men at a time, shells bursting over us or burying themselves in front, scattering the earth in our

¹ From the Right Hon. the Commander-in-Chief to the Right Hon. the Governor General of India, Headquarters, Camp Goojerat, February 26, 1849.

² The story that Lord Gough was at Gujerat implacated by his staff on the top of a windmill is silly fiction.

faces " On the guns went, coming into action at intervals of 200 or 300 yards They passed between the two villages, and were on the point of debouching, when the Sikh batteries in front and the guns in the Great Kalra blazed forth Many fell "every shot pitched right into them, and the gallant manner in which they worked their guns is beyond all praise." Twice did their commander send his limbers to the rear for fresh men and horses, "and each time as they came up again and passed through our line we gave them a hearty cheer, and the fine fellows waved their caps, and dashed on again in advance as if death was a joke to them " For two hours the conflict waxed fiercer and fiercer From the village of Great Kalra, 200 yards in front of the brigade, the enemy sent forth a tremendous fire of musketry General Gilbert ordered the brigade to storm it "Our men, who had been held down all this time, started up with a cheer It was the last some of them gave, poor fellows! A round shot took off a man's head close to me, and splattered his brains in my face The bullets whizzing about like hail,—and as we came nearer grape was poured into us, but not a man wavered for a second 'Officers to the front—lead on your men!' shouted the Major, and we dashed forward amidst a shower of balls, dashed across a deep nullah, gave one rattling volley, and poured into the village at every point " Many of the Sikhs died fighting to the last, and heavy was the loss of the brigade When they emerged from the village the enemy opened on them a hot fire of grape and canister "This was the most deadly fire we were exposed to during the day, the balls hissed about like winged serpents." From the village of Kot Kalra, on the right of the Great Kalra, the enemy smote with a deadly musketry fire two native troops of horse artillery Anderson, their leader, fell mortally wounded. "No officer who fell that day was more generally lamented " The village, after a short tussle, was taken by a portion of Harvey's Brigade The other part of the brigade attacked the village of Chota or Little Kalra, which defended the enemy's extreme left It was strongly

fortified. After an obstinate struggle and a succession of assaults on each loopholed house, the 10th Foot, led by their fiery leader, Colonel Franks, gained possession of it. The enemy's centre and left had now been broken, and were being pushed back on their right. The cavalry made frequent attempts to turn our right flank, but were checked by the 14th Light Dragoons, "whose skirmishers often resolutely repulsed the daring foe," and repeated charges of Hearnsey's irregular brigade.

Meanwhile Colin Campbell, on the left of the Diwara or dry nullah, had advanced gradually so as to keep pace and alignment with the right wing. The twelve 9-pounders moved in line with the skirmishers, and the infantry in line close to the rear, "the artillery firing at the masses of infantry and cavalry formed beyond the nullah, who gradually melted away under the effects of this fire, and took shelter in the nullah."

An effort was now made by some of the principal Sikh chiefs to bring forward their cavalry to attack the advancing line. The infantry who had taken shelter in the nullah "accompanied this movement in a very disorderly and tumultuous manner. These latter were in vast crowds. I caused the artillery of my division to be turned on the flank of this advance of the enemy, while the Bombay troop of horse artillery fired direct to the front. This double fire in front and flank caused them to waver, and finally to give way."¹ They retired across the nullah, but some of the infantry stopped under cover of its banks. Colin Campbell advancing placed two of his guns in such a position that they could sweep the bend of the Diwara, which they strewn with killed and wounded.² The Sikh infantry having swiftly deserted the nullah, the whole left wing of the British army passed this formidable defence of the enemy's right wing without firing a musket or losing a man.³

¹ 'The Life of Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde, by Lieutenant-General Stedwell, C.B., I. 250.

² 'Life of Major-General Sir Henry Durnod, by H. M. Durnod, C.B.L., II. 102.

³ 'Life of Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde, I. 251.

As our left wing was advancing the Afghan cavalry threatened its left flank. Thackwell ordered the Sind Horse, supported by two squadrons of the 9th Lancers, to charge them. "The former, headed by the dauntless Malcolm, dashed headlong upon the enemy and drove everything before them, capturing two standards." Thackwell's cavalry, crossing the nullah, went forward and prevented them from gaining the highroad to Jhelum, while Dundas and Campbell's Divisions drove those on the left and centre, who were retiring in heavy columns covered by cavalry. The four divisions of infantry pressed hard the retreating foe, and the retreat became more and more a flight. By one o'clock the British were in possession of the town of Gujerat, of the Sikh camp, and of their artillery and baggage. The cavalry and the horse artillery continued the pursuit with vigour, and what had been once a disciplined army became a rabble. The Sikhs fought desperately, and as they had never given they never expected quarter on a battlefield. Hand to hand encounters were frequent. "In these encounters Neville Chamberlain of the Irregulars particularly distinguished himself by the number of the enemy he slew." The pursuit continued till four o'clock, when the two cavalry columns met and returned to camp.

This was the battle of Gujerat, and the results were, as Gough intended, immediate and decisive. The accounts of the contest which Neville and Crawford Chamberlain sent home have, unfortunately, been lost.

Crawford was, on the morning of the battle, on the sick list, owing to his wound. But he got out of his doolie in order to be put on his horse, for he could not mount without assistance, and for twelve hours he was in the saddle. Brigadier Hearsey in his report after the battle remarked: "I feel myself much indebted also to Lieutenant Neville Chamberlain, Brigade Major 4th Brigade Irregular Cavalry, for his assistance in the field during the forenoon, which I cannot too much appreciate, and for the example he set in

several hand-to-hand affairs with a furious and exasperated enemy during pursuit. Lieutenant Crawford Chamberlain, second in command 9th Irregular Horse, although still suffering from his wound, was present with the regiment the whole day, thus showing his usual energy."

On the day after the victory at Gujerat, General Gilbert, who in spite of his years was known as the best rider in India, was ordered in pursuit with a strong force of infantry, cavalry, and artillery. General Hearsey commanded the six regiments of cavalry, and Neville accompanied him as Brigade Major, and Crawford with his corps. On the 26th of February Neville wrote to his mother from Camp Aurungabad, opposite town of Jhelum.

"CAMP AURUNGAHAD, Opposite town of Jhelum,
26th February 1849.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,— Most of the enemy's troops have gone to Rotas, but they have left men and guns to command the fords, having burnt all the boats. Unless treachery is rewarded, Sher Singh will give us battle, having still some thirty guns at his command. Attock we must occupy, and possibly the Afghans may meet us in the valley of Peshawur. We have still a month's campaign before us, and, unfortunately, the cold weather is fast fleeing. Crawford's regiment returns towards the provinces, and I go on with the advancing division. As he has his ties, I am glad his campaigning for this year is at an end.

"Had I time I would copy an order regarding Crawford's gallantry, issued by Lord Gough on 31st January. You shall have the General and the Brigade Order by next mail, they will rejoice your heart. You will be pleased to hear that I have not passed unnoticed, and that prior to my marching from Guzerat the day after the battle, the Commander-in-Chief sent for me, and told me that he was much indebted to me for my services. The old gentleman likewise told me that, did his own brother stand in my way, I should have the first regiment in his gift, and I told him I was perfectly contented in his having granted my request to be allowed to join the army, and that my ambition was to be sent on to Peshawur. Brigadier Hearsey is to command the cavalry going to Peshawur, and on his staff I shall have an opportunity of seeing everything. My journal I keep as promised. NEVILLE."

On the 28th of February the force crossed the Jhelum, and the Sikhs, hard pressed, saw it was hopeless to continue

the struggle. On the 7th of March they gave up their English prisoners, and the next day Sher Singh entered the camp in the hope of making terms. "He wishes to be allowed to send in the guns and arms on hackeries, but Gilbert will consent to nothing but the whole army marching by and depositing their arms at his feet, and to these, I believe, he has consented, because he can't help himself." The next day about 1000 Sikhs entered the camp. "They marched in bodies of 200, and each man, as he passed, threw his arms in a heap in front of the General's tent." Reluctantly, and with sorrow, they parted with the weapons they so dearly loved. "Many of them were fine grey haired old fellows, with large flowing white beards, probably some of Runjeet Singh's veterans. One old fellow I noticed in particular, he stood for a long time looking wistfully at his arms and the pile before him, and evidently could not make up his mind to give them up. At last the officer on duty came and touched him on the shoulder and ordered him to move on, he then threw down his sword and matchlock with a crash, and turned away with tears in his eyes saying, 'All my work is done now'." On the 11th of March Gilbert continued his march towards Rawul Pindie, and at Hoomah encamped in a small place surrounded by hills. Sher Singh, his father, Sardar Chutter Singh, and the Chief Sardars arrived in camp and gave themselves up as prisoners. "In the afternoon the guns, twenty six in number, were brought in, their artillery men brought them up to the park, unlimbered, dismounted, gave up their swords, and went off. They were all very nice brass pieces, two of them the guns lost at Chilian walla." The next day the force halted, and 5000 Sikhs laid down their arms in camp. On the 18th of March the force reached the Jhelum, and, crossing it, wound along the plain to their camp. On their march they met crowds of Sikhs going to lay down their arms. As each man crossed the river he threw his arms on the immense pile of muskets and swords that lay on the bank, "which shone

like silver in the bright sunshine" On the 14th of March the force, after marching three miles, came near the Sikh camp and drew up in battle array The remains of the Sikh infantry, some 16,000, marched forth, and the Sikh Commander-in-Chief with his Sardars one by one gave up their swords to the British General, and their men grounded their arms at his feet Their proud bearing as they marched away added lustre to the valor they had shown in the field They regarded their defeat as the chance of war, and some of them, as they reverently saluted the spirit of the steel, exclaimed, "To-day is the death of Runjeet Singh" The might with which his spirit had inspired them, and the skill with which he had guided them, had gone So perished the Khalsa army,—an army whose ranks were filled with men as brave as those of any race

On the 17th of March a general order announced the surrender of the remains of the Sikh army, and the Governor General offered "to the whole army his heartfelt congratulations on this glorious result of the battle of Gujrat, and of the operations subsequent to it." Lord Dalhousie, however, added "But the war is not yet concluded, nor can there be any cessation of hostilities until Dost Mahomed Khan and the Afghan army are either driven from the province of Peshawar or destroyed within it" The day after the surrender of the Sikh infantry, Gilbert started in the hope of overtaking the Afghans before they had crossed the Indus, or at all events of preventing them from destroying the bridge of boats across it After a long march of seventeen miles they encamped in a jungle at the foot of the hills The next morning they started at five "The country about here is the most beautiful I have seen in India—hill and dale thickly covered with wood, and all in one purple glow from the carpet of flowers which entirely hides the earth" After a weary trudge of three hours through the Pass they encamped on the plain on the other side "Marched sixteen miles, did not reach

our ground until one o'clock " But their rest was of short duration. At six in the evening they again started, "and went at the rate of little more than a mile an hour, the roads being so bad that the artillery could make no progress, and we had but little moonlight " When they had done twelve miles they halted for a couple of hours "Threw myself on the ground, and was asleep in a second It seemed scarcely five minutes before we had to start again, and it required all my resolution to make me quit my hard couch " They then marched on all night, and until ten o'clock next morning, "when we halted, having accomplished twenty-six miles." At noon they again started, and "ten miles brought us to the end of our march, on the banks of the celebrated Indus and in possession of Attok " They had marched thirty six miles with sixteen before it, and they had done fifty-two miles in thirty six hours Gilbert, with his light cavalry and light guns, had preceded the infantry When about six miles from the river Gilbert heard that the enemy had evacuated Attok, and were about to destroy the bridge of boats The winner of many a gold and silver cup on the turf galloped forward in post haste, accompanied by a small escort and the staff They did not draw rein till they reached a height close by the river They saw below them about 100 Afghans engaged in burning the bridge, and some 5000 or 6000 drawn up on the opposite bank. The Guides Rifles "immediately lined the rocks on the edge of the stream, and opened such a nasty fire on the Afghan infantry that they were glad to cut away the bridge of boats, which swung over to our side of the stream, and was secured by us " ¹ Four of the boats, however, had been burned. For-
dyce's Battery now came up, and the Afghans retired after firing some guns at us which did no harm By evening the bridge of boats had been restored, and our infantry and artillery crossed and immediately marched on to

¹ 'Lumaden of the Guides,' by General Sir Peter S. Lumaden and George R. Elmslie, p. 59.

Peshawur At noon, 21st March, the troops reached Peshawur "after a march of at least twenty eight miles " The cavalry pushed on with all haste to Jumrood The Afghans had only time to gain the shelter of the Khyber Pass ere they arrived at the entrance Here the pursuit ended, and they encamped on the plain, which was covered with huge gigantic boulders. Neville Chamberlain rode with his friend John Nicholson to the entrance of the Pass through which they had marched seven years before, and to which clung some glorious and many sad memories.

CHAPTER VIII

The Annexation of the Punjab—A Board of administration appointed—Neville Chamberlain receives the Punjab medal and two clasps for the campaign—Refuses command of the new Corps of Irregular Cavalry on account of the insufficient pay offered to the men—Appointed Assistant Adjutant General of the Sind Division—Letters from Neville Chamberlain—Admiration of the army for Lord Gough—Interview with Sir Charles Napier—Neville Chamberlain foresees the coming danger of a Sepoy revolt—Letter from Sir Henry Lawrence suggesting civil employment—Appointed Assistant Commissioner in the Rawal Pindie district—Maxims laid down by Sir Henry Lawrence for a Revenue officer—Neville Chamberlain transferred from Rawal Pindie to Hazara—List of his principal duties—Letter from Governor General's Private Secretary—Neville Chamberlain appointed to organise the Military Police—Letter from Lord Dalhousie—Neville Chamberlain's reply—Lord Dalhousie's answer—Appointed Military Secretary to the Punjab Board—Applies for active service in Burma—Lord Dalhousie's reproof—Letter from Governor General's Private Secretary—Dangerous illness—Letter from Lord Dalhousie—Obtains two years' leave of absence—Leaves Lahore for Calcutta—Interview with Lord Dalhousie—Sails for the Cape of Good Hope.

On the morning of the 30th of March 1849 the last Sikh durbar was held at the palace, in the citadel of Lahore. The young Maharajah sat for the last time on the throne of Runjeet Singh, and around him stood the leading chiefs who had ruled the kingdom, and in the midst of that royal assembly the Foreign Secretary to the Government of India produced a document containing the terms granted to the Maharajah. The young prince signed it. He resigned for himself, his heirs, and his successors, all claim to the sovereignty of the Punjab. He was to receive a pension of not less than £40,000, and not exceeding £50,000 a-year, "provided he shall

remain obedient to the British Government, and shall reside at such place as the Governor General of India may select. All the property of the State, of whatever description and wheresoever found, shall be confiscated to the Honourable East India Company, in part payment of the debt due by the State of Lahore to the British Government, and of the expenses of the war. The Gem called the Koh-i-noor, shall be surrendered by the Maharajah of Lahore to the Queen of England." His Highness was to be treated with respect and honour, and was to retain the title of Maharajah Dhuleep Singh Bahadur. After the agreement had been signed by the Maharajah, the proclamation issued by the Governor General was read aloud. It declared that "the kingdom of the Punjab is at an end, and that all the territories of the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh are now and henceforth a portion of the British Empire in India." The victory of Gujarat had added a kingdom of about 80,000 square miles to the British dominions, and advanced the boundaries of our Empire to the mountain ranges. For the administration of this new kingdom, together with the territory previously acquired on both sides of the Sutlej, Lord Dalhousie appointed a Board of Three—the President, Sir Henry Lawrence, and two members, John Lawrence and Charles Mansel, the latter of whom was succeeded by Robert Montgomery.

On the 27th of March orders were issued to break up the army of the Punjab. To the soldiers who had by their endurance and valour won for England a kingdom, only a medal and clasp for Gujarat were granted. But owing to Lord Gough's earnest remonstrances, a clasp for Chillianwalla and one for Mooltan were added. Neville Chamberlain received the Punjab medal with two clasps for the campaign, and when he became captain in his regiment, in November 1849, he was made on the following day a brevet major for his services on the staff at Gujarat. Crawford also received

the Punjab medal and one clasp, and he, too, was promoted to the rank of brevet major on becoming captain. As a reward for his great services in the campaign, Crawford was appointed to the command of the First Irregular Cavalry, which, as Skinner's Horse, had made its mark in the military history of British India. Neville was offered the command of the new corps of Irregular Cavalry, about to be raised for exclusive service in the Punjab, and there could be no better sign of a chivalrous and generous character than his refusal to accept it, "on account of the wholly insufficient pay offered to the men." He wrote from Umballa on the 27th May 1849 —

"To my last [lost] from Lahore of the 28th April, I told you that I had refused the command of the new corps of Irregular Cavalry, about to be raised for exclusive service in the Punjab (refused on account of the wholly insufficient pay offered to the men). To thus have been forced to throw up, what of all other things I most coveted, was very annoying, but although I often think how much happier I should have been had I remained in our new province, instead of returning to the dull routine of cantonment life, still I have the pleasure of feeling that my decision was the right one, and that the motives which caused me to sacrifice my own interest were based on the higher ground of hoping thereby to benefit the public service. My stubborn principles have cost me a vast amount of happiness, and some four or five hundred rupees a month, but barring these drawbacks I now hold, for my standing in the service, a very honourable position. In fact I am, I suppose, the first lieutenant in the army who has ever held the post of Assistant Adjutant-General of Division, and I am attached to the best Division of the army, and many an old officer who entered the service when I was born would gladly step into my place."

The Division to which Neville Chamberlain was attached was the Sirhind Division, commanded by Major-General Sir Dudley St Leger Hill, K.C.B., who in his youth had served with great bravery and distinction in the Peninsular War. When tidings of the great fight at Chillianwalla reached England, an unjust and ignoble outcry was raised for the recall of Lord Gough, and the Government ap-

pointed Sir Charles Napier to succeed him. Before Napier reached India Gough had won the decisive victory of Gujerat, and a mighty struggle was splendidly ended. On the 6th May 1849 Sir Charles Napier landed at Calcutta, and the following day Lord Gough laid down his office. On the 16th May he bade leave in a farewell order to the army which he had so often led to victory, "in four memorable campaigns," and to whose valour, discipline, and trust in their leader he owed "whatever of rank or reputation he had latterly obtained." Neville, in a letter to his sister, expresses the admiration which the army had for the Irish hero, who was one of our bravest and most thoroughly honest men. "The manner in which Lord Gough's *services* at Gujerat has been treated has given the army much pleasure, but it will be impossible ever to make sufficient amends for the unjustifiable attacks regarding Chillianwalla." He adds "Is this a just reward for upwards of fifty years' labour? For having twice saved India (by refusing to withdraw the troops when superior authority had issued the order), and for having shown by the most undaunted courage and firmness the most brilliant example?" He goes on to speak of his interview with Sir Charles Napier, who had succeeded Lord Gough as Commander in Chief, and he states that if the Government did not allow the "old warrior" to make some radical change in the *sapoy* portion of the army it would become worse than useless, and "if the bonds of discipline are not firmly and justly held the mighty host will turn and rend us." Neville Chamberlain foresaw clearly the coming danger.

"Sir Charles Napier passed through this station a few days ago, and I dined in his company, and after dinner he honoured me with his conversation, and I thus had the opportunity of learning his opinion on several subjects. I do not think he will remain long in India. Notwithstanding the season and the fatigue of travelling, the old warrior looked well. I am one who expect that his being placed at the head of the army would do much good. There is vast room for improvement, and unless some radical change is effected the *sapoy* portion of the army will become not merely useless to the Govern-

ment but those whose duty it is to obey will in a few years stand forward and demand concessions.

"I hesitate not to state that the Government fears the very men they pay for their support, and in my humble opinion the measures adopted during the last few years with the view of attaching the sepoys to our cause will, if persevered in, bring down the whole fabric. I fear no enemy black or white, nor do I think that as long as they are actively employed that any danger exists. A calm must, however, follow in due course, when the thousands we have trained and armed will have time for reflection, and when, if the bonds of discipline are not firmly and justly held, the mighty host will turn and rend us. History affords many instances of the kind, and if by unskilful management our Eastern empire is piloted against the rocks, what should prevent its going to pieces?"

The routine of an office did not suit the temperament of Neville Chamberlain, and he made, through Sir Henry Lawrence, the President of the Board, an application to the Governor-General for civil employment in the Punjab. On the 19th August 1849 Henry Lawrence wrote to him —

From Sir Henry Lawrence

"LAHORE, 19th August 1849.

"MY DEAR CHAMBERLAIN,—What pay would satisfy you to enter the Civil Department, and would you be prepared to serve as an Assistant under perhaps a young civilian, or an officer junior to yourself? I wish that in writing to the Governor-General about you I should be able to do so in the name of the Board, as my word will then carry most weight. After a year or two's training under a man of civil experience, I should be glad to see you in charge of one of our frontier stations,—Hassam, Dera Ismael Khan, Ghasee-Khan or Peshawar, but all this would depend more on Government than on us, and to start, I doubt if you would be appointed a higher grade than an appointment on 700 or perhaps 600.—Yours very truly,

HENRY LAWRENCE."

On the 3rd of December Neville Chamberlain wrote to his mother "From the 1st of this month I ceased to perform military duties, and I quit Ferozepore this evening for Lahore, at which place I shall learn my destination." He was appointed Assistant Commissioner in the Rawul Pindie district, under Captain Hamilton

The letter which Sir Henry Lawrence wrote to him as to how he should conduct his duties as an Inland Revenue officer should be read, marked, learnt, and inwardly digested by every Indian administrator. Time has not affected its value. The maxims laid down are those on which the peace and prosperity of our empire depend, and they have been too often forgotten. "He is the best officer who best manages the following two items—interferes with the people as *little as possible*, and be as prompt as you can in disposing of cases. Keep the peace, and collect the revenues, and Utopia will be gained." He adds "Our assessment should be so light as to require no compulsion in the collection, and we should be rather protectors in the land than tax masters." He adds "What we should try to do is to induce the heads of villages to look after their own affairs, and not to interfere with them except by advice."

In June 1850 Neville Chamberlain was transferred from the Rawul Pindie district to the Hazara, the most northern of the Punjab frontier districts. The officer in charge was Major James Abbott, one of the most chivalrous of men, who had made an adventurous journey to Khiva to release the Russian prisoners. The district was taken over in 1847, as it was too turbulent for the Sikh governor to manage. Abbott won the respect and affection of its wild inhabitants, and supported by them he had held the fort of Sukroa against a large Sikh force, commanded by Chuttoo Singh. After the annexation it was considered that the work of so vast a charge was too much for a single man. Neville Chamberlain's great wish was to serve beyond the Indus, as his Afghan experience had made him acquainted with the wild tribes on our border, and he took a deep interest in their history and customs. He devoted his spare time to studying Pushtoo, "and by October I hope to be sufficiently *au fait* to carry on a conversation, for it is a great drawback not being able to exchange thoughts as well as bullets with the enemy." In order to escape

the malaria and fever which is so prevalent in the valleys of Hazara during the months of August and September, Neville Chamberlain went to Shirwan, a table-land about 6000 feet above the level of the sea. But malaria had entered his system, and he had no sooner reached the cooler region when he had a sharp attack of fever. "I fancy I must have been really ill, for I felt that indifference of life which I suppose to proceed from the whole system being relaxed. All I wished for was to be left alone, and if death claimed me, that I might be laid on the top of some wild hill away from the haunts of men. I have always had a dislike to churchyards, where coffins are packed like cards. I know it is ridiculous to care one atom where one lies, but this idea I imbibed as a child, and it sticks to me as a man." He was soon at work again, but the malaria took such hold of him that he suffered at intervals from attacks of fever during the remainder of his Indian career. After Neville Chamberlain had been six months at Hazara, Major Abbott was sent to survey the northern boundary, and he was left alone in charge of the district. "There is no lack of occupation," he writes, and he gives "a short list of his principal duties —

"1st. I am Magistrate, which means I have to seize and try all offenders for every offence which human beings can be guilty of, also control of the Police.

"2nd. As Collector, to manage and look after the revenue in all its branches, and to decide all civil suits, as likewise those cases which in Europe would be tried in ecclesiastical courts.

"3rd. As Superintendent I receive appeals from myself to myself, both in criminal and civil cases, and I have to submit my opinion on heavy cases, such as murder, &c., for the confirmation of the board at Lahore.

"4th. The charge of the Jail.

"5th. Charge of the Treasury, and responsible for all accounts.

"6th. Physician and Surgeon-General to the troops and population, and keeper of Medical Stores.

"7th. Executive Engineer and Superintendent of all public works.

"8th. Postmaster.

"9th Superintendent of mule train and bullocks.

"10th Commissary of Ordnance.

"11th. Commanding 1 regiment of infantry,
2 troops of cavalry,
1 company artillery, with mountain guns and
falcons attached,
1 company of pioneers (*irregulars*),
1 company of the Utari tribe,
1 company of the Mathwasi tribe,
1 company messengers, guides, and spies.

"Thus much should satisfy most appetites, but to the above you must add an agent in attendance on the part of each of the larger chiefs, besides those of the Mahajah Goolab Singh and the Sultan of Masulabad (on the left of the Jhelum), who is tributary to both the British and Goolab Singh. Nor is this all, for on three sides we meet foreign states, and a boundary of so many miles with independent and untamed tribes as neighbours must always require careful watching."

It is hardly surprising to find that "from the time I rise until I go to bed my time is fully occupied," and he had every reason to enjoy "the satisfaction of feeling that I earn my Rs 500." It was Rs 100 a month less than he drew as an Adjutant in 1842. The Punjab Board had unanimously recommended that his salary should be raised, but Lord Dalhousie refused, on the ground that "though he had distinguished himself as a soldier, it remained to be seen how he would do as a civilian." Lord Dalhousie swiftly discerned Neville Chamberlain's merits as an organiser and administrator. On the 26th of October his Private Secretary wrote —

From F I Courtney, Governor-General's Private Secretary

"SIMLA, October 26, 1850.

"MY DEAR CHAMBERLAIN,—The Governor-General having learned that you are desirous of exchanging your present appointment for a more active one connected with the Punjab Police, desires me to offer you the office of 'captain' of that force on a consolidated salary of Rs. 1200 a-month. Be so good as to let me have an early answer, and to consider this communication as confidential until the matter is finally arranged.—Believe me, sincerely yours,

"F I COURTNEY"

On the 19th of February, Major Abbott returned, and Neville Chamberlain was not sorry to hand over the district to him, for his health had been very indifferent, and he was glad to have a little rest. "But no sooner had I got rid of one charge than I had to turn my thoughts to the organisation of the Military Police, by no means an easy task, for not only have the wants of some 3000 cavalry and 5000 infantry to be met, but the scheme has to be organised, framed, and set agoing." Lord Dalhousie was at the time making his second great tour through the Punjab, and watching with a keen eye every important detail of administration. On the 28th of February Neville Chamberlain had his first interview with the Governor-General. "He received me most kindly." Lord Dalhousie was very pleased at being told that the people of the Hazara country were contented. Neville Chamberlain accompanied the Governor-General's camp as far as Wazirabad. "When I took leave of Lord Dalhousie, the attentions I received from him were very pleasant, and he took leave of me in so friendly a way, I fear he thinks higher of me than I deserve." Neville Chamberlain had three qualities which won the heart of women—tenderness, geniality, and courage,—and we are not surprised to learn that "with Lady Dalhousie I also got on very well, and she went so far as to write afterwards and say how sorry she was not to have known of my intended departure so as to take leave." His report upon the Military Police had been "thought well of, and most of my suggestions have been attended to." During the hot weather Neville Chamberlain was busy at Lahore organising the Military Police, a body of 10,000 raised in the Punjab from the military classes who had so recently fought against us. It was an act of statesmanship to give stirring employment to men of martial habits. The Court of Directors, however, watched with a jealous eye the growth of expenditure in the Punjab, and in order to effect an economy, Lord Dalhousie proposed to

make the Military Secretary to the Board of Government at Lahore also head of the Military Police. He wrote—

"CAMP ZAKER, November 18/4 1851

"MY DEAR CHAMBERLAIN,—As Major Burn proposed to return to Lahore for a time, I have not, under the pressure of other business, been in haste to communicate with you, regarding my wish that you would undertake the office which he vacates, with a view to modification of the general system, which I regard as expedient, if not necessary. The Board and yourself have long urged on me the appointment of a fourth Captain of Police. I have been unable to assent to it, because of the paucity of officers and the scarcity of money. Not long since I received a dispatch from the Court, remarking on the expenditure of both one and the other in the Punjab, in terms which, though not very just, in my opinion—still render it my duty to do all I can to limit it. It has appeared to me that the vacancy created by Major Burn may be made to serve both purposes, that it may enable me to give efficiency to your Police by adding a fourth Captain, having no other duty, and that it may enable me to curtail expense also in some small degree. I propose to abolish the office of Commandant of Police altogether, and to appoint you, in lieu thereof, to be the Military Secretary of the Board. The supervision of the Police would be exercised directly by the Board, acting through you. The system would remain the same as at present. All matters of dress, discipline, &c., would be regulated by the Board as now by the Commandant, and on all such questions the several Captains would communicate with the Board, through you, as Military Secretary. The authority of local officers in districts would remain as it is. One link of communication would thus be got rid of, and business thereby accelerated, whilst the uniformity of internal system, which was the object to be accomplished by the appointment of a Commandant, would be as effectually secured, and general inspection by you might be periodically effected, if it were wished. It is my conviction that though the correspondence regarding the Punjab Irregular force would thus be added to your duties, yet by your being in communication with the Board personally, and without correspondence, the aggregate of your duties would not be more onerous than at present. I cannot flatter myself that the office of Secretary will be altogether satisfactory to you, but as I intend it shall retain the duties you are now performing, and should have no other duties but those military ones which are agreeable to you, and with which you are familiar, and as, moreover, I do not intend the office to be a Deputy-Secretaryship as before, but a separate Secretaryship for military business, I feel persuaded that you will not be reluctant to aid me in at once economising and improving the local system of administration, by undertaking the office I have described. I never make promises, but it would be affectation in me to refrain from saying that I do not contemplate your remaining as a

Secretary, and would gladly avail myself of any opportunity which may present itself in the Punjab to employ you in that more active service which, I believe, is more consonant to your wish. If I should be gone from India, your reputation as a soldier is too high and too firmly fixed to admit any risk of your being a loser by the change. I was truly sorry to hear that you had been suffering from fever at Lahore, and disappointed that you did not allow us to see you at Simla, like so many of your neighbours.—Sincerely yours,

"DALHOUSIE,"

"To Major N. CHAMBERLAIN."

"LAHORE, 23rd November 1851"

"MY LORD,—I have had the pleasure to receive your Lordship's letter of the 18th instant, and I beg in reply to state that I am most willing to undertake the duties of any office to which it may please your Lordship to appoint me. But having thus expressed my readiness to undertake the office of Military Secretary to the Board, it is only proper that I should likewise inform your Lordship that my health has been so indifferent of late as to lead me to fear that I have not the stamina to perform the duties efficiently, and the civil surgeon of Lahore peremptorily assures me that unless I gain health and strength this cold season, it will be most imprudent for me to pass next hot season in the plains. Thus then, sir, is exactly my present position, and it remains for your Lordship to determine whether my appointment to the situation would or would not be conducive to the interest of the public service. Your Lordship having condescended to express to me your opinion respecting the combination of appointments, I trust I may not be deemed presumptuous in stating my conviction that the duties may be efficiently combined, and the link of communication thereby dispensed with, will most undoubtedly save a good deal of correspondence, and accelerate the dispatch of business, indeed, the only drawback I can perceive is the curtailment of a general and uniform system of inspection, and it would appear that your Lordship has it in contemplation to devise some plan for overcoming this difficulty. Under any circumstances the addition of a fourth Captain will greatly add to the efficacy of the Punjab Police, and far overbalance what may be lost by the abolition of the office of Commandant, and whatever may be my future lot, I will gladly resign my present position for the attainment of so desirable an end. I cannot conclude this letter without expressing my gratitude for the very considerate and flattering manner in which your Lordship has been pleased to make known your views, and I trust that I may always continue to merit the approbation of the Governor-General of India.—I have the honour, &c., &c.,

"NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN"

"To the most noble,
The GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA"

"CAMP HURDWAR, *November 27/A 1851*:"

"MY DEAR CHAMBERLAIN,—I have received to day your reply, and beg to offer you my thanks for it. In determining to act upon it I keep in view two objects—*via*, the good of the service and your personal interest. I am well persuaded that the State will benefit by your undertaking the duty, even though your discharge of it should be interrupted, which I sincerely hope will not be the case. If I thought that your entering on the duty would lessen the probability of your entire recovery, I would not press it upon you. But I am satisfied, as I said before, that your labour on the whole will be no heavier in the united charge than in the single office of Commandant.

"If moving about during the cold weather would recruit you, I see no reason why you should not make some inspection for that purpose, I will write to Sir Henry [Lawrence] about it. Once again assuring you of my thanks for your ready acquiescence, and of the entire approbation and confidence of the Government.—I remain, &c., my dear Chamberlain, very truly yours,

"DALHOUSIE."

On the 1st of January 1852 Neville Chamberlain found himself Military Secretary to the Panjah Board. "The duties are purely sedentary, and a pen is my weapon," he writes to his sister, "and as I dislike the labour of committing my thoughts on paper as much as ever, the change has no great advantage in my eyes. I feel as if I had never been intended to be a 'pen' (Lord Dalhousie's definition of a secretary), and we never like what we cannot excel in." Neville, however, underrated his ability as a writer. His reports were characteristic of the man,—they are marked throughout by a clear, straight forward, forcible style. When Hodson was appointed to the command of The Guides, Neville Chamberlain offered to exchange appointments with him, though by the transaction he would be pecuniarily a loser to the extent of £200. Hodson, however, preferred the command of The Guides to the more influential, better paid, but less adventurous life of Military Secretary. At Lahore, though the work did not suit Neville Chamberlain, he led on the whole a happy life. Crawford was quartered there.

News now reached Lahore that a war with Burmah was most probable, owing to certain British traders in the port

of Rangoon having been subjected to gross outrages by the officers of the King of Ava. Neville Chamberlain at once wrote to the Adjutant General, asking to be allowed to accompany any force which might be sent from the Bengal Presidency. He received the reply that being in civil employ his services were not at present at the disposal of the Commander in Chief, but his application would be duly borne in mind. "Sir William Gomme, I am to add," wrote the Adjutant-General, "is informed of the distinguished character you already possess for conduct, gallantry, and zeal, and is satisfied that your services in a military capacity would ever be most valuable in time of war." At the same time Neville Chamberlain asked John Lawrence to make known his desire to be employed on active service to the Governor General, and he complied with his request. Lord Dalhousie replied "Tell Neville Chamberlain that Rangoon is not a good place for him to get rid of his fever, but if operations do take place, there is no one I would sooner see employed. I do not think we shall have a war with Burmah, though it is difficult to say." While every effort was made to obtain reparation by friendly means, preparations for war were pushed on with intense vigour. Neville Chamberlain hearing of them made another effort to join the expedition. He wrote to the Private Secretary to the Governor General, telling him he was ready to serve in any capacity. This roused the ire of Lord Dalhousie, and he received the following dignified reproof —

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CALCUTTA,
March 14th 1852.

"MY DEAR CHAMBERLAIN,—I received this morning your letter of the 16th February, and lost no time in communicating your wishes to the Governor-General, though I felt at once that there was little probability of a compliance with them. His Lordship desires me to tell you from him that there is simply an impossibility as regards the Rangoon expedition, which is to be on a small scale, and has already been filled with its complement of Staff officers. Should the *comp-dé-mains* (so to call it) fail to bring matters to a satisfactory termination,

there must of course be war on a more extended scale hereafter, and in that case you can, if on deliberation you think fit, renew your request for active employment in the field. But I think it as well to tell you that Lord Dalhousie has a decided objection to individual officers volunteering on such occasions, especially when the volunteer proposes, under the influence of his military ardour, to abandon important duties in another sphere, to the detriment of the Government he is serving, and as a matter of justice he does not think it fair that the same man should be allowed to combine the advantages of high civil employment in peace, and the chances of military distinction whenever the opportunity may offer in war.

"I mention all this for your guidance in the future, hoping that it may induce you to deliberate well before you turn your back on the fine prospect which your present appointment can hardly fail to lead to, of active and distinguished military employment on the frontier—Believe me, yours very sincerely,
F F COURTENAY"

Neville Chamberlain felt the reproof. He writes to his sister —

"I must confess that Courtenay's letter hurt me, as it would appear from it that I had wished to come forward to deprive another soldier of his right, when such was never my wish or my intention. All I hoped for was permission to accompany the force, and I would sooner have shouldered a musket in the ranks than have given any officer in the service cause to say that I was depriving him of his right: the pleasurable emotions of active service are sufficient rewards in themselves, without the gliding of honours, even of a field marshal, whose honour is as ephemeral as the lace which decks his coat. If what Courtenay alluded to [war] occurs, he will hear from me so that I keep my health."

Courtenay evidently did hear from him again, for we have the following letter:—

From F F Courtenay

"June 10th 1852

"MY DEAR CHAMBERLAIN,—I have to-day received your letter of 8th April, and have shown it to the Governor-General. His Lordship desires me to say that all staff appointments in any force which may hereafter be sent to Burmah will rest with the Commander-in-Chief, and that he personally will have no means of enabling you to join the army. The Governor-General will offer no obstacles to your obtaining from the Commander-in-Chief, if his Excellency should think fit to give it to you, the opportunity of realising fresh distinction in the field, but he desires me to

impress on you what I suggested in my last letter, that if you determine on returning to the pure military line of service, it will be necessary for you to resign unconditionally your present appointment at Lahore.—Believe me, yours sincerely,

"F F COURTENAY."

During the hot season and rains many of Chamberlain's staff fell ill, and he had to renounce his intention of taking the leave which he sorely needed. "I feel that I should sink in my own estimation were I to abandon my post at the present moment." He worked on unceasingly, "getting a shade thinner and more cadaverous every day," until he was seized with a worse attack of fever than usual, and for five days his life was in danger. Sir Henry Lawrence had him removed to his house, and to the gentle care and nursing of the most noble of women, Cecilia Lawrence, he owed in a great measure his recovery. "I cannot tell you how kind and good both Sir Henry and Lady Lawrence are. If ever there were two good Christians it is this couple. Their kindness is not merely extended to their friends but to all, never were people less selfish or more ready to assist all classes." Lord Dalhousie, on hearing of his grave illness, wrote one of those letters which show that the strong ruler and stern master had always for those who served him the most affectionate solicitude.—

From Lord Dalhousie

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
November 27th 1852.

"MY DEAR CHAMBERLAIN,—I am very heartily sorry to hear by your letter that you have been ordered away by the doctors. I only hope that you have not withstood their advice longer than was altogether prudent. I shall be truly sorry to lose you even for a temporary absence, but I shall grudge it the less if it should send you back again thoroughly set up and ready for the career which I feel sure you have before you.—Believe me, my dear Chamberlain, very truly yours,
DALHOUSIE."

On the 19th of December Neville Chamberlain, having obtained two years' leave of absence on medical certificate, left Lahore for Calcutta. He stayed with his brother

officers at Delhi for some days, which were spent on the chief sights of the imperial city. By the 8th of January, finding his strength sufficiently restored, he started for Calcutta in a *dak-gharry* (post-chaise), a vehicle now as extinct as the dodo. "The road from Delhi to Calcutta, a distance of some 600 miles, is perhaps the finest in the world, and were the carriages properly horsed, the travelling upon it would be most comfortable. But the cattle are inferior, and some of them so obstinate and vicious as to render the carriage or horse *dak* even dangerous. I, however, reached my journey's end on the 20th January without any accident." A day or two after his arrival Lord Dalhousie sent for him.

"His manner was most friendly, and he conversed freely regarding the Punjab, and his proposals for the future defence of the Peshawar frontier. Should his views meet with the approval of the Home Government, and he remain in power, I may hope ere long to be placed in a very honourable position in the Peshawar valley, and in which I shall most probably, sooner or later, have the opportunity of seeing active service against the hill tribes. Although this post may be inferior in point of allowance and numbers to the command of the Punjab Irregular Force, still it will be a better opportunity for learning the art of war, and I should be better pleased than with a superior command."

The important question had now to be settled whether he would seek health in Europe or in the colonies. It would be a great joy to him to be in England and see his mother, love for whom was rooted in the inmost depths of his being. But he was now in a fair way to rise high in his profession, and "in going to Europe I lose my appointment, my allowance, my time of service for a pension, and on my return I might not again get on the Staff. In the colonies I retain appointment, staff pay, my service, and on my return the command of the Punjab Irregular Force." He most reluctantly decided "not to avail myself of this opportunity of once more enjoying the delights of home," and on the 19th of February he wrote "I have taken my passage by the *Queen* (1350 tons) for the Cape of Good Hope. She leaves on the 22nd, so I have plenty to do to get ready."